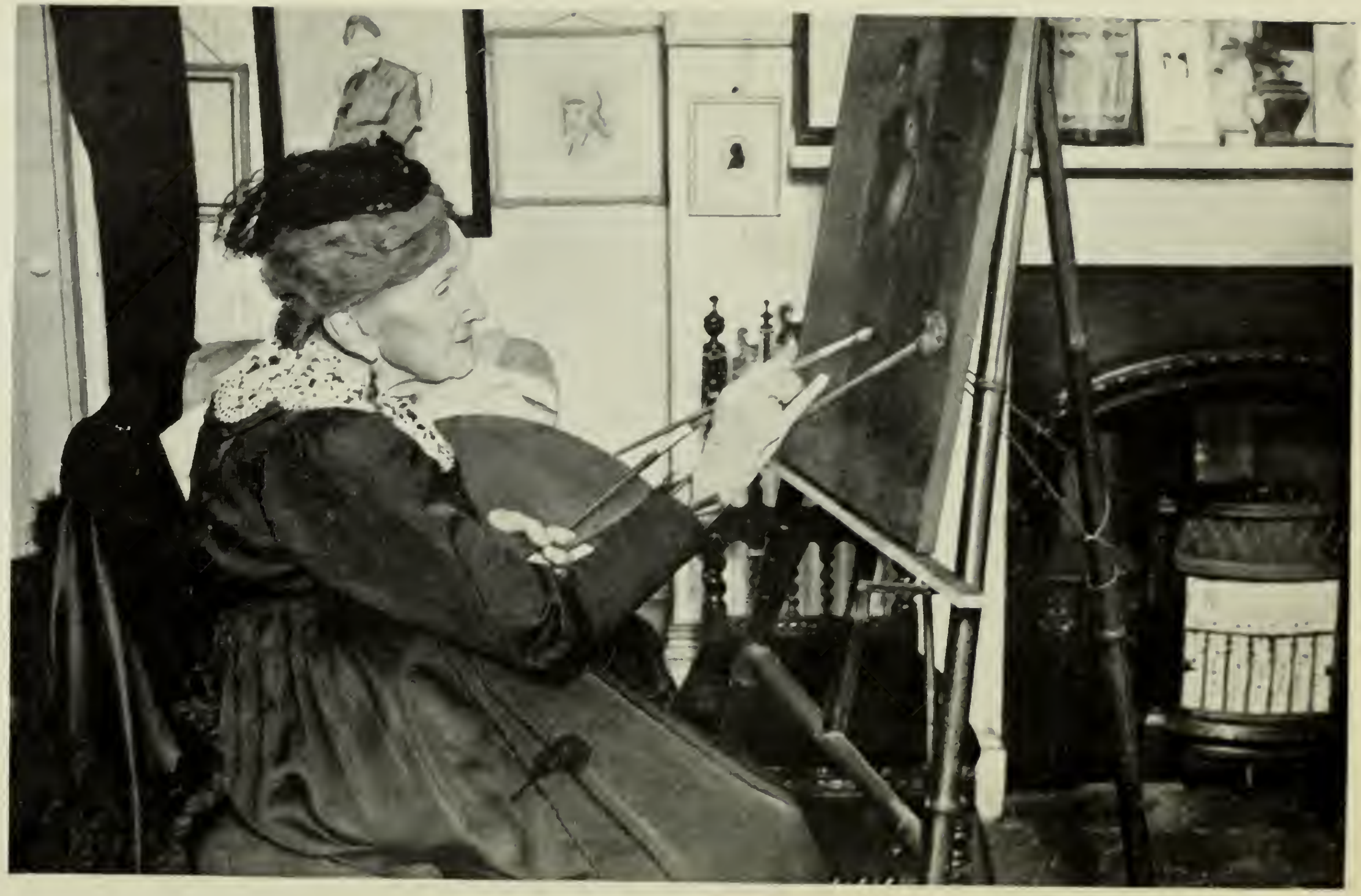
3 1761 06889080 5

THIS BOOK
IS FROM
THE LIBRARY OF
Rev. James Leach

MEMORIES OF NINETY YEARS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Toronto

http://www.archive.org/details/memoriesofninety00ward



MRS. E. M. WARD; THE LATEST PICTURE TAKEN OF HER.

Frontispiece]

MEMORIES OF NINETY YEARS

BY

MRS. E. M. WARD

EDITED BY

ISABEL G. McALLISTER

LONDON
HUTCHINSON & CO.
PATERNOSTER ROW

LIBRARY
AUG 2 1967
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Printed in Great Britain by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ld.,
London and Aylesbury.

INTRODUCTION

I DESIRE to thank very cordially Miss Isabel G. McAllister, who has edited this book, and Mr. S. M. Ellis, who has read the proofs and added details.

My thanks are due to Mr. Austen Chester, whose admirable Life of my husband (which appeared in *The Windsor Magazine* some years ago) has recalled happy incidents to my memory.

I am indebted to Mr. F. Piggott similarly in connection with certain facts in my grandfather's life. I am grateful to my friend Miss Phillimore for her notes on Italy, and to all who have encouraged and spurred me on to complete this work.

I would have liked to mention many other people in my *Memories*, but the task would be an impossible one. "Art is long, and Time is fleeting!" One of the compensations of age is that friends look very indulgently on one's shortcomings, and I find myself trading on the hope that all imperfections in my wanderings through the fields of Literature will be forgiven.

The very gallant company of friends that "I have loved and lost awhile" I silently pledge in the loving cup of remembrance.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

GOLDEN MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

My early days—My father and mother—First meeting with Thomas Moore—Moore as a singer—Nathaniel Willis's recollection of Moore—Moore's songs at "The Rosery"—Mrs. Tom Moore—A window to Moore's memory—Sir Edwin Landseer—His Zoo—"Titania and Bottom"—"The Sleeping Bloodhound"—Landseer's affection for animals—Frith's meeting with him at the Zoo—The Queen's Fancy Dress Ball—Landseer taking a nap on the doorstep—His handwriting—His death in 1873—Landseer's father, John Landseer, A.R.A.—Tom Landseer and his adopted son—An evening party at "Old Tom's"—My debut as a singer—Charles Landseer, Keeper of the R.A. Schools—The Chalon brothers—My verdict on Alfred Chalon's portrait—"El Retiro," and delightful archery parties—John Chalon's death—Alfred's death in 1860—Lady Bulwer Lytton—Confidences—Her letters to Alfred Chalon, R.A.—Caricature of my grandfather's soirée in 1818—Pedro, the spoilt poodle—Lord Macaulay's hint to Chalon in a letter—The beautiful Lady Blessington—Her letters—Three notable portraits of her—Lady Blessington's youth—Her early marriage—Her return to her father's house—Her flight with Captain Jenkins—Her marriage to Lord Blessington, 1818—Lady Blessington's salon—Editing *The Book of Beauty*—Travels abroad—Meeting Byron and Guiccioli—Lord Blessington's death in 1829—Pecuniary troubles—Lady Blessington arranges a marriage between her step-daughter and Count D'Orsay—Day parties and evening salons—Lady Blessington is cut by Society—The sale of her *objets d'art* to pay debts—Her journey to Paris—Her death, 1849—Meeting Count D'Orsay at Lady Coventry's house—His horses and carriage and "tiger"—His attractive appearance and theatrical dress—His personality—D'Orsay as a leader of fashion—An incident in Haydon's studio—Correcting his picture of the Duke's charger "Copenhagen"—D'Orsay's decline in fortune and health—His grief at Lady Blessington's death—His end in 1852—Mrs. S. C. Hall's support of Lady Blessington—Her nieces and brother, Major Power—His meeting with Wainewright the poisoner—He sends Lady Blessington a portrait by Wainewright—Lady Olivia Sparrow—The man with a glass eye—Story of King Edward as a boy, and Lord Anglesey's wooden leg—The murder of Lord William Russell, 1840—My prayer that the murderer might escape—Rehearsal of Lord Eglinton's Tournament, 1839—Lady Seymour the "Queen of Beauty"—"The Three Graces" . . . . pp. 1–18

CHAPTER II

FURTHER MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD AND EARLY FRIENDS

An adventure on the balcony, and a tragedy—Fishing for a silk hat—I appear as a "Pavement" artist—James Ward's encouragement in art—Political arguments with Mr. Lemon—My half-birthday—Bunny, my guinea-pig—My mother's miniature of me and Bunny—My other pets, canaries, and "Dash" my spaniel—Roy the acrobat—My first ball at Mrs. Peile's—An admirer appears—Chickenpox, and my father's little deception—The great Duke of Wellington—The Elliots—Going to church genteelly—I visit the old home after eighty years—A "Private View" at the Old Academy—"Spring-heeled Jack"—I attend the Chalcographic Society's meetings—Samuel Cousins—Astley's, the famous Circus—Ducrow the equestrian—Astley's burned down—The "Pantheon"—The Aquarium and Diving Bell—Story of Lord Byron and the Devil—Walks to the City—Sad sights of great cruelty—The buildings in the City—Reminiscent of Johnson and Garrick—Visits to Christie's sale-rooms—Drawing the prizes for the Art Union—The Duke of Cambridge's comments . . . . pp. 19–31

CHAPTER III

MY GREAT ROMANCE. E. M. WARD, R.A.

The postman plays the part of "Cupid"!—My father calls on Edward Ward—He calls again to see Edward's Competition Work—Edward returns the call—My portrait of Edward by Sir George Richmond, R.A.—Edward's achievements—Bunny's antipathy to him—I study Art under Edward Ward, acting model for his picture "Temptation"—And again in "The South Sea Bubble"—My artistic profession decided—Happy evenings at home—Chartist Riots—A spell of hard work—My first picture hung at the R.A. at fourteen, "Elizabeth Woodville"—Two studies accepted the following year—Edward's teaching—"Mac" my dog—Visits to Roundcroft Cottage—A united trio—A drive in a hackney coach—The removal of the turnpike—The first omnibus—The Underground Railway in 1863—Edward's mother plans my future—My engagement to Edward at fourteen and a half—A ball to commemorate the event—The singer's doleful song—"The rift in the lute"—We take the law into our own hands—Wilkie Collins as Fairy Godmother—Our secret wedding—I return home—A runaway honeymoon—A terrible vendetta against me—We visit Antwerp, Brussels, and Bruges—My home in Berners Street—My godmother cuts me out of her will—Working on my own lines—Edward a descendant of Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury—Edward's mother connected with Horace Smith—Edward's father manager for Coutts, the banker—His school training—His art training—Gaining the Silver Palette at sixteen—His acquaintance with actors—He paints Macready and others as a student—Edward studies under Agricole—He wanders through Italy—Two letters from Italy—Edward exhibits "Cimabue and Giotto" at the RA. in 1839—He narrowly escapes being murdered—Richard Dadd murders his

father—His list of intended victims—Dadd's removal to an asylum—His "Puck among the Fairies"—Edward paints "Dr. Johnson reading the *Vicar of Wakefield*" and "Waiting an Audience with Lord Chesterfield"—"The Disgrace of Lord Clarendon"—Elected an Associate in 1847—"The South Sea Bubble"—"Charles the Second and Nell Gwynne"—Early Victorian opinions—Edward paints "Charlotte Corday"—The eight pictures for the Houses of Parliament—My husband made a Royal Academician in 1857—Harrall bringing the news at midnight—Breakfast parties—Breakfasts at Lord Macaulay's—My husband and father meet Rogers the poet—Mrs. Proctor and Mrs. Carlyle breakfast with Rogers—Story told by Charles Dickens . . . pp. 32–50

CHAPTER IV

EARLY MARRIED LIFE AT HAREWOOD SQUARE. THE ROYAL ACADEMY. THE EXHIBITION OF 1851

A haven of bliss—An action against a landlord—We move to Harewood Square—Working under Henry Sass—I paint "Results of an Antwerp Marketing"—Favourable notices in *The Athenæum*—Mrs. Collins, widow of William Collins, R.A.—Her sons Wilkie and Charles—Wilkie Collins arranges "Private Theatricals"—Quarrel between the leading lady and gentleman—My eldest daughter Alice is born—Wilkie as godfather—My eldest son Leslie born November 1851—Taking Mrs. Collins's advice for a year—I join the Art School once again—"The Pet Hawk" and "Rowena" exhibited at the R.A. 1851—The following year "The Antwerp Market"—Leslie as model—Edward's "Benjamin West" and "Daniel Defoe" exhibited at the R.A. in 1849—My husband's aims in painting—Meeting Millais when he was nineteen—Millais's versatility—His first picture at the R.A.—The Loudans' Fancy Dress Ball at Porchester Terrace—The Pre-Raphaelite Movement—Millais adds a "tail" to my cat—Millais's art—Visiting Millais at Bloomsbury—His marriage—His children—Millais's brother and parents—Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema—John Franklin—His fascinating drawings—His pipe—Mrs. Lynn Linton—Her marriage—A strong anti-Suffragette—Lewis Carroll—His devotion to children—His extreme modesty about his works—Lewis Carroll declines to be caricatured by Leslie—His letter to me—Sending me his books for criticism—His presents to me and my daughters—The R.A. lectures—Mr. Jones's opposition—My triumph over the lectures—Miss Starr's achievement—Sir Frederick Leighton—His "Cimabue's 'Madonna'"—His accomplishments—A splendid P.R.A.—"Our Mrs. Ward"—Sir Edward Poynter—His early friendship with Leighton—David Roberts's opinion of his work—His "Israel in Egypt"—Sir Thomas Lawrence—The Duchess of Sutherland—The Private View—Spoiling a beautiful dress—The Great Exhibition of '51—Watching the crowds—Hay Hill and Berkeley Square crowds—Breakfasts on the pavement—Visiting the Exhibition later on—The building—The effect of the Queen's visit on the crowd—"Queen's weather"—The Glass Room—Carpets and *objets d'art*—Furniture—Jewellery—Country cousins and the statuary—*The Illustrated London News* on the French comment on "Londoners"—My souvenirs . . . pp. 51–67

CHAPTER V

OUR LIFE AT UPTON PARK, SLOUGH. MEMORIES OF QUEEN VICTORIA

My life at Slough—A letter from the Prince Consort—Edward receives a commission for eight pictures for the Houses of Parliament—News of the Royal visit—My great fear—My first impression of Queen Victoria—The Queen asks to see my children—Her remark about her own children—Two more pictures commissioned by Queen Victoria—Another visit from Royalty—My daughter Flora amuses the Royalties—Edward paints " Napoleon the Third being Invested with the Order of the Garter "—At Windsor Castle—Another Royal visit—And undoing a morning's work—Queen Victoria and my " lay figure "—Queen Victoria as an artist—A mad Highlander piper as model—An excellent notice in *The Art Journal*—Inclement weather at Slough—Dancing and carnivals on the Thames—An ox roasted whole—The country flooded—Travelling by ferry-boat—Eton playing-fields a lake—The Fourth of July at Eton College—Duck and green peas at Boveney—Too much champagne for the boys in the past—Fireworks—Old Surly Hall—The family of Evans—The first Evans at Eton in the eighteenth century—Mr. Evans and his daughter—The last of the women " Dames " at Eton—Her story of " the toast "—Another Mr. Evans, who built " Boveney Court "—Theatricals and a fire—The eccentric sister of the Provost Evans—Her uncertain memory leads to mistakes—The Ascot Races—Eton boys take " French leave "—The State Procession—The Queen's carriage—The old church outside Upton Park—A " reputed ghost "—A farmer punishes " the ghost "—A luncheon party at the Vicar of Upton's house—Mrs. Tooke exploiting a new " crinoline "—Sir William Ross paints her miniature—I revisit my home after sixty years—I am entertained by the Richard Bentleys—The period when hats were never worn—Bonnets and curls the fashion—My first hat from Paris—" The Last Rose of Summer "—My hat worn out of doors—Meets with scorn—My third daughter Flora born at Slough—Dr. Doran's happy speech at my fourth daughter (Bee's) christening—Queen Victoria pays us a visit—Commissions small portrait of the Princess Beatrice—I go to Windsor Castle—The Queen chooses my room for painting—" The Queen's wish "—Luncheon served from the Royal table—No lunch when the Queen went to town—Exploring the stately rooms—Finding a subject for a picture—The ghost of Queen Elizabeth—George the Third's melancholy years—Grinling Gibbons's carriage—The Prince Consort with the children—Visits to see my painting—The Royal children and their dogs—The Queen as a disciplinarian—Reading the " Riot Act "—The Kaiser as a boy—His visit to his grandmother—The Queen gives him a salutary lesson—Lord Wriothesley Russell, Canon of Windsor—Prince Leopold as a child—Dressing up in my bonnet and shawl—The Princess Royal as a child—Prince Arthur's polite bow—The Royal children quarrelling—The Queen at the time of her Accession—Victorian chivalry—The Queen's Coronation—Listening for the cannon's report—Portrait of the Queen by Alfred Chalon, R.A.—Her wedding—And two

Jubilees—Peace and prosperity of Queen Victoria's long reign—" Queen's weather " at her funeral—Strange stories afloat—White doves settle on her coffin, and a " new star " in the sky . . . pp. 68–84

CHAPTER VI

CHARLES DICKENS, THACKERAY, AND OTHER FRIENDS. THE STAGE IN MY YOUTH

My first impression of Charles Dickens—His curious coat—My husband and I meet him again—We become great friends—A party at Charles Dickens's house—George Cruikshank becomes a fanatic—Dickens rebukes him—Mrs. Charles Dickens—Charles Dickens's love for his children—The parting of the ways—His curious mesmeric gift—His daughter Kate's illness—Her father's healing power—With Charles Dickens and his wife at Boulogne in 1854—Dickens's letter to Edward—My husband's accident—Dickens's kindness—A narrow escape from fire—A stampede—We escape injuries—French soldiers extinguishing the fire—Primitive methods—A family dinner at Charles Dickens's—Henry Dickens as a child—His house in Mulberry Walk, Chelsea—His " Dickens " Museum—I change English money for French—Spurious money given me—The change again effected without apology—Seeing a review in Paris with Dickens—The Emperor—Damaged humanity—The Royal Family with the little Prince Imperial—We visit the Latin Quarter—The beauty of Empress Eugénie—Her benevolence—Story of the French soldier who fainted—Edward paints two pictures at Paris—A humorous letter from Dickens—An earthquake—And a letter from Dickens—Hearing Charles Dickens's " Readings "—A letter from Charles Dickens—Another letter about *Great Expectations*—His last letter—His death—Thackeray and my father and I take long walks on Sundays—His picturesque house and garden—Queen Elizabeth's bathing house—Thackeray's scepticism—His advice about " relatives "—Thackeray's friend Matthew Higgins (" Jacob Omnium ")—His height—A walking tour together—Story of the " Giants "—The Friths's house—Lablache and his singing—Trying to find the spot in later years—William Frith, R.A.—His " Derby Day "—Story of a model—My father in " The Salon d'Or "—Frith using the wrong colour—He paints my portrait—Fanny Frith and enjoyable later days—Frith loses his " Autograph " book—" The Casual Ward "—Dr. Doran as a wit and table talker—" Our Club "—Some of its members—Dr. Doran and Edward—Dr. Doran's liking for the Stage—*Their Majesties' Servants*—Edmund Kean at Drury Lane—Rachel the actress—Doran's memories of her—Alban Doran, his son—A famous surgeon—Great actresses, Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Glover, Miss Glyn, and Madame Vestris—Mrs. Keeley in *Jack Sheppard* and *Open Sesame*—Her spirited *pas de tambourine*—Albert Smith—Montagu Williams, Q.C.—Mrs. Keeley's house—Mrs. Glover's quiet dress—Her sixty-sixth birthday, 1845—Ben Webster presents a silver cup—Dr. Doran's tribute to her memory—Miss Glyn as " Cleopatra "—Phelps's " Antony "—At Sadler's Wells—Phelps's acting, and defects—Madame Vestris overcomes a difficulty—Macready an immense tragedian—His murder of Desdemona—Miss O'Neill as Juliet—Her superb acting—Charles Dickens's opinion of Miss O'Neill's looks—Miss O'Neill becomes Lady Wrixon-Becher—I play with the Macready children—The boys set my frock on fire—Macready at home—His first wife Catherine—A letter from Mrs. Macready—Her husband's letter after her death—Fechter the actor—I see him act many times—His love scene in *The Duke's Motto* with Kate Terry—I paint his miniature as "Hamlet"—My souvenir of his "Hamlet" dress and wig—His son killed whilst fencing—Lady Freake a clever hostess—A Cambridge don writes her a play based on the *Odyssey*—George Alexander—Sir Herbert and Lady Tree—Sam Brandram—Amusing incidents . . . . . pp. 85–100

CHAPTER VII

SPIRITUALISTIC EXPERIENCES

Spiritualistic meetings at "The Rosery"—Mr. S. C. Hall—Lord Lytton—"An opposing influence"—"Rosebud"—Mrs. S. C. Hall—"Psychic" music—The medium—Mysterious voices—Daniel Home—His life—Robert Browning's "Mr. Sludge"—A case in Court—Mrs. Milner Gibson's parties—Samuel Carter Hall's appearance—His credulity—Mrs. Hall as a philanthropist—Jenny Lind—Singing at Burnham Beeches—Mrs. Grote and her husband—Mrs. Craik—Her adopted daughter—Ruskin—The Terry family—Ellen—Kate—Fred—Lewis Carroll—James Sant, R.A.—Kate Terry at a "Private View"—Her early success—Kate in *The Duke's Motto*—An ovation in 1867—Mr. and Mrs. Lewis—Moray Lodge . . . . pp. 101–112

CHAPTER VIII

THE CLERGY AND ART

Two uninvited guests—The Clerical Persuasion—A comic Vicar of Bloomsbury—Infatuated by a milkmaid—A diffident suitor—The Rev. J. M. Bellew—Remarkable sermons—His hobbies—An entertainment at Maidenhead—Mr. Bellew joins the Roman Church—His "double"—Albert Smith's wedding day—Canon Fleming—Seeing York Minster—His love for children—His friend Macready—Mrs. Fleming—Baring-Gould—His Devonshire home—His family—Folk songs—His church—His books—Cardinal Manning—His twofold scheme—Palissy—Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence—Sir Richard and Lady Wallace—The history of Hertford House . . . . pp. 113–120

CHAPTER IX

LIFE AT KENT VILLA

Mrs. Fry—Her life's work—My picture of her at Newgate—Mary Sanderson—Some amusing criticisms—My picture stolen—Story of "the garter"—E. M. Ward as a tapestry designer—His picture "Luther"—An extraordinary suggestion—A troublesome visitor—Canon Fleming—The Bible

House—Edward takes a wrong dose—Alarm—And thanksgiving—Edward's last picture—Teaching my children art—The birthday—The model ruins my picture—Going to the Crystal Palace—Edward's high spirits—The artistic temperament—Absent-mindedness—Losing money—Leslie's careless disposition—Walks and antiques—Mr. Gambart—A fancy dress ball—Edward designs our dresses—A terrible accident—Singing canaries—Another ball later . . . . pp. 121–130

CHAPTER X

MY GRANDFATHER, JAMES WARD, R.A.

James Ward, R.A.—Exhibitors of his time—James Ward's influence on the British School—J. R. Smith, the engraver—William Ward, A.R.A.—My grandmother's diaries—James Ward wasting some years—Meeting George Morland—Anne Ward marries Morland—Morland's death—Anne's death three days later—"A Group of Travellers"—James suggests learning from Morland—Morland declines—James starts painting—Working for Simpson—The French Revolution—James becomes his own star—The "Bull-bait"—He enters the R.A. School—His ill-luck—Benjamin West—Painter to the Prince of Wales—William Bernard—Some experiments—My beautiful grandmother—Almack's and the "beaux"—A happy marriage—Two good patrons—The Garle brothers—Lord Lowther—Bryan—Finding a Titian—A choice of two pictures—Specialising in painting—Smith and Hoppner disagree—Painting cattle—James Ward despises rigours of storms—His patrons and friends—The Duke of Northumberland—Mr. Beckford—Mr. Vernon—James takes up allegorical art—Five years wasted—Royalties' opinion——His brother artists' criticisms—One big failure—Picture of a boa-constrictor—Priming his canvas—The artists' curiosity—Romney's example—James retires—And reappears—A full Academician—James paints his "Bull, Cow, and Calf"—The National Gallery—Miss Georgina Musgrave—The Winter Exhibition of Old Masters—Sir Hesketh Fleetwood—My grandfather's talks—His peculiar dress—His whalebone umbrella—Hobgoblins—His picture of "Dash"—Vigorous pamphlets—My grandmother's death—James Ward marries again—His meeting with George the Third—Contradiction—The King displeased—Court painter to George the Fourth—A great Bible student—His death at Round Croft Cottage . . . . pp. 131–142

CHAPTER XI

RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD LYTTON AND KNEBWORTH

Lord Lytton—My first impression of Knebworth—"The Yellow Boy"—Lord Castlereagh's experience—Lord Castlereagh commits suicide—Lord Lytton's appearance—Lady Sherborne—Lord Lytton's love for animals—My husband's visit alone—An artist's story—A vein of cruelty—A chamber of horrors—An American medium—Finding my locket—Drives with Lord Lytton—Lord Cowper's estate—Anthony Trollope and

a tradesman—A present of Gothic oak doors—Tears for the great novelist—A cow's animosity—Lady Pender has a narrow escape—Tom Taylor and his wife—"Lavender Sweep"—Tom Taylor as a writer—Tennyson in the pantry—Burnham Beeches—Stoke Poges Churchyard—The owls—A stampede—An embarrassing walk . . . pp.143-150

CHAPTER XII

THE MYSTERY OF LOVE HILL

Sir Frederick Ouseley—"Love Hill"—The curate encounters a ghost—Sir Frederick meets the ghost—The little man in a yellow coat—Herschel the astronomer's house—We seek information—An old scandal—My doctor's opinion—A visitor hears voices—Sir Frederick meets a friend—"Love Hill" haunted—A tenant takes it—A doctor hears groans—Lord Lytton interested—The mystery solved—A woman's skeleton and a child's—A nine days' wonder—A friend visits me in later years—"A 'coloured' woman"—Mr. Richard Bentley—His interesting history of Langley—Salt Hill—The first telegraph wire—John Tawell—A criminal discovered—Langley Church—John Milton—Wexham Church—Ditton Park—An early Norman church—Miss Mary Russell Mitford—A worthy farmer—Chaucer's visit—Gray's *Elegy*—A woman "who dared to be just"—Upton Court—A priest's hiding chamber—Three editors of *Temple Bar*—"The Telegraph Hut"—A chalybeate spring—Eton boys' salt tax—A fine park near Salt Hill . . pp. 151-158

CHAPTER XIII

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC FRIENDS

Edmund Yates—Leslie's caricature of him—Edmund Yates "not quite so portly"—The "Old Ship," Greenwich—Yates writes his reminiscences in gaol—Douglas Jerrold—His ill-luck over money—Mr. and Mrs. Hepworth Dixon—Editor of *The Athenæum*—A philanthropist—A series of misfortunes—His two sons—A tragedy—Edward and a famous preacher—Taking Hepworth to church—"thigs and fistles"—Hepworth disappears—His death—John Leech—His favourite type of model—My resemblance to Mrs. Leech—John Leech's inability to paint—Mr. and Mrs. Levy—Lancaster Gate and Grosvenor Street—Flowers—Sir Edward Levy-Lawson—Lady Lawson—Her great beauty—Sitting for my picture—Lord Burnham—Lady Burnham—Three generations of friendship—The Loudans—Their circle—The Bensons—Music the keynote—My eldest daughter's "coming out" ball—A missing tie-pin—A curious story—A winter's night's experience—A knight to the rescue—A curious meeting later—A spoilt hat—Lord Crewe—His delusions—His cousin—His hatred of women—Archbishop Tait—Mrs. Tait—Their daughter—Story of Lord Crewe—Crewe Hall—Lady Houghton—Lord Crewe a martinet—Fires from December till May—Our last meeting—Lady Ashburton—Melchet Abbey—Her power as a designer—The best amateur judge of art—Strange hours kept—Copying her mother's picture at Kent House—A prisoner . . pp. 150-171

CHAPTER XIV

AN UNSOLVED TRAGEDY

An unsolved tragedy—" Becky Sharp "—A neglected wife—An evening party—An exhibition of bad taste—A visit to the seaside—An unexpected arrival home—Winnie and a coffin—A just retribution—Mrs. Jameson—An early supporter of the Suffrage for Women—Mrs. Jameson as a traveller—A lecturer—And a writer—Mrs. Beecher Stowe—The Duke of Sutherland's reception—Miss Braddon—*Lady Audley's Secret*—Mr. Maxwell—Lord Lytton's advice—A visit to Scotland—The Virtues—The Glen o' Weeping "—A favourite with ladies—" Glen Urquhart "—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis—Lady Seafield—The " coming of age " ball—A curious custom—A glimpse of nature study—Salmesbury Hall—A mysterious ghost—" An Incident in the Childhood of Frederick the Great "—Mr. Merdel—A wonderful house—Introduced to the telephone—A stiff luncheon party—A series of strange visitors . pp. 172–180

CHAPTER XV

A BURGLARY AT KENT VILLA

An enterprising boy burglar—An exciting day—My father appears—A valuable clue—George Phillips—A case in Court—Mrs. Boucicault—*The Colleen Bawn*—A happy-go-lucky friend—An adventure with a skeleton—She loses her R.A. pictures—An unaccustomed model—Wilkie Collins's niece—Mrs. Henry Wood—A party at the S. C. Halls'—A tactless question—Mr. Henry Wood's reply—A disappointing meeting—A visit to the Dubourgs—" The Doll "—Dubourg's story of Marie Antoinette—Lady Hulse presents two pictures—A curious box in Salisbury Cathedral spire . . . . pp. 181–186

CHAPTER XVI

MY GREAT SORROW

My husband's illness—We leave Kent Villa—A house at Windsor—The Duke of Albany revives the making of tapestry—Edward produces some designs—My dog " Sting "—The Duke of Albany's wedding—Lady Florence Dixie—A reported attempt to take her life—The Fisheries—Queen Victoria sends John Brown—Lady Florence Dixie as a writer—Her polo cap—A jaguar for a pet—Sir A. Beaumont Dixie as a harlequin—Sir Henry Davenant—" The Hatch "—Edward investigates, and traces the ghostly sounds—The scene of two murders—An improvement in Edward's health—Lord and Lady Otho FitzGerald—Two rival beauties—I award the palm to Lady Dudley—Returning from Lady Otho's ball—The Prince Imperial—A letter I wrote Leslie from Paris—Leslie meets the Prince Imperial at Lady Otho's—Tragedy of ill-fitting clothes—The Prince's liking for practical jokes—Edward fails rapidly—An old superstition—His death in 1879—Letters from Wilkie Collins—Marcus Stone pp. 187–195

CHAPTER XVII

MY SCHOOL

My father's death in 1880—I cease to produce pictures—My friends suggest work—I take a studio—Art classes—I refuse many applicants—Patrons —Visiting R.A. professors—A romance connected with my school—A runaway marriage—A house in Gerald Road—I build a studio—Some Royalties as pupils—The Duchess of Albany—Princess Alice of Albany—Teaching at Claremont—Memories of Princess Charlotte—A piece of sculpture by Wyatt—Letter from Princess Alice—Enid amuses the Princess—Society paper's account—Lady Olivia Taylour—Lady Helen Grosvenor—Mrs. Sandeman—" African Trophies "—Miss Katherine Phillimore—Her versatility—Shiplake House—Lady Randolph Churchill —Musician and painter—Winston, as a boy—Cigarettes first offered to ladies—Sir Henry Irving's private box—I accept his invitation—Irving and Ellen Terry—I send Irving a picture of Fechter—A Civil List Pension —Leslie on *Vanity Fair*—Eva exhibiting at the R.A.—Her beauty—Her marriage—Her daughter—Wriothesley, my handsome son—His death in a train accident—Stanhope my youngest son—Gained medals in South African War—My daughters Beatrice and Enid . . pp. 196–203

CHAPTER XVIII

VISITS TO GERMANY AND IRELAND

A severe illness—Ordered to Carlsbad—A strict diet—Two lovely German girls—People of many nations—Lovely scenery—The China factory—Picture galleries—Taking home loaves of bread—I find the family away —An invitation to Ireland—I accept at once—A wild-goose chase—A handsome Irish porter—He claims acquaintance with the Wards—My luggage is lost—An antiquated coachman at Limerick—A wonderful welcome—All the family embrace me—The family supply my wardrobe—An uncle sends a tooth-brush—Exquisite scenery—The treasures in Irish homes—The unreliability of the Irish—Deeply rooted grievances—The black English—Visiting a family in a stable—Police protect us in their garden—Strange hours for guests to arrive—The Spraites—Many festivities in my honour—The peasants' good breeding—An alarming exception—A servants' ball—A village " belle "—The Irish jig—A bouquet of forget-me-nots—Sacrificing truth to politeness—The " evil eye " . . . . pp. 204–211

CHAPTER XIX

FAMOUS SINGERS I HAVE KNOWN

The Crystal Palace—Sir August Manns—The first concert there—Sir Joseph Paxton—The gardens—The Art School—An Art Gallery—I win the gold and silver medals—Grisi and Mario—" The Minstrel Boy "—Grisi the Queen of Melody—" Norma "—Her rival Patti—Grisi's farewell and jealousy—Patti in the "Jewel Song" in *Faust*—A dinner at the Levys'—Patti comes to Edward's aid—Madame Albani—Her aims in singing—Sullivan's "Golden Legend"—Madame Sherrington—Madame Norman Neruda—A party at Rudolph Lehmann's—The Blue Hungarian Band—Neruda becomes one of the orchestra—Robert Chambers—His early life—His industry and intellectual gifts—His cultured family, and circle of famous friends—Frederick Lehmann—Rudolph Lehmann—Miss Lisa Lehmann—Herbert Bedford—Sir William Priestley, M.D.—Barry Pain—Heron Allan—Charles Goetz—Mr. Benyon—Robert Browning—Sothern—Dion Boucicault—Charles Gounod's ovation—His wife—*Faust* just produced in Paris—Moscheles's opinion of *Faust*—"It will never suit the English taste"—Musical publishers' refusal—*Faust* produced in London 1863—Takes London audiences by storm—Albert Hall concerts—Mr. and Mrs. Antonin Roche—Their house in Cadogan Gardens—Miss Marie Roche marries Henry Fielding Dickens—The German Reeds—The Royal Gallery of Illustration—Taff Reed—Miss Fanny Holland—John Parry—Corney Grain—Arthur Cecil—The German Reeds' party—An unconscious comedy—John Parry a great entertainer—His death—Leslie's caricature of George Grossmith and Corney Grain—Corney Grain's "Lines on Leslie"—His joke about his weight—Story of Leslie, Corney, and friend at the Beefsteak Club—Grain's life—"A nigger minstrel troupe"—A funny sketch of my family. pp. 212–221

CHAPTER XX

BATH. ITALY. DINAN

A visit to Bath—A wobbling moon—A gruesome building—Monkton Forley—Roman baths—An interesting antiquarian—Performing goldfishes—Claverton—An Italian hamlet—A "tall" story—Miss Phillimore's Italian villa—Miss Phillimore's book *Dante at Ravenna*—Rimini—The Republic of San Marino—Napoleon's offer—The beautiful crops—Three Mountains — Three Towers — Three Feathers — The Legend of "Il Cenacole"—Venice—A modern bridge unthinkable—Rogers's poem—Lady Alexander Gordon-Lennox—Dinan . . . pp. 222–229

CHAPTER XXI

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

Change Alley—A successful play—The business side of art—An unlucky picture—"Elizabeth Fry" in tableaux—The Imperial Theatre—Lady Henry Somerset—The Duchess of Rutland—Lady Diana Manners—Tableaux arranged by Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A.—A Greek dress in an envelope—The Amateur Stage Club—Performances at the Court Theatre—Harry Paulton as producer—*Niobe* (all smiles)—Leslie's criticism, "Too much rouge"—Miss de Rutzen—The Police Court Mission—Miss Katherine Teniswood—The Princess Beatrice—Prince Leopold—A bouquet on a bald head—An autographed photograph—A story of Queen Victoria—A reformed club—The Sailors' Home—Enid's alarming experience . . . . pp. 230-236

CHAPTER XXII

THE LONDON OF MY YOUTH

The postman on the first of May—The sweeps' holiday—Jack o'the Green—Pierrots and Harlequins—"Buy a Broom, Ladies"—The May Day Dance—The "Grotto"—Fireworks and the fifth of November—The dread of Papacy—The surplice—The "Scarlet Woman"—Hell-fire—Calvin's teaching—"Predestination"—The Irvingites—My grandfather's discussion—Icicles from the Coliseum—"The Earthquake of Lisbon"—The Polytechnic—The Diving Bell—Helmets and grim dresses—Hideous insects—Blown-glass animals—Strange conveyances—Omnibuses—"Growlers"—"Hansoms"—Eva takes a "hansom"—Regent's Park—An accident in Percy Street—Vauxhall Gardens—"Pretty Polly Hopkins—Public processions—Retrogression in the quality of food—Brompton a village—Nightingales—Augustus Egg, R.A.—Strawberry fields—My house in Gerald Road—My studio—Chelsea a village—A famous dairy—Mrs. Dawkins—A glass of warm milk—Pink sugar for parties—Famous Bath buns—Hetley the glass-maker—The Duchess of Richmond—Sir William Ross . . . . pp. 237–244

CHAPTER XXIII

PAINTING

A quaint epitaph—An ideal church—Archdeacon Bevan—Mrs. Bevan—My opinion of Chelsea—A mistake through deafness—Sketching in St. Luke's Gardens—Charles Dickens's wedding—A kind friend—The slum children—A little girl and a baby—I receive a commission—Story told by Millais—Edward's birthday present—Queen Victoria's commission—Mr. Walter Frith—Miss Fanny Frith—Hogarth's house—Tea in Hogarth's parlour—The sunlit garden—David Garrick—Fielding—Townley—Colonel Shipway—The mulberry-tree—Hogarth's favourite bullfinch—"Alas, poor Dick"—His love for animals—Four steps of cruelty—Opposition to his being a painter—Declining his work—Hogarth wins his action—Sergeant Painter to the King—A magnificent reward—Satirist and moralist—Many quarrels—The house in Dean Street—A ball there—Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square—An ill-requited life pp. 245–251

CHAPTER XXIV

"MY FRIENDS IN VELVET"

Rogers's cats—My black cat "Mother"—"Jos"—An ideal home—Pierre Loti's and Mr. Walter Winans's opinions of cats—The dogs give a supper party—My picture "No Cat's averse to Fish"—"The Siege of Lathom House"—Bill George's "Zoo"—Charles Dickens's cat—Cowper the poet—Sir Joshua Reynolds—The story of a mouse—Punishing boys who set nets—Two robins in church—The disappearance of the "Commandments "—A Temperance Service at St. Peter's, Eaton Square—Two kinds of cruelty—Magistrates' light sentences—The second kind of cruelty—Leaving pets to servants—Societies for prevention of cruelty too tentative—Putting down cruelty by force—So called "Sport"—The dreadful cruelty of "hunting"—Ruskin's opinion—A wonderful seal—Mussolini and his charger . . . . . pp. 252–259

CHAPTER XXV

A MEMORABLE VISIT TO LIVERPOOL

The Walker Art Gallery—The Queen and Prince Consort—Edward and I stay at the Gaskells—A new dish to us—Lancashire—A visit to Speke Hall—The "Giant of Hale"—Liverpool buildings—St. George's Hall—The Jewish synagogue—The architect's tragedy—A pathetic history connected with St. George's Hall—Mr. Stirling Lee—A little ragged urchin—My grandfather's illness—A journey with the Smiths to Round Croft Cottage—A heavy fog—"Link" boys—Starting for Paris—A tragedy at Kensington Palace Gardens—Lady Perry—Charles Hallé—An amusing story he told—Danreuther—Douglas Jerrold—Story of Jerrold's caustic humour—Story of "flat fish"—My experience at a restaurant—The poet-parlourmaid—The woman in white—My picture "Chatterton"—Wrio as model . . . pp. 260–269

CHAPTER XXVI

SOME GHOST STORIES AND CRIMINALS

A plausible advertisement—Correspondence with Crippen—The Crippen murder—I attend the Court—A tattered ermine cape—Crippen's *sang-froid* in Court—Mr. and Mrs. Manning—The Duchess of Sutherland's letter—Black satin goes out of fashion—A man confesses to murdering Shelley—Never proved true—A gruesome incident—A ghost in a flat—A wilderness in Victoria Street—Mrs. Deane Morgan—A ghost who knocked at the door—A haunted room near Holyfoot—A haunted house belonging to the Teynhams—The stable door and the nun—A practical ghost—Sweet bells jangled—Imaginary enemies—Conspirators with birds' names—Leslie and the scent-bottle—Extreme egotism pp. 270–278

CHAPTER XXVII

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND PAINTERS I HAVE KNOWN

"Private views"—Presidents I have known—Little coteries—The Classical School of David—Ruskin's influence—Sir John and Lady Pender—The veterans' bench—Story by Landseer—The first R.A. Soirée—The Stones—Father and son—My parlour-maid's mistakes—Marcus Stone's popular art—Penry Williams—A lucky man—Behnes the sculptor—S. Hart, R.A.—F. Goodall, R.A.—A Moorish house—A double tragedy—Fred Walker—"The Vale of Rest"—"Little Billie"—James Sant, R.A.—A little argument—Story of Mr. Sant—Fred Topham, R.A.—His son—Birket Foster—John Pickersgill, R.A.—His nephew—" The red-legged school "—William Mulready, R.A.—His love for beauty—" The Toy Seller "—The irony of fame—Four models who married R.A.s — Miss Swinburne — An annuity — " The Wedding Gown " — " The Æsthetics "—Sunflowers and arum lilies—Futurism and neo-idiocy—A clergyman's quick retort—Imitators of successful artists . pp. 279–286

CHAPTER XXVIII

ODD MEMORIES OF FRIENDS PAST AND PRESENT

" The Sands of Time "—The Hon. Henry Stanhope—Louis Blanc—His visit to England — *The Corsican Brothers* — " Garibaldi's Englishman "—Dr. Doran—His " Golden Milestone "—Discovery of Sterne's grave—Restoring Gainsborough's tomb—Dr. Doran's first play at the Surrey Theatre—Mr. Alban Doran—Sir James Paget—Dr. Goodhart—Alban and Leslie as children—Lord and Lady Stanhope—Chevening —Lord Stanhope's *War of the Succession in Spain*—Lady Stanhope's wood-carving—Introducing Disraeli to his wife—Gladstone and Disraeli —A striking contrast—Story of Palmerston and Gladstone—" I have come—unmuzzled "—Changes under the British Flag—Later recollections of Millais—The Pre-Raphaelites and their patrons—Charlie Collins at Oxford—A youthful movement—Millais's opinion of his drawing of Miss Collins—" What they are doing now "—Ightham Moat—Mr. Calderon, R.A.—Mr. Storey, R A.—Luard—The P.R.B.—General Luard of Ightham Moat—The murder of Mrs. Luard—Their son's return—General Luard commits suicide—Albert Smith—Writer and explorer—Some famous lectures—Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal)—*The Elder Miss Blossom*—A party in 1908—Leslie's portrait of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg—Mrs. Oliphant's friendship—Lady Ashburton takes me to Stonehenge—Lady Ashburton and Christian Science . . . . . . pp. 287–294

CHAPTER XXIX

FROM MY POSTBAG

Two letters from Mary Fox—" The real Mary Sanderson "—" The best painting of a friend "—" The interest that is excited here "—Another Quaker's letter—" Thou hast given her a wedding-ring "—James Dymond—Stafford Allen's letter—The dimension of Elizabeth Fry's bonnet—" My dear wife's pretty one "—" A real Christian was she "—Mrs. Fry's daughter—" A lock of my dear mother's hair "—James Sant's letter—" I remember the ' old times ' "—" Let us talk about them "—" Alas, how old I am "—His portrait of himself at the R.A.—At the private view at Ninety-eight !—My old friend George Augustus Sala—His vivid description of scenery—Warwick Castle—Favourite authors—Bible—Shakespeare—Burton—Montaigne—Seneca—*The Vanguard*—Third cousin and some pretty daughters—Tall, robust, six-foot

two individual—Bouquets on the tomb—Several tragedies—Ladies "poco presto"—"You are too happy"—"To Syntax for true philosophy"—Beethoven's "Fidelis"—"Golden Rays on the Menai and Snowdon"—"Il cuivi nuo sincera"—Teignmouth-Shore's letter—A promised visit—The Windsor garden party—The races—An accident—Police to the rescue—The Princess Alice of Albany writes—A little hut in the mountains—Stalking chamois—Frith's letter—A vulgar internal disturbance—Millais's unanimous election—Another letter—Not in good judicial humour—The Exhibition one of the worst—The Cowper works—A fellow-pupil—Douglas Cowper—Too short for friendship, not for fame—A kind letter—Colonel Francis Grant—"Your irreparable loss"—"Happy and attached as you were"—Tom Taylor's letter—"Your great and terrible bereavement"—"The last tribute of my regard"—Mrs. S. Carter Hall—"The night-time has come"—"The heaviest Christmas of your life"—"Time will diminish sorrow"—A. M. H.—Letter from George Richmond, R.A. . . . . pp. 295–305

CHAPTER XXX

REVIEWING THE PAST

National changes—The spirit of unrest—Railways—"The Experiment"—The railway craze—From Sydenham in a third-class carriage—Life less complex formerly—Science in its infancy—Better sight—The advent of Free Trade—The movement towards equality—Maurice—Carlyle—Kingsley—The Brotherhood of Man—Other factors—Facilities for travelling—Village life stagnant to-day—Flat and restaurant life—Schools improved by Charles Dickens's writings—The spirit of Christmas—*Punch*—Disappearance of country inns—The evolution of dress—Turbans worn by my great-aunt—The crinoline comes later—My partner's remark—My father's evening dress—The nightcap—James and Horace Smith—Horace Smith's family—Changing addresses—The poet Keats—Tizey in Paris—Versailles—Tunbridge Wells—An unending salon—Distinguished guests—Visits to Holly Lodge—Rosey's beauty—Tizey's accident—Story of Lady Molesworth and Lady Waldegrave—Tizey's wit—Story of her quick pun—Horace Smith's pun when dying—A witty verse—A better reply—A tea service—And a portrait . pp. 306–314

CHAPTER XXXI

A NIGHT IN THE POLICE STATION

The season of Christmas—My birthday—My eighty-sixth birthday—Old friends—A diamond pendant—My son Leslie's wedding—Canon Fleming—The Beefsteak Club's wedding present—A special dinner to Leslie at the Savoy—His unfinished speech—John Tenniel twenty years earlier—My son's death—His friends' sympathy—His daughter Sylvia—Her marriage—Lady Ward—Wriothesley's widow—The Great War, 1914—Gold purified by fire—My grandson Major Chappell—"Con-

spicuous Bravery"—The patience of the working classes—The air raids—An eviction—A night in the police-station—My difficulties in getting there—"Purity" and "Eve"—Meeting neighbours—A golden slipper—Another air raid—A delightful time in Fiddes Watt's kitchen—His wonderful portraits—A great *home* builder—Further memories of Baring-Gould—His home—"Onward, Christian soldiers"—His books—His attractive personality—"Come to Bethlehem"—An incident which prolonged his life—The story of the pig—The last large picture I exhibited—Work done during the War—Memories concluding—Life a mosaic—Success only a relative term—"Better to travel hopefully than to arrive" . . . . pp. 315–323

MY LETTER BAG

Two Letters from Duke of Wellington—Letters from Charles Fechter. pp. 324–325

INDEX . . . . pp. 327–332

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

MRS. E. M. WARD: THE LATEST PICTURE TAKEN OF HER *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A. 5

THOMAS CARLYLE 5

EARLY TIMES: AN AMUSING CARICATURE OF A SOIRÉE GIVEN BY JAMES WARD 9

HENRIETTA WARD'S EARLIEST PICTURE . . . 22

MRS. E. M. WARD AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN, WITH HER GUINEA-PIG, BUNNY 24

THE GREAT DUKE OF WELLINGTON WITH HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, LADY DOURO 26

THE WARDS AT HOME 34

HENRIETTA WARD 35

DR. DORAN 52

WILKIE COLLINS 52

PENCIL SKETCH OF THE EGLINTON TOURNAMENT . . 56

MRS. E. M. WARD IN HER STUDIO AT SLOUGH . . . 71

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LETTER 78

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL 82

H.R.H. ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES . . . 82

MADAME VESTRIS 96

CHARLES A. FECHTER 99

CHARLES DICKENS 99

MR. AND MRS. TERRY WITH THEIR TALENTED FAMILY . 108

MISS GEORGIANA MUSGRAVE 140

FACING PAGE
GEORGE RAPHAEL WARD IN RUSSIAN COSTUME . . 142
GEORGE RAPHAEL WARD 142
LORD LYTTON 146
TOM TAYLOR 148
EDWARD SOTHERN 148
MRS. E. M. WARD AND H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY IN THE STUDIO 198
H.R.H. THE LATE DUCHESS OF ALBANY 199
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS BEATRICE 199
ROBERT CHAMBERS 215
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY 215
CARD OF ADMISSION DESIGNED SPECIALLY FOR THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART BY E. M. WARD, R.A. 235
ALICE AND LESLIE WARD 244
CHELSEA CHURCH GARDENS 247
MARCUS STONE, R.A. 281
JOHN PHILLIP, R.A. 281
MRS. E. M. WARD IN 1866 282
EARL STANHOPE 289
COUNTESS STANHOPE 289
MRS. E. M. WARD IN HER PRESENTATION DRESS . . 293
SETH WARD, BISHOP OF SALISBURY IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II. 305
THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OF SIR LESLIE WARD . 317

MEMORIES OF NINETY YEARS

CHAPTER I

GOLDEN MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

IN presenting my memories to the world and summing up my life's experiences, I find I am not in agreement with the sentiment " A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." On the contrary, one of my chief pleasures in the evening of life is to retrace the pathway I have trod, linger by its milestones, recall past triumphs and priceless friendships of youth, and feel warmed with the inspiring conviction that Life is indestructible, and Love is greater than Death.

For love has enfolded me throughout life in a wonderful way. My pathway has been bestrewn with flowers, and only occasionally beset with thorns. First of all, I offer a tribute to the memory of the husband of my youth, Edward Matthew Ward. Our first meeting, great friendship, and romantic marriage shall be dealt with later on, but on the threshold of my book I wish to record that he was the greatest influence in shaping my career, as well as the best friend I was ever blessed with. By example he set me a high standard which I, who loved him dearly, ever strove to reach—not only in religion, but in Art, and in the smallest things pertaining to life.

Temperamentally an optimist, I am grateful that Fate decreed an eventful life, having first endowed me with a great capacity to enjoy it fully. Thus equipped, I have seen during no less than four reigns the splendid pageant of life unfold under exceptionally fortunate conditions. My childhood was spent in an atmosphere of love and sunshine. I was the only surviving child of George Raphael Ward, painter and engraver; my mother, whose maiden name was Mary Webb, also an accomplished artist, specialised in miniatures, which she painted with exquisite delicacy. My father was the son of James Ward, R.A.; William Ward, A.R.A., was my uncle, and I am related to George Morland and John Jackson, R.A.

I was born at 6 Newman Street, London, on June 1, 1832, and duly christened Henrietta Mary Ada Ward. I came to my parents as a precious gift upon whom they could not lavish enough care and affection, for they had lost their only other child (a boy). The family moved to 31 Fitzroy Square when I was about a year old.

As I lay in my cradle, a great many "giants" of art and literature bent over me, gave me their benediction, and professed an admiration, even if they did not feel it, for the little child about whom my parents were already building castles in the air. Later, these same men and women of genius were my devoted playmates. Thomas Moore became a great friend of mine at a very early age. My father was engraving his portrait, and I had studied his face during the process until I knew its unusual modelling by heart. I was often in my father's studio as he worked, and already took a keen interest in the poet who was so much discussed and admired.

One day my mother had sent me out to walk round the square with my nurse. My eager eyes were soon attracted to a strange little man who was knocking at each door and asking some question the answer to which apparently did not satisfy him. He wore a beaver hat, then very expensive, and he was dressed very fashionably. The face informed me that it was Moore, and I jumped to the conclusion that he was trying to find our house. I settled the matter by making a bee-line for home to tell my parents, followed by my long-suffering nurse. As they were not expecting him to call, they only laughed at me, but I held to my point, and just as I was repeating: "I'm sure Tommy Moore is coming to see you," he was announced. I can see him now, a short, thick-set figure and a head that was conspicuous in its ample planes, showing benevolence, large vision, a wide outlook upon life and an infinite charity with human weaknesses. With a smile in his large grey eyes as well as on his lips, he conveyed the impression at once of a deep sense of humour and the embodiment of musical rhythm.

He first of all examined my father's engraving, of which he approved, and then, being devoted to children, he drew me to him and seated me on his knee. At my mother's request I repeated one of his poems, which pleased him greatly.

"So you know who I am," said Moore, gently stroking my curls.

"Yes, little Tommy Moore," I answered laughingly.

At that moment I looked up at my mother and saw vigorous disapproval of my behaviour, so I changed my manner and amended: "Mr. Moore" with assumed meekness. "Tell me again," said Moore, when, perceiving I had secured him as a friend, I called out loudly:

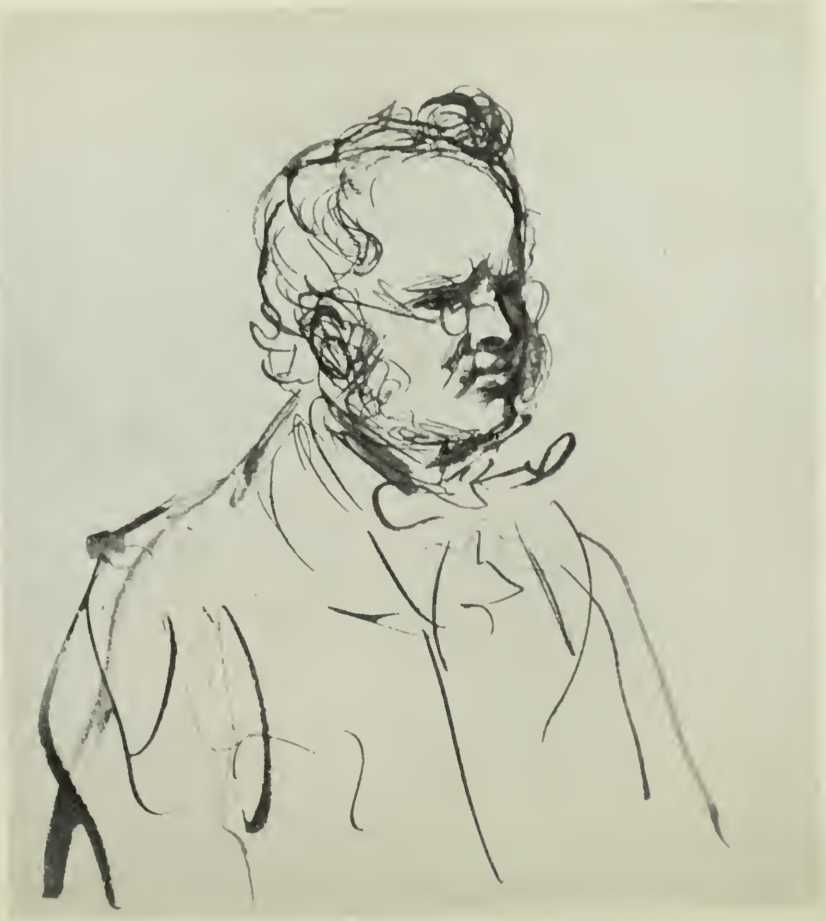
"Little Tommy Moore, little Tommy Moore, I'll tell you a story that's not in Tommy Moore."

As this was a quotation from a skit on one of his poems, again Moore was pleased; I think he thought his verses were well studied in our house. Thus began a friendship which lasted throughout life. He was a man with a singularly winning personality, and amongst other accomplishments used to charm his friends by singing his own wonderful songs. This was somewhat surprising, because he had but a slight singing voice, yet he managed to render the melodies delightfully by a perfect intonation and the feeling he imparted to the sentimental words.

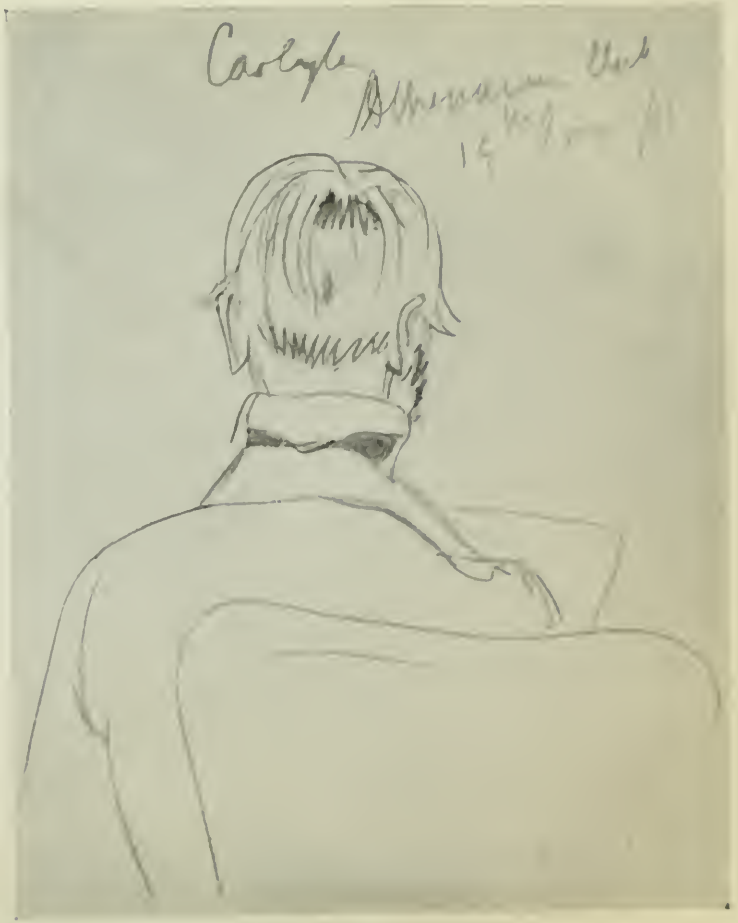
Nathaniel P. Willis gives an account of an evening he spent at Seamore Place, and the effect produced by Moore as a singer. "After two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he rambled over the keys awhile, and then sang 'When first I met thee' with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said 'Good-night,' and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he closed the door no one spoke."

In much later times I often met Moore at the S. C. Halls, Mr. Hall being editor of *The Art Journal* for many years; and at the artistic and literary gatherings held at "The Rosery," their home in Brompton, Tom Moore would delight the guests with such songs as "Oft in the Stilly Night" and "The Last Rose of Summer."

Mrs. Tom Moore (Bessy Dyke) was a very kind, practical, and most ordinary mortal, whose chief accomplishment was needlework. She once sent me a beautifully worked pin-cushion and needle-book, which I treasured long after her busy hands had been quietly laid to rest, and I was grieved when these little memorials of her skill were stolen from my house with a number of other treasures.



SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.
A sketch by Sir James Grant, P.R.A.


Carlyle
Athenæum Club

THOMAS CARLYLE.
Sketched by E. M. Ward, R.A., at the Athenæum Club.

5]

Thomas Moore died in 1852, at the age of seventy-two, and was buried in Bromham Churchyard, Wiltshire. Twenty-eight years after, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall raised a subscription among two hundred friends of the poet, and a splendid window was erected to his memory. Among the subscribers were persons of widely different stations, temperaments, and attitudes of thought, such as Prince Leopold, Lord O'Hagan, Tennyson, Longfellow, Theodore Martin, Jean Ingelow, Wilkie Collins, Samuel Smiles, Mrs. Henry Wood, and Justin McCarthy. The inscription was: "To the Poet of all Circles and the Idol of his own, Thomas Moore." Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall were his oldest surviving friends.

One of the most famous men I knew was Sir Edwin Landseer, the genius of a clever and very eccentric family. Sir Edwin had a house at the corner of Grove End Road, No. 1 St. John's Wood Road, with a large garden. It was one of my greatest pleasures to be taken to see him and his large assembly of friends in fur and feathers. His neighbours did not regard his zoological garden with the same degree of enthusiasm that I felt. Edwin Landseer sprang into fame at an early age. He was one whose conspicuous ability was bound to place him in the foremost ranks. Society welcomed him eagerly, and he made a fortune by his art. In appearance he was small and insignificant, with a nose that turned up decidedly. Witty and good-natured, he was a universal favourite. One of his pictures, "Titania and Bottom," had a quaint little figure of Puck in the foreground, and at the Private View in 1851 some of his brother R.A.s chaffed him about it, declaring it was a portrait of himself, which he did not deny. He never seemed to experience the difficulties many artists encounter, and he was noted as a quick worker. "The Sleeping

Bloodhound," one of his greatest works, was painted in a few days from the dead body of "Countess," the favourite hound of a friend at Wandsworth.

Edwin Landseer had a tender heart for animals. Frith told me that he saw him coming from the Zoo deeply affected by an incident he had just witnessed. A monkey who was ill had just been deprived of her family for a time, and in her isolation her suffering was so clearly written on her face that Edwin broke down and cried like a child. He painted a picture of the scene from memory, and it is a remarkable work.

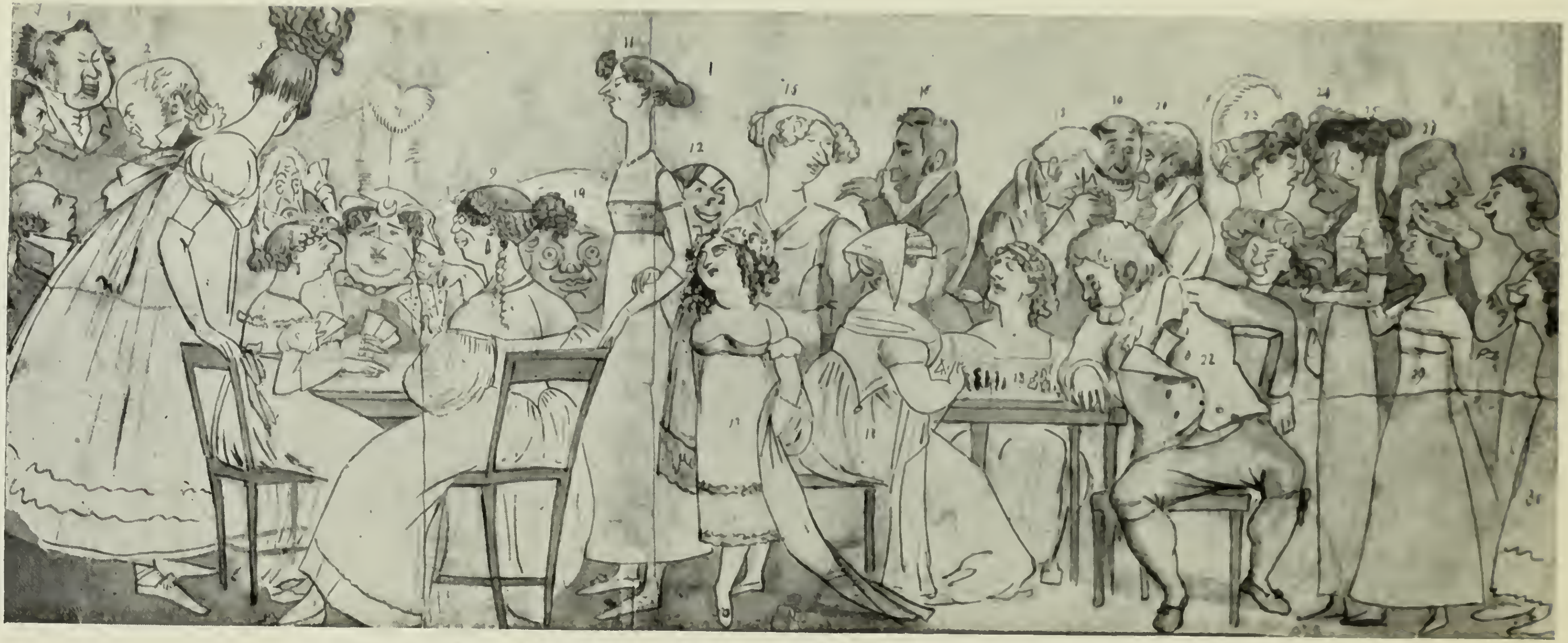
Another recollection of Sir Edwin Landseer is present with me. My husband and I were returning from a dance given by Mr. Leslie, the R.A., and as we drove along Hamilton Terrace we caught sight of Edwin sitting on a doorstep sound asleep. He had attended the Queen's fancy dress ball before going to the Leslies' dance, and was in all his regalia—black velvet costume, silk stockings, lace cravat, star, and sword. He wore a black hat and feather, and looked an odd figure in the lonely night. I suggested that we ought to wake him, but my husband said he would be all right. He had forgotten to take his latch-key, and his household having retired he had despaired of making them hear. Tired after a hard day's work, with two entertainments added, he quietly took a nap on a neighbouring doorstep of an empty house. This incident clearly showed his placid disposition. He never worried about mundane matters, and his *sang-froid* stood him in good stead throughout his life.

People who study calligraphy have often commented on his handwriting, which was one of the largest and most legible and full of character that I have ever seen. He used a crest with a stag's head. The last time I saw Edwin Landseer was at a dinner given by Charles Dickens. He appeared greatly changed and seemed very ill. His death occurred in 1873, and his beautiful house in Grove End Road was demolished in later years in connection with the changes arising from the extension of the Great Central Railway.

The Landseer family was a curious mixture. Edwin was indisputably a gentleman, but his father, John Landseer, A.R.A., was a queer old fogey, who evidently had never mixed in good society. He was an engraver by profession, and Associate Engraver to the Royal Academy, but I never saw any of his work. He lived in London Street, I think, and I used to watch him pass our house daily, carrying his dinner (tied up in a brilliant red pocket-handkerchief) which he used to get at the rather celebrated *à la mode* beef and ham shop near Fitzroy Square. Dear old Tom Landseer, eldest brother to Edwin, was so deaf that he could not hear his own voice, and it used to get altogether beyond his control. It would wander from the lowest notes to falsetto, and from crescendo to diminuendo, the effect being ludicrously like an æolian harp out of tune. He had a very clever adopted son, who died before he came to his full strength in Art, but he gave such early promise of genius that artists who saw his studies of animals at the Zoo prophesied that he would be as famous as Edwin Landseer.

Much has been said about the strictness and repression of children in Victorian times. My youth was an exception to this rule, which I believe largely prevailed. On the contrary, I never had a formal "coming out," because from my earliest years I was taken everywhere, and I can well recollect going to an evening party given by "Old Tom" Landseer at his house in Cunningham Place, St. John's Wood; later he moved to 30 South Bank, where I underwent a great ordeal. My mother had written some verses and set them to a tune which used to be sung in the streets by the vendors of bundles of brooms. The girls who sold them wore Bavarian costumes, and very pretty they looked as they sung their song called "Buy a broom, ladies," and the tune had a fascinating lilt. My mother had a special frock made for me of white watered silk, which I wore with a pretty cap. She taught me her song, and then I made my début as a singer at "Old Tom's" party. I submitted to the infliction to please my mother, who was so proud of me, and perhaps on account of my being little more than a baby the audience gave me much praise. But "Old Tom," being very deaf, heard never a word. Watching the plaudits he beckoned me to come to him, when, to my alarm, he asked me to sing it all over again through his ear trumpet. A modern child would have flatly declined, but I never thought of disobeying. With a quaking heart I repeated the song, and it must have sounded to deaf "Old Tom" like a kitten mewing, or a tiny sheep plaintively bleating; anyway, he was not enthusiastic in his praise. Another brother, Charles Landseer, who was an engraver and painter, became Keeper of the R.A. Schools. He was a quaint old character, who in his efforts to dye his hair also dyed his bald head, to the amusement of the students. He lived at 35 Grove End Road.

As my father was his executor, I have many letters written by (and to) Alfred Chalon, R.A., and his brother John (also a Royal Academician), to whose house we often went—No. 10 Wimpole Street. I remember seeing a portrait of Mrs. Thwaites at Alfred Chalon's studio, a large-sized lady, blazing with diamonds, and when my mother inquired how I liked it I chirped out "Not at all—it is too chalky," an opinion I confirmed when I saw it again, years after. As I was about six when I gave my first



EARLY TIMES: AN AMUSING CARICATURE OF A SOIRÉE GIVEN BY JAMES WARD.

From a drawing by J. J. and Alfred Chalon, R.A.

1. Henry Thomson, R.A.
2. William Owen, R.A.
3. Augs. Wall Callcott, R.A.
4. James Ward, R.A.
5. Miss Chalon: just returned from Paris.
6. Dr. Jackson, in a rage with his Partner.
7. Mrs. Green, who does not mind her game.
8. Miss Byrne, her sister.
10. Mrs. Ward.
11. Miss Jay.
12. Miss Jorden, since wife No. 1 to Capt. Frankling, afterwards Sir John.
13. Miss Ward, since Mrs. Jackson, R.A.
14. Mrs. Byrne.
15. Mrs. Jay.
16. Mr. J. Greene.
17. Mrs. Jackson, *née* Janson, sister to Mrs. Bartolozzi the pianist and mother to the actress Mme. Vestris.
18. Miss Jackson, daughter of Dr. Jackson.
19. Mr. Pine, author of *Wine and Walnuts*, etc., etc.
20. Mr. Samuel.
21. Mr. Hills.
22. Mr. Papworth, who married Miss Jay.
23. Mrs. Kay.
24. Mr. Jorden, her father.
25. Miss Pine.
26. Miss Mary Pine.
27. Mr. Henry Elliott.
28. Miss Wells.
29. Mrs. Pine.
30. Miss Harriett Wells.

criticism, I must have been a precocious child. My parents often asked my opinion about their work, to encourage the habit of observation in me. In later years, the Chalon bachelor brothers built a large house which they called "El Retiro" at Campden Hill, Kensington, where they gave very delightful parties. Alfred designed the invitation cards himself. Archery was in vogue, and the brothers were noted bowmen. For many years they entertained their friends royally, and when John, the elder brother, died at a ripe old age, Alfred made a will leaving his house to the nation, with his valuable collection of china, pictures, and curios. He appointed his two old servants as caretakers for life, but unfortunately he never signed his will, as he held a superstitious belief that it would hasten his end. At his death in 1860 the estate reverted to his next of kin, a distant relative living in Vevey, who, finding it would be difficult to come to England to look after his property, sold it, and Jeremiah the builder planted his ugly hoof on the lovely site, which is now covered with small inartistic villas.

Alfred Chalon was a sympathetic man and recipient of many confidences ; he was notably a friend of Lady Bulwer Lytton, who wrote him an enormous number of letters relating principally to her grievances. They were edited and published by my friend Stewart Ellis, in 1914. The industry of the Chalon brothers was remarkable, Alfred's work surpassing that of his brother. Alfred's caricature of a soirée my grandfather, James Ward, R.A., gave in 1818, shows the leaders of the artistic world playing cards and gossiping, the whole beaming with sly humour and satire.

Alfred's dog "Pedro," a spoilt poodle, was as great a character as his master. Guests going to "El Retiro" had to treat Pedro with respect, and on one of our visits a friend who was bitten remonstrated with Chalon for keeping so fierce a pet. Alfred Chalon only commiserated his dog. "Poor Pedro!" he said, "somebody must have teased him, and he has bitten the wrong person!" Lord Macaulay had Pedro in mind when he wrote to Chalon:

"I am very sensible of your kindness, and shall be most happy to see you when we are neighbours. I hope I shall be able to dispense with the services of a yard dog. I have the honour to be your faithful friend,
"T. B. MACAULAY."

The beautiful Lady Blessington was one of Alfred Chalon's patrons, and through her he obtained many commissions to paint her friends for some time.

Here is a letter she wrote to him, when Alfred Chalon lost his sister:

"DEAR MR. CHALON,

We do indeed truly feel for you and your brother under the heavy affliction with which it has pleased the Almighty to visit you, an affliction which leaves hearth and home desolate. Who could know the amiable and excellent sister you have lost without deploring her death and sympathising in the sorrow which now overwhelms you? I know how utterly vain all attempts at offering consolation are, but I believe that true sympathy is never unacceptable. It was only yesterday morning that I heard of the sad event, and I assure you it equally shocked and grieved me. The only source of consolation left is the recollection of the virtues of the dear departed, which must convince you that, though those very virtues render it more difficult for you to support her loss, they insure her a felicity never found on earth, and that you may hope to join her in Heaven. May God grant you courage and resignation under this heavy trial is the sincere prayer, dear Mr. Chalon, of

"Yours truly,
"M. BLESSINGTON."

There are three notable portraits of Lady Blessington in existence. The first, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, showing her at the zenith of her young beauty, was bought by Lord Hertford at the Gore House sale in 1849, and is now in the Wallace Collection; the second, by E. T. Parris, was engraved for *The Book of Beauty*, 1834; and the third, by A. E. Chalon, has the unusual background of an opera-box. There is also a sketch of her by Sir Edwin Landseer.

Though Lady Blessington was well past her youth when I first saw her, she was extraordinarily beautiful, and I can remember the glimpse I got of her as she stepped into her carriage outside the theatre, where she was often to be seen. Her splendid dark-brown eyes, and perfection of features and colouring, remain fresh in my memory. I do not wonder she created admiration wherever she went. As time went on she lost her reputation by her foolish conduct over Count D'Orsay, who was her step-daughter's husband.

Lady Blessington was one of those creatures who seem marked out by destiny for great extremes of poverty and wealth, misery and happiness. She was the daughter of an Irish squireen, Edmund Power, of ancient lineage, with a small estate in Co. Tipperary. He was a man without principles, whose conspicuous dress and imposing cravats gained him the names of "Beau Power" and "Shiver the Frills." He was always in monetary difficulties on account of his extravagance, and when his daughter received an offer of marriage he forced her to accept it before she was fifteen years of age, though he knew her suitor was a drunkard and almost insane. For three months she endured the greatest brutality from her savage of a husband, who beat her, locked her up, and even starved her. At the end of that time she left him and returned to her father's house, and her husband went with his regiment to India. During the two years at home Margaret met a succession of men who would gladly have married her had she been free. Her parents did not want her at home, she was treated as an interloper, likely to interfere with her sister's chances of marrying, and when the terrifying news came that her husband was returning to England to claim her, she ran away with a Captain Jenkins, who behaved to her with the utmost consideration. Captain Jenkins's relations were glad to find that Margaret prevented him from indulging in the extravagant expenditure to which he had been prone, and her quiet charm and consciousness of her compromising position won their kindness. They always treated her exactly as if she were his wife. After six years she met Lord Blessington, who desired to marry her if she could divorce her husband. Captain Jenkins agreed to a plan which would further her interests by giving her a legal position in the world, but before the divorce was obtained her husband's death (by accident) occurred, which set her free. Margaret Power became Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, in 1818. In Seamore Place and at Gore House, Lady Blessington held a salon and became the leader of fashion and gaiety. A brilliant little court she held there with such names as Lytton, Prince Louis Napoleon, Rogers, Brougham, Melbourne, Disraeli, Landor, Wellington, Thackeray, Dickens, Macaulay, and Moore. She edited *The Book of Beauty*; she travelled abroad with Lord Blessington, both spending money recklessly, met Byron, and made friends with the notorious Guiccioli, whom she afterwards entertained at Gore House. At her gatherings Maria Edgeworth, Miss Mitford, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Jane Porter, and Lady Morgan were often to be found, and Thomas Carlyle, Alfred Tennyson, De Quincey, Coleridge, and Campbell amongst the writers.

At Lord Blessington's death in 1829 her fortunes waned, and she soon found herself in pecuniary difficulties. Troubles began to gather thickly round her; scandal, ever busy with her name, became more pronounced when she faced the world alone. Before her husband's death she helped to arrange a marriage between her step-daughter and Count D'Orsay, who spent his wife's fortune and neglected her from the first. A certain number of people refused to forget those past years before Marguerite's marriage with Lord Blessington; others compromised by attending her day parties, but would not go to her evening salons. But when she insisted on completely ignoring conventions—for after his wife had left him, Count D'Orsay still lived at Gore House—Lady Blessington was cut by Society at large; only her special circle of friends remained true to her, and as if in defiance of public opinion she was still seen everywhere with the Count. To meet her liabilities she sold all her exquisite furniture, pictures, and *objets d'art*, which only realised fifteen hundred pounds. She then went to Paris in failing health, and died there three weeks later, in June 1849.

I met Count D'Orsay at Lady Coventry's house when I went with my mother to lunch to see Lady Holland (Lady Coventry's daughter) in her Presentation Dress, for she was attending Court that day. Count D'Orsay drove up with a rattle and splash in a very smart carriage of his own design. He had a huge jet-black thoroughbred horse and the smallest imaginable "tiger" behind. He was a tall, graceful man, with a brilliancy of colouring that was remarkable, auburn hair, brown eyes, and regular features, and he dressed in a theatrical and flashy way. He had an inexhaustible wardrobe of gorgeous apparel, and would wear a black coat, with the deepest turned-back cuffs I ever saw, blue satin stock, primrose-scented gloves, and the tightest of trousers with faultless patent-leather boots. He possessed such a vivid and attractive personality that all eyes were riveted on him, and everyone paused to hear what he would say. He was genial and vivacious in conversation, with a word and a smile for everyone. The late Sir Herbert Tree completely misread D'Orsay in the play named *The Last of the Dandies* at His Majesty's Theatre some years ago, when he represented the Count as a solemn, drawling dandy, with a bored contemptuous manner.

All the fashionable men of his day followed his sayings and doings and extravagant clothes, and whether he was gambling at Crockford's or laying down the law on sport, or flitting from one drawing-room to another, his fine taste became the standard, he was the leader of fashion. He painted pictures in a dilettante way, and on one occasion when Benjamin Haydon was painting a portrait of the Duke of Wellington, D'Orsay with great effrontery took a brush, and without removing his glove, altered a bit of the Duke's charger "Copenhagen." Then in a second he left the studio to fulfil one of his society engagements.

Haydon, oddly enough, was not offended, but amused, and in writing about it compared him to "a young Apollo with a fiery Pegasus," adding: "I looked after him; I like to see such specimens." D'Orsay's career would have been a fitting theme for a Hogarth to immortalise, a sermon in terms of paint. His brilliancy and good looks waned, his later years were weighed down by debt; and without the means to indulge his bizarre tastes, first he encountered the death of Lady Blessington, then he became stricken with an agonising spinal complaint for which there was neither alleviation nor hope of recovery. He died in 1852, at the age of fifty-one, a prematurely aged man.

It was said that he bore his sufferings with great fortitude, and never ceased to grieve over Lady Blessington's death, of whom he often said: "I have lost everything in the world in losing her. For she was to me a mother, a true and loving mother." He erected a mausoleum to her memory, with a eulogy on her virtues by Barry Cornwall.

Mrs. S. C. Hall was one of Lady Blessington's greatest supporters. She wrote: "I had no means of knowing whether what the world said of this beautiful woman was true or false, but I am sure God intended her to be good, and there was a deep-seated good intent in whatever she did that came under my observation. She never lost an opportunity of doing a gracious act or saying a gracious word. Her manners were singularly simple and graceful; it was to me an intense delight to look upon beauty, which, though I had never seen it in full bloom, was charming in its autumn time, and the Irish accent and sweet Irish laugh used to make my heart beat with the pleasures of memory. I always left her with a sense of enjoyment, and a perfect disbelief in everything I had heard to her discredit. The influence she exercised over her circle was unbounded."

Lady Blessington had two nieces, the daughters of her brother Major Power, who held an appointment at Hobart Town, the convict settlement. Here he came across Wainewright, the notorious poisoner, who had been sent there on his conviction for forgery. As is well known, Wainewright was an accomplished artist, and a portrait he painted of a young girl was sent by Major Power to Lady Blessington, as recorded by Dickens in 1847.

A totally different type of woman from Lady

Blessington was Lady Olivia Sparrow, who used to visit at our house. She was "Low Church" and disliked "the playhouse" excessively. One day when she called I found she was studying me attentively in silence. I opened the conversation with what I thought was an intensely interesting piece of news: "When I go to the theatre," I said slowly, "my mother always brings me my supper in bed." Lady Olivia was amazed. "The theatre . . . impossible." Then she said impressively: "Child, do you ever say your prayers?" "Always," I said, very positively. "But not after going to the theatre; you would be too tired?" suggested Lady Olivia. My reply convinced her by its sincerity: "I am never too tired to say my prayers." I was surprised at the pleasure she showed after this. Evidently she took me for a good child, and she kissed me affectionately. The next day a large box arrived from Nisbet, in Berners Street, full of religious books, addressed to me. Some of them I have still. It must have been before I could read, for her literature began with a "First Reader": "A cat saw a mouse," and went on through successive stages to the most argumentative discourses on doctrine, and many tracts. Lady Olivia was a narrow thinker, but well-meaning. I don't think she had ever seen a play in her life, and yet she ventured to condemn the theatre. But she was sincere and kind. I had a great affection for her. She was a daughter of the first Earl of Gosford, and married Brigadier-General Sparrow.

Lest anybody should think from this little incident that I was a spiritually-minded child, I hasten to say, regretfully, that I was not. To be quite honest, I am sure I was a very unpleasant one, thoroughly spoiled by adoring parents, bent on having my own way, precocious and too fond of finding out the purpose of things. It was useless for people to put off my searching inquiries in every direction. If not satisfied with the answer given, I investigated matters on my own lines, and succeeded generally in learning all I wanted to know.

I was obsessed with a deep curiosity concerning any abnormal trait in people, and I remember my mother once warning me not to exhibit it when a man with a glass eye was coming to see my father. But when he arrived I became fascinated by it, and fixed my eyes upon the glass eye, though I saw my mother signalling to me behind his back to disappear. I followed wherever he went, gazing and gazing. This reminds me of what happened when King Edward was a boy. A famous soldier, Lord Anglesey, came to stay at Windsor Castle, and the Queen said that as he was very lame the Prince of Wales was not to notice his infirmity. Pressed by the Prince for further information, she rashly told him the Field-Marshal had lost a leg at Waterloo, which had been replaced by a cork one. When the Prince saw Lord Anglesey he was most polite, but as time went on the mystery surrounding the artificial limb was too much for him, and sidling up to the veteran he earnestly requested the great hero to show his cork leg.

But I can recall another incident which burned an impression very deeply into my youthful mind. To the student of psychology it should be valuable. On May 7, 1840, the news came that Lord William Russell had been foully murdered—and I stood speechless and heard the matter discussed by parents and friends, who were deeply shocked at the tragedy. I flew upstairs in a perfect agony of distress and terror, which I still well remember, and did a curious thing for so young a child. I flung myself on my knees and offered up a most passionate prayer, not for the murdered man and innocent victim, but for the murderer—that he might not be caught! Vividly I saw him being hunted to justice, and still more clearly came the wonderful impression of his horror and fear and agony of mind. It was the right thing to have done, to have prayed for the murderer, though hardly that he should escape punishment! Lord William Russell was murdered, with a carving-knife, in Norfolk Street by his valet, Courvoisier, who stole his plate and hid it in the Hôtel Sablonière, in Leicester Square. He was a Swiss and was for this crime executed in public, as was the rule in those days.

In 1839 my father took me to one of the rehearsals of Lord Eglinton's famous Tournament. It was in a field near London, though the actual jousts took place, of course, at Eglinton Castle, Ayr. This stirring representation of the knights of old days revealed them garbed in splendid armour, bearing ancient weapons, and mounted on beautiful horses. I have a sketch of the scene drawn by John Franklin. Lady Seymour (later Duchess of Somerset), a daughter of Tom Sheridan, was the Queen of Beauty in the Pageant. Like her two sisters, Lady Dufferin and Mrs. Norton, she was celebrated for charm, wit, and beauty. They were called the Three Graces. I was tremendously excited by the Tournament, and can still see the knights being thrown from their horses. I think I must be the last survivor of those who witnessed the performance of the Knights of Eglinton eighty-five years ago.

CHAPTER II

FURTHER MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD AND EARLY FRIENDS

MY earliest adventure took place when I was between three and four years of age, the scene being enacted on the balcony of my home at 31 Fitzroy Square. It began gaily enough, but ended in tragedy to me.

One morning I was left alone to play, so I stationed myself on the balcony, and gazed down at the passers-by in the street. Soon I saw two very correct ladies, the Misses Elliot, who were neighbours, and very good friends to me. They were always attired in the height of fashion, and this day were wearing black satin bonnets, black satin pelisses lined with blue, and blue and brown silk dresses with the eel-tight sleeves which I had not seen before. They were obliged to mince past, for everything they wore fitted them so closely that I should not have been surprised to see them split all over. To obtain a better view I thrust my head through the balcony railings, and then continued to watch other people not so fashionably attired, but equally entertaining. I was a precocious little being, and all was grist that came to my mill in the way of amusement. Heedless of the fierce sun that beat on my golden curls I thoroughly enjoyed my liberty.

It was somewhat tantalising to find when I wanted to change my game that my head was held fast between two iron bars, and though I gyrated at every angle possible, there I remained, a prisoner on the balcony.

My head seemed to have grown a size larger in those few minutes.

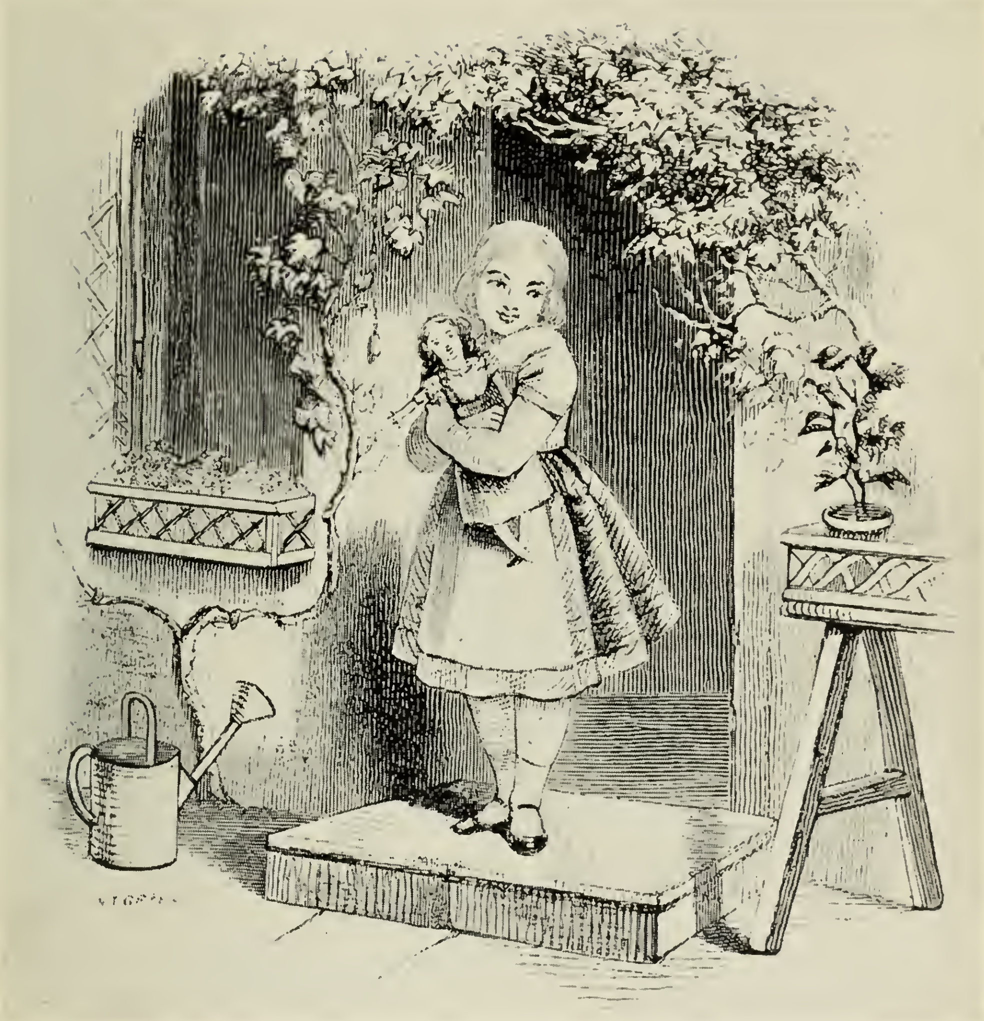
At first I thought I could manage to wriggle out of my prison with patience, so worked silently, teeth clenched, with all my might and main. But the exertion and heat only seemed to increase the size of my head, and then a sudden terror seized me that I should have to spend the rest of my life there, fed with dainties daily by my fond parents, and sleep in that uncomfortable, crouching attitude. No more dancing about on my fat little legs, no more jolly excursions with my father; and I would grow up, always in captivity. Having conjured up this horrible picture of my future life, I gave up all hope of release, ceased my fruitless undulations, and broke into loud screams.

Very soon I heard my parents running for all they were worth to the spot, my mother full of fears, my father ready to do anything to soothe my distress. The latter beat angrily at the iron bars, and shook them; my mother held my hand and begged me to be calm. With a parent kneeling on each side of me a long time passed, until a veritable knight errant appeared in the shape of a carpenter, who attacked one sturdy bar, and finally released me. I was free again, but before a week had passed the "Great Adventure" occurred. My parents doubtless thought, after the fright she had endured, that their "little treasure" would behave in a seemly and decorous manner when they next left her alone for a few minutes, fortified with many loving admonishments "to be a good child," all of which vanished from my mind directly I spied my Uncle James's smart fishing-rod temptingly displayed within reach! It suggested a novel game immediately.

Carefully I fixed it over the balcony, patiently I waited for my fish, for several men ambled by before I managed to insert the hook into an old gentleman's silk hat; even now I smile as I think it was rather a skilful piece of work for one so young. I caught the old gentleman because he moved very slowly, and how I giggled as the hat rose gracefully from his head and ascended towards the balcony! Taken by surprise I saw him pause and fumble for his head adornment; then how he stammered and stuttered and finally swore, as his hat soared slowly—slowly—upwards—upwards—into space! The onlookers also paused, a little crowd quickly assembled; and as they looked up at my small person convulsed with laughter, they joined at first tentatively in my merriment, and finally roared with laughter. Meanwhile I was busy winding the reel just as I had seen my uncle do, then I landed—a hat! The old gentleman's ravings could be very plainly heard. He shouted, stamped, threatened me, and swore. Clearly he had no sense of humour—the more he raged, the more the audience and I laughed. He then attacked the front door, with heavy bangs, and wild pulls at the bell; and the last scene in this delightful little comedy showed my mother leading an unrepentant small girl by the hand to apologise, whilst my father, with a rueful air, carried a ruffled-looking silk hat, which he restored with many soft words to the irate owner.

I am afraid I was an irrepressible child, for soon after I made up my mind to draw Uncle James's beautiful pony. There were difficulties ahead with so many grown-up people about, so I had to arrange it artfully. Uncle James had stated that he was coming on a certain afternoon. I therefore waited, with pencil and paper ready, till he arrived, leaving his pony and trap in the road. When all the elders were busy talking I slipped out quietly, and seating myself in my own little blue chair placed on the pavement, I became so engrossed in my work that I was oblivious to the fact that a crowd of ragged children were all round me, pressing closer and closer. "First the head, then the body, then the legs" was my formula, as with head bent and lips tightly compressed I threw all my energy into the task, whilst my small critics and admirers commented on every stroke of my pencil. All too soon, alas, I was missed, and carried into the house ignominiously, my work uncompleted.

With such an artistic record as my family possessed, it would have been strange if I had not inherited a love of art; my mother taught me drawing, but no one encouraged me so much to develop my gift as my old grandfather, James Ward, R.A., who used to come every day to see me, his favourite grandchild. He watched over my budding intelligence, fortified and directed me towards an artistic goal, and I always regarded him as the first influence I had in shaping my career. I could draw and paint before I could read. My father used to cut out pictures from periodicals and bring them to me to colour, and one day in 1841 he threw over to me the first number of *Punch*, with the suggestion that I should paint the pictures throughout. I greatly enjoyed doing it, and only wish that I had kept that first number. My grandfather and I had many little jokes together, and sometimes I slyly turned the humour against him. One day he came to our house in a bad temper, saying he had been pursued through the streets from his house in Newman Street right up to our door by a crowd of rude boys all shouting his name. "I don't know one of them," he said angrily. "And how they found out my name I can't imagine, nor why they have followed me calling out 'Old James Ward—6 Newman Street!'" As he sank wearily into a chair I caught sight of something



HENRIETTA WARD'S EARLIEST PICTURE.

white on his back. I crept demurely behind him, and pulled off a large label which had evidently arrived on one of his big picture-cases. It bore his name and address in large printed letters, and some practical joker had carefully pinned it to his coat. He joined me heartily in laughing over this jest.

Had he lived in the present day he would have been mobbed as a "Beaver." He wore an extremely long beard, which he was quite proud of—though it made him appear even shorter than he was. But he always followed his own fashion, being a law unto himself in all things. He even wrote a treatise and had it printed, giving thirty reasons why a man should wear a beard. I believe it caused a good deal of amusement when he presented this pamphlet at a Royal Academy meeting, and argued the points with some of his cronies there.

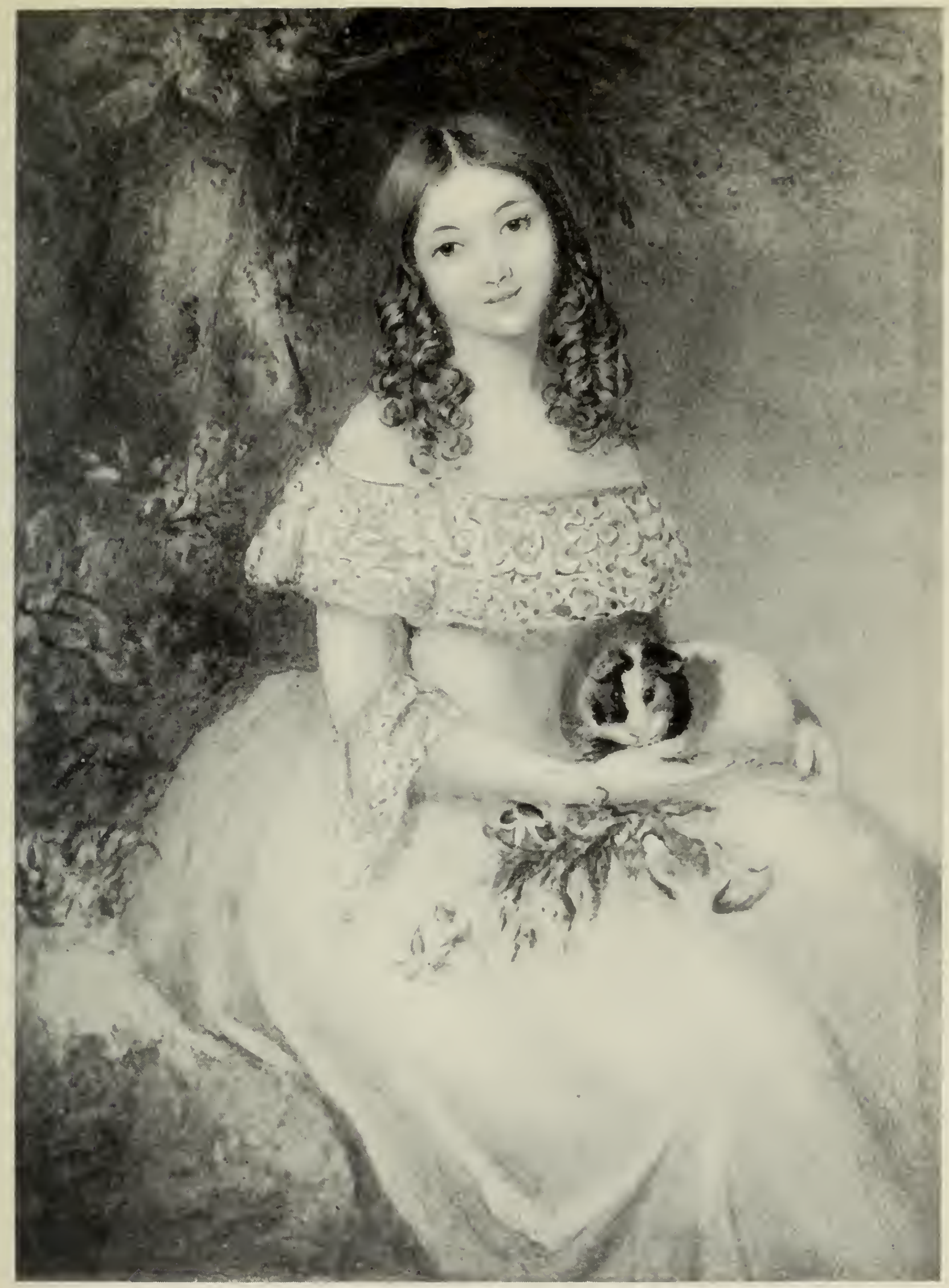
An old friend of my father's was Mr. Lemon. Whenever he called, my father and he engaged in alarming discussions on politics. My father was a strong Tory, Mr. Lemon a rabid Whig. We always knew when they met that it would be hours before they settled the affairs of the State, and when at last Mr. Lemon, thoroughly tired out with arguing, prepared to depart, my father would follow him to the doorstep, where they would begin all over again. It was considered my duty on these occasions to remind my father that luncheon was on the table getting cold, and I used invariably to find that I was never heard, only the sound of Mr. Lemon's voice floated through the house, raised in anger or entreaty.

On one occasion Mr. Lemon good-naturedly took me and another child to a lecture given by an explorer, when we arranged a little entertainment on the way, which was to see which could butt against our portly old friend the more often. He had a child on each side of him, and he trundled along all unconscious of the fun we were deriving from our strenuous exercise.

When I was six years old, having just celebrated the anniversary of my birthday, I told my parents that a whole year was too long to wait for the next festive occasion. My suggestion that I should have a "Half Birthday" in between was considered a brilliant idea by my indulgent father, and it was fixed for December 1. I never regretted this little "brain wave," for my father gave me a guinea-pig named "Bunny." How carefully I tended him, filling his box with fresh saw-dust every day, and his little plate with tea leaves and milk, a strange diet, but congenial to his constitution. He grew to an enormous size, and would follow wherever I led him, climbing up and down stairs after me.

In carrying Bunny I one day let him fall, and soon afterwards discovered that one of his beautiful rat-teeth had vanished. How I grieved secretly over this injury, which I thought was irreparable, and I tried to make amends to poor Bunny by being extra attentive to him. One day it was a joyful revelation to me to find that Nature had done a perfect bit of dentistry for Bunny. A sharp little new tooth appeared in the place of the former one. My mother painted a miniature of me with my pet, and my grandfather did an oil painting showing his pearly-white coat with orange patches, and soft humid eyes. He lived to be seventeen years old, and I mourned my intelligent friend and playmate very sincerely.

My canaries were great beauties, and my father rose at six every morning to feed them with sponge cake and egg. Dash, my dear little spaniel, was my constant companion. I trained him to call me at luncheon hour, and he would come out on to the steps and bark loudly directly the gong rang.



MRS. E. M. WARD AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN, WITH HER GUINEA-PIG BUNNY.
From a miniature painted by her mother.

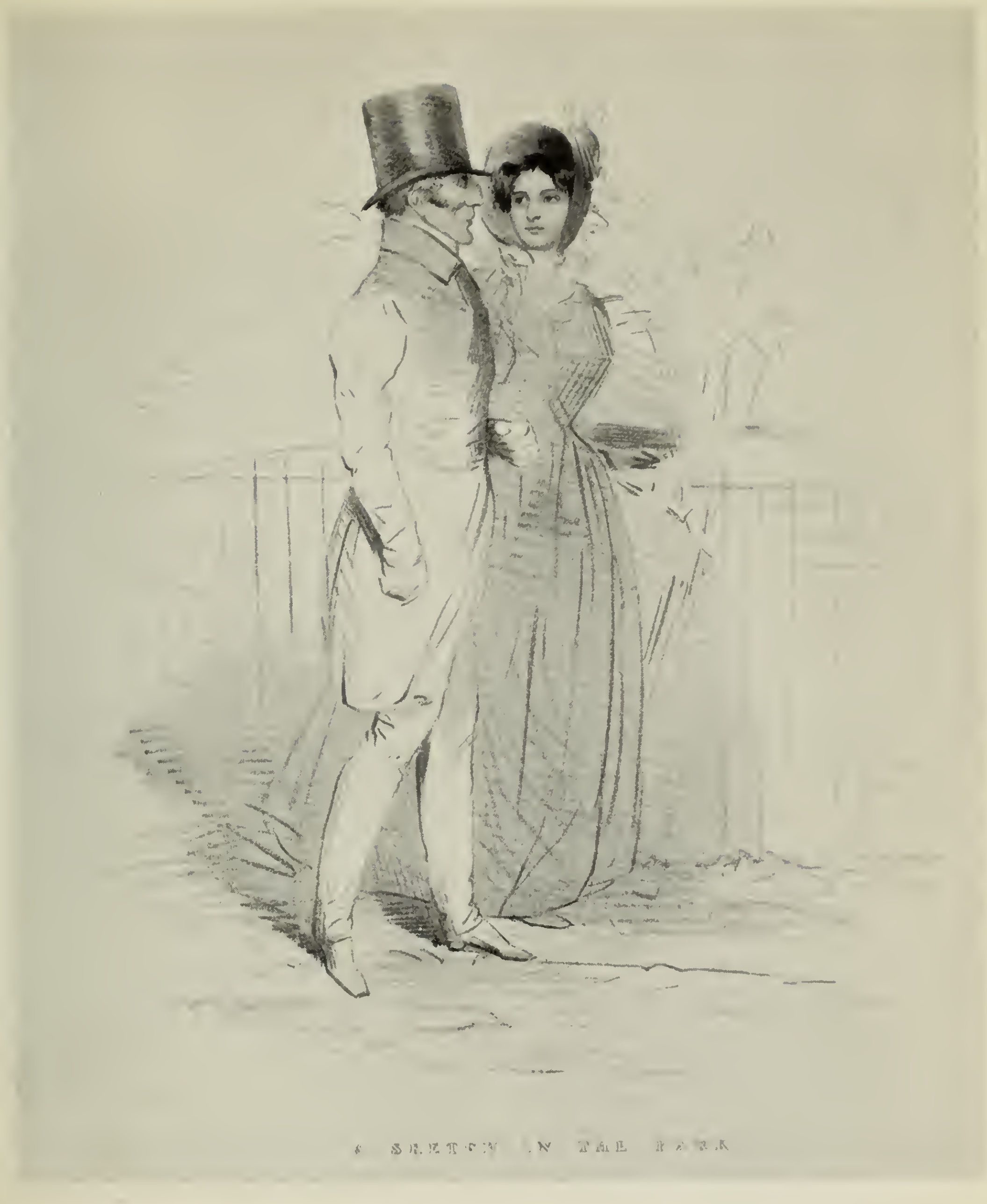
In a house near to ours lived a small Jewish boy, named Roy, in whom I was much interested. He appeared anxious to please me, and one day started some amazing gymnastics as he saw me watching him from a window. First he let himself down from his balcony to the ground with a rope, then he scaled it from the ground, vaulted the area several times, and turned somersaults at most unexpected places. I loved acrobatic performances, and was filled with keen delight and admiration. I therefore applauded my little knight, in dumb show, and he became more reckless. My parents saw the last part of the performance, and were so alarmed for the child's safety that they sent at once to tell his people, and he was removed from my sight by *force majeure.* But so clearly are the impressions of early life etched on the memory, that I could draw Roy's picture from memory now—after eighty-five years have elapsed.

Mrs. Peile, who lived in Fitzroy Square, gave a memorable ball for me when I was only eleven. My delight knew no bounds. I took some special lessons in dancing, so that I could be proficient in the latest dances. My dress was tarlatan trimmed with white satin ribbon, the skirt looped up on one side with a single rose. I wore my hair in curls at the front, and a basket plait at the back with a camellia in it, a ridiculous dress for a child. One of my partners who danced with me constantly through the evening asked my hostess if he might call on my father. Mrs. Peile laughed heartily, and told him he had paid me far too much attention. "How old do you think Miss Henrietta Ward is ?" she asked. He replied : "Oh, about eighteen." His chagrin was complete when he heard I was eleven. I never saw my ardent partner again. Soon after that I gave an informal dance for twenty-four couples. I played the music throughout the evening, refusing to vacate my seat at the piano. Being musical I loved to see the *joie de vivre* of the guests in full swing of movement, and this incident brought home to me the different standpoint of the artist from the amateur's outlook.

I next distinguished myself by catching chicken-pox, and was very ill indeed, being delirious for days. During my recovery I was told my aunt, Mrs. Jackson, had come to see me. Whilst we were talking it crossed my mind that there was a difference in her I could not account for. It proved to be my father, who, hoping to cheer me up, had borrowed my aunt's bonnet and shawl, and by sitting in the shadow and imitating her voice had taken me in almost completely. They were wonderfully alike as brother and sister. The beauty of features and rich colouring were inherited from my grandmother, my aunt being a second edition of her.

My father and grandfather knew the famous Duke of Wellington well. He was a wonderfully great man, simple in his tastes, deeply imbued with patriotism and a firm sense of duty. Blunt of speech, and without a fraction of the taint of self-interest, the people trusted him through storms and in sunshine, and wherever he went he received an ovation, except at the time of the Reform Riots, when his windows were broken. If he had been alive to-day, I don't think England would have been in the position we were in when war was declared ten years ago.

I used often to see the " Iron Duke " walking with his daughter-in-law, Lady Douro, and once I went to Apsley House with my father, and saw the table laid for the annual dinner which the Duke gave to the Waterloo heroes. The magnificent gold plate and glass left an impression of splendour on my young mind.


A SKETCH IN THE PARK

THE GREAT DUKE OF WELLINGTON WITH HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW LADY DOURO.

From a sketch by R. J. Lane.

When the Duke's statue was erected at Hyde Park Corner, in 1846, I lunched at Mr. Wyatt's studio, where the statue had been designed and cast. The conversation was all about the statue, and my father and Mr. Wyatt talked so long that we had only just time to rush to the Park before the statue arrived on a huge truck drawn by forty cream-coloured horses (from Goding's Brewery) decorated with green bays. *Punch* had some highly amusing pictures of the Duke's statue passing the upper windows of the houses and startling the inhabitants by its "gigantic proportions appearing suddenly." Mr. Jones, R.A., Keeper of the Royal Academy, bore a remarkable resemblance to the "Iron Duke," and perhaps because he admired him greatly as a hero, he imitated his walk, and other little idiosyncrasies. Someone once told the Duke that he had an understudy in Mr. Jones. To which he replied in his delightfully naïve way: "Indeed, how very odd—no one has ever told me that I am like Mr. Jones."

When the Great Duke died a vast multitude followed him to his last resting-place. I saw this splendid procession from the roof of the National Gallery—the sunlight glinting on the soldiers' helmets. England was in mourning indeed, that day.

My grandfather was commissioned to paint the Duke's favourite horse, and I find I have Wellington's letter, which resembles one of the famous dispatches in its brevity, conciseness, and authoritative tone.

I told my father that I was discouraged because I could not manage to copy my grandfather's pictures of horses as well as he could. He then explained that all artists drew from Nature, and so I tried to get some sketches from life of the flocks of sheep which were constantly to be seen in Fitzroy Square. They were, however, always moving, and I gave them up in despair.

My environment must have been totally different from that of any child I have known ; my friends were all grown up, yet I never wanted children as companions. On the few occasions that I attended children's parties, their games and dances did not interest. I felt too superior to dance with them ; frankly, they bored me. There were compensations in being an only child. I have lively recollections of barley-sugar baskets filled with meringues, crackers, and dishes of sweets, which used to be sent to me regularly by the Misses Elliot after their parties. They engaged first-rate musicians for their musical evenings, and were noted for their hospitality. The Elliots lived at No. 27 Fitzroy Square, and the family comprised, in my time, two brothers and two sisters. The mother, who died the year after I was born, was a Miss Luxford, of Sussex, before her marriage. My mother painted some beautiful miniatures of Mrs. Elliot and the two daughters, Sarah and Mary, which are now in the possession of their relative, Stewart Ellis. The two Elliot brothers, Henry and Edward, held posts respectively at the Ordnance Office and as private secretary to the Marquis of Anglesey, of Waterloo fame. Like their sisters, the Elliot brothers were never married. I remember the Elliots were the first to take me to Trinity Church in the New Road, afterwards called Marylebone Road. Their footman, carrying the prayer-books, followed us—just as in the picture "Georgy goes to church genteelly," in *Vanity Fair.* I often think of my happy childhood in Fitzroy Square. A few years ago I revisited it, in the company of my daughters and my friends Fanny Frith and Stewart Ellis, and we went all over my old home, No. 31, and, after more than eighty years had passed, I saw once again the setting of the scenes I have been describing.

I remember going to a Private View at Somerset House, the old Royal Academy, and saw my grandfather's picture on view. It was some Biblical subject of a half-clad man, and directly I saw it I called out : "Mother, is that Spring-heeled Jack ? " I can recall the consternation my innocent remark made, which for some reason or other was considered in the worst possible taste, and I never understood to this day why I was scolded and hastily sent out of the room ; for Spring-heeled Jack occupied my thoughts a great deal at this time, and allured me, because of the odd hobby he had of getting on to the roofs of houses, or hiding in dark places and springing out suddenly on passers-by, he being only a half-witted creature, bent on frightening people. His fantastic occupation had a distinct fascination and dread for me. My mother was an invalid, and I seldom went out with her. My father took me with him wherever he went, and I listened to my elders' conversations, taking a precocious interest in many of the leading questions of the day, turning over matters quickly in my mind, often forming an independent opinion. I even went to the Chalcographic Society's monthly meetings, held of an evening, with a supper afterwards. Only men were present, and they smoked pipes. Samuel Cousins was generally there.

I was often taken to Astley's, the celebrated circus, in Westminster Bridge Road, a district mainly of green fields. Ducrow was the great equestrian, and I used to watch his hair-raising performances with the greatest delight. I knew the horses by name, those gentle, wonderful creatures, who played their parts so intelligently with the circus manager and his family. It was a great shock and a real grief to me when the sad news came that Astley's was burned down, and all the horses lost. Though another circus was soon erected, it was a long time before I would go, and then it never seemed the same pleasure to me.

The Pantheon, in Oxford Street, was in those days used as a bazaar. It was a splendid building in form and colour. Under its imposing dome everything that was useful and decorative was sold. I was in the habit of shopping there constantly, and found an additional attraction in the aviary which contained the most beautiful parrots and all kinds of birds. There was also an Aquarium, with performing fishes and a large diving bell which I could never make up my mind to enter. The Pantheon being the first large enterprise of the kind was well patronised and appreciated, and one was sure of meeting friends there.

A story (which I will not vouch for) was told about Lord Byron, who used to take his boon companions to the Pantheon. They had a special room reserved for them in the dome, where they often drank to excess. One day they lingered on till the room was nearly dark, and one of the impious crew invoked the Devil to appear. To their horror they became conscious of a huge black figure in the room, which so terrified them that they hastily fled, helter-skelter, out of the building.

My father and I often walked from Fitzroy Square to the City to get his work engraved, and I should have enjoyed it had it not been for the frequent sights which saddened me. Great flocks of sheep and herds of bulls used to be driven through the narrow streets, goaded and tormented by a set of barbarous men, until an infuriated animal would turn at bay and make a desperate stand for its liberty, when it would be dispatched in the street. Such scenes of sickening cruelty sank into my heart, and I longed to punish the fiends who were capable of such brutality. There was then no Society for the Protection of poor dumb Animals, no one to champion their rights, or to redress their wrongs.

The buildings everywhere resembled the courts leading from Fleet Street, which had several fine old houses where our friends lived. The City was exactly like Caldecott's illustrations of John Gilpin's famous ride. Picturesque and quaint, it was the same London that Johnson, Garrick, and Lamb knew, but the exigencies of a growing population and increasing commerce demanded the demolition of these memorials of the Past.

Amongst the varied events that filled my childhood's days were frequent visits to Christie's Sales, for my father never thought of going to that grubby and shabby old building in King Street without his little daughter. The founder of the wonderful business was to be seen surrounded by beautiful objects of Art, and unlovely specimens of the Jewish persuasion, all smoking pipes. Mr. Christie's quick eye would note our arrival, and he would beckon to us to occupy chairs near to his own rostrum. I was as keenly interested in the actual business as my elders. The experience formed my taste for genuine antiques, and gave me a distaste for anything spurious. The present palatial buildings were erected after Mr. Christie's death.

On one occasion I was asked to draw the prizes for the Art Union of London. The Duke of Cambridge presided over the meeting, and as I timidly ascended the platform, the Duke, who was notorious for the habit of thinking aloud, remarked in his loud voice: "Pretty girl, pretty girl!" Of the Duke it is related that he once startled and amazed the congregation at Kew Church by replying to the clergyman's invitation "Let us pray" with a stentorian "By all means." He was the grandfather of Queen Mary.

CHAPTER III

MY GREAT ROMANCE. E. M. WARD, R.A.

IT has often struck me as extraordinary how the most trivial things in life lead in a straight line to very important events—good fortune, great happiness, or the reverse. Here is an example of what I mean in the year 1843.

Edward Matthew Ward lived with his father and mother in an adjoining street to Fitzroy Square, and the postman unconsciously played the part of Cupid in the romance of my life by leaving Edward's letters at our house and vice versa. At last my father decided to call on the man with the same name as ours to make some arrangement to avoid a series of irritating blunders. I recall the incident, because, for once, he refused to take me with him, and being a very spoilt child I literally screamed the house down with disappointment. On his return, after a long time, he told us that Edward Ward was a handsome and accomplished young man, a rising genius, and that he had greatly enjoyed his conversation.

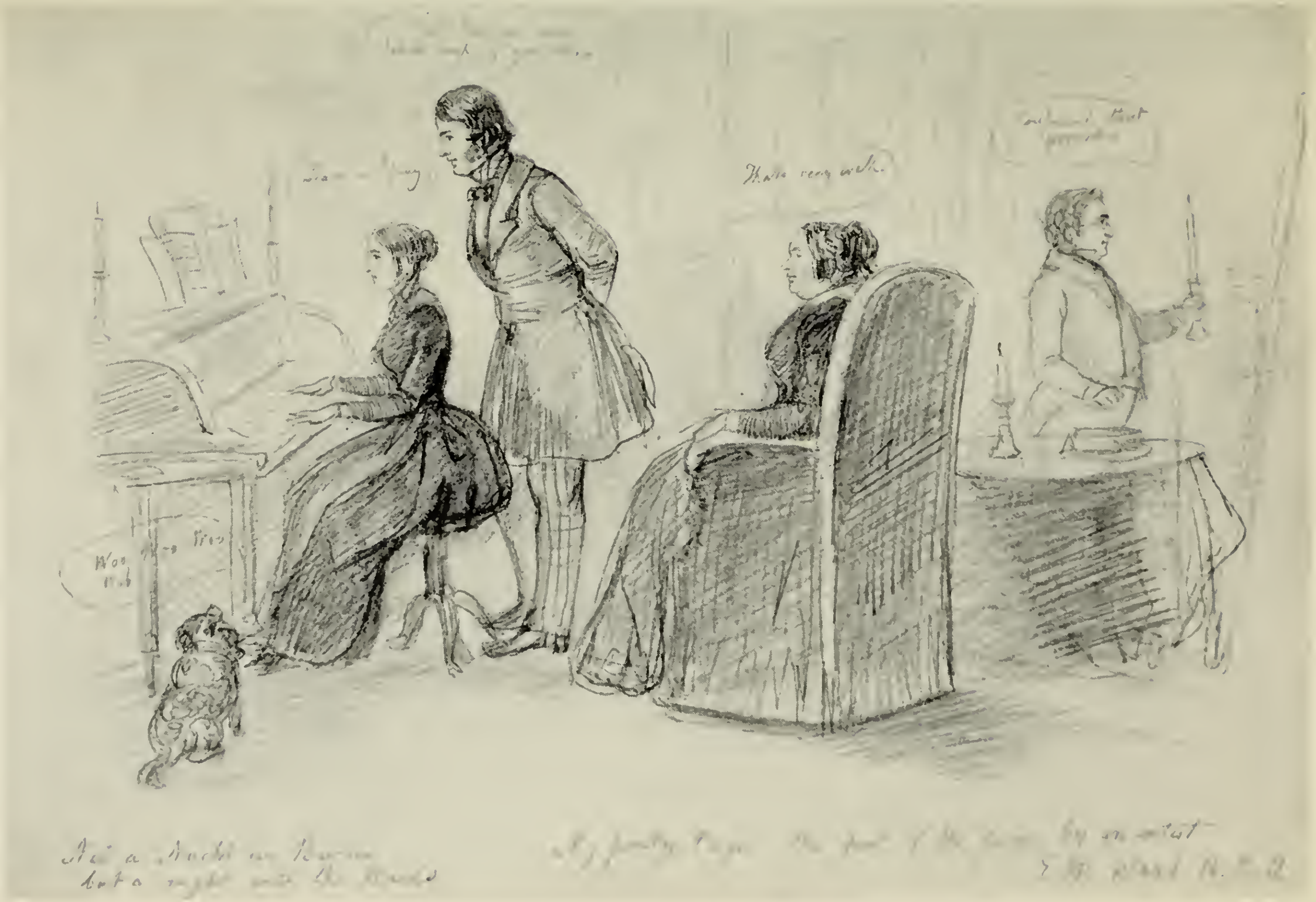
The friend who was so fond of politics, Mr. Lemon, next appeared, full of enthusiasm over Edward Ward's "Competition" work. He urged my father to go and see it. My father again set off, and was impressed with its originality and power. I longed to see this composition of "Boadicea," but had learned the futility of attempting to coerce my father. Edward returned his call, and I, a child of eleven or ten, took a great fancy to him at once. He was twenty-seven years of age, tall and pale, with dark eyes and hair, and features of the Italian type. I have a portrait of him by Sir George Richmond, R.A., a vital and speaking presentment.

He had exhibited at the Royal Academy for some years, and had illustrated *Brambletye House*, a book written by his uncle by marriage, Horace Smith, and he had studied in Florence, Venice, and Rome, where he gained the Silver Medal for Painting at the Academy of St. Luke in 1838. He was a brilliant talker, his serious manner only concealing a fund of humour, and he proved congenial to the home circle, with the exception of Bunny, who used to fly at him and use his sharp little teeth to good purpose again and again if he could get a chance. He was jealous of Edward to the last.

Finding that I was interested in Art, Edward Ward became my critic, my drawings were shown, and he gave me many valuable casts to help in my studies. He taught me much that was helpful in drawing, and we soon became fast friends. My mother seeing my attachment to him, little dreaming of what the future would bring forth, used to say that if I did my lessons well she would ask him to spend the evening at our house. Thus time went on, and when Edward wanted me to pose as a model for his picture "Temptation" I was taken to his house, where I would stand most patiently holding a basket of fruit, whilst Edward painted as if his life depended upon it, and threw himself so entirely into his work that he became oblivious of all else. At first I wondered why he never offered me one of those delicious pears or some grapes, but his mother was very fond of me, and used to give me a selection to choose from when the sitting was ended. In later years I was the model for the girl coming downstairs in his picture "The South Sea Bubble," now in the National Gallery, and I figured in "Doctor Johnson's Audience with Lord Chesterfield."

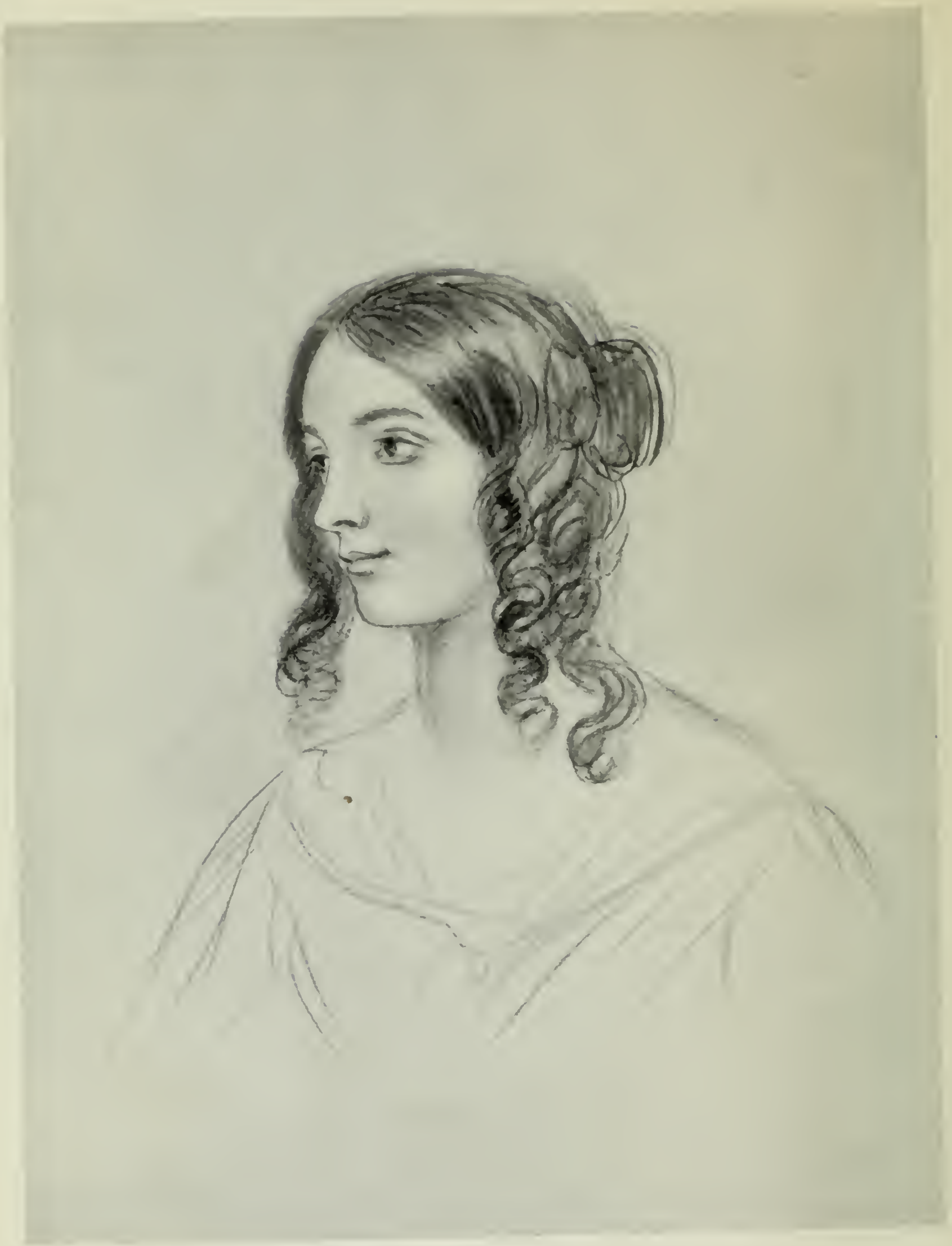
Edward and I were both musical, and I nearly chose music instead of art as a profession. It was owing to Edward's advice that I concentrated on Art, which I never regretted doing. Of an evening we would sing duets, while my mother worked and my father engraved, and Dash and Bunny were the admiring audience. Very happy and peaceful were those times, though on one memorable day my father and Edward acted as special constables during the Chartist Riots, and my mother and I were proud of them as they set forth, bearing the badge of authority. But fears for their safety succeeded, and the terrible tales of the French Revolution crowded into my mind, as hour by hour passed until midnight came. I believe we were both prepared to see them brought home in fragments, victims to the fury of a mob. A knock at the door proved our fears groundless. There stood our men, tired and hungry after their arduous day.

I worked very hard, beginning each day at six in the morning, every hour being mapped out till the afternoon, when Edward would arrive to criticise my work and set me fresh tasks. Black-and-white work used to be accepted at the Royal Academy, and to my joy and pride I found my picture "Elizabeth Woodville parting from the Duke of York" had actually secured a place, in 1846, when I was only fourteen. The next year two studies of still-life were accepted and hung, but I fully realised that I was indebted very largely to Edward Ward for this honour, seeing that it was due to his sound teaching. Nothing that was meretricious or showy in art could ever deceive him; he saw to the heart of things, and he used to say that the source of all design was in Nature, and a knowledge of it was to be obtained only through earnest study



THE WARDS AT HOME.

A caricature by E. M. Ward, R.A.



HENRIETTA WARD.
From a drawing by E. M. Ward, R.A.

of Nature. When I became discouraged he would strike sparks of enthusiasm and leave me to fight on, freshly inspired.

I had a wonderful dog, a King Charles spaniel, named "Mac," who acted as model day by day for my first picture. Once, I left my painting to see some friends, and I threw "Mac" a piece of sugar; but on my return half-an-hour later "Mac" was still standing, with the tempting sugar untouched. One of the first presents I received from my husband was the portrait of fascinating "Mac." I believe my love for animals is inherited. My grandfather, James Ward, was passionately fond of them, and showed it in all his studies of their grace and beauty, painted with his intimate knowledge and power. I used to pay frequent visits to my grandfather, at Roundcroft Cottage, near Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire. Edward was often invited, being a great favourite of his, and he would run down for week-ends. Precious memories of those hours come back to me—we were a trio united in our aims, all musical and artistic. By day we painted, and of an evening we would sing ballads, especially "Auld Robin Gray," when my grandfather would join in with great gusto. We used to talk art by the hour on those occasions, my grandfather, notwithstanding his age, being full of enthusiasm and counsel.

My only experience of a drive in a hackney coach was after I was returning from one of my visits to Hertfordshire. My father said I must ride in a hackney coach, as they were soon to disappear; he therefore engaged one to drive us to Fitzroy Square. My only impression was a strong smell of mouldy straw, with which the floor was lined. Soon after this the "turnpike" was taken away, amid the shouts of boys, young hooligans, who frequented the streets in packs. There were no Lads' Brigades, Y.M.C.A., or Scouts

Movement then, to humanise and occupy youthful leisure.

A fine omnibus was started about this time, with a pair of lovely milk-white horses, splendid animals, who galloped from Notting Hill to the Edgware Road. Unfortunately, they were too good, and increased their speed to running away. After many minor accidents they had a big smash, and we saw them no more. Many years later came the Underground Railway, in 1863.

It probably may appear strange to the present generation that at this early stage his mother should have been thinking ahead for Edward's matrimonial future, but such was actually the case, as I afterwards heard. While it was no uncommon thing for parents to say to each other " It is quite time ' John ' settled down—let us see who would suit him," and plan accordingly, I think it was extremely premature to form designs about a child of ten or eleven, as my future mother-in-law actually did. However, I was in advance of my age, and had attended grown-up parties ever since I could walk, so I considered myself quite old enough to accept Edward when he proposed to me when I was only fourteen and a half. My parents, whose sole objection was that I was too young, gave their consent to an engagement which should end in matrimony two years later. Edward and I were blissfully happy, and he insisted on celebrating our engagement by a ball at his studio in Berners Street. I was still a mere child, and my delight knew no bounds at the prospect. With " youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow," how we enjoyed that evening! More than a hundred and fifty guests were present. I wore a yellow tarlatan frock with white roses, and carried a bouquet given to me by my fiancé. A well-known singer had been engaged, named Russell, who electrified the company during supper by his song "The Maniac," a most gruesome one, but everyone was in such good spirits that it was regarded as a capital joke.

Never did two years seem so long as the time of probation set by my parents. They said it was to prove our affection for each other, to allow us to make certain that we had those qualities which would ensure a happy life together. It fully convinced us that life apart would be impossible, and we felt confident that the wedding would take place as promised when I was sixteen. But my mother was inclined to break faith with me, excusing herself by saying I was too young to know my own mind, and she wanted us to wait on indefinitely. My poor mother was jealous at my affection being given so fully to my future husband. She adored me and hated the idea of my leaving home, and I was high-spirited and spoilt. Everything I had desired had been lavished on me up to this time. The "rift in the lute" became greater, then both my parents became estranged from me, and visited their anger on poor Edward, against whom they had nothing save that he was determined to marry me. My grandfather understood the true position, and sided with the lovers. He tried to make my mother see reason, but she was an invalid, beset with nervous fears. I was constantly in disgrace, and for many months there was a strong current of friction. I was never allowed to go out with Edward unless a chaperone came too. I could not see or talk to him alone at home, and this strict supervision coming after a life of freedom proved most irksome to one of my nature. My mother finally pulled the reins too tightly, and I kicked over the traces. I found out that a letter Edward had sent to me had been opened at home. After thinking the matter over very deeply, I determined to persuade Edward to arrange matters for ourselves. We were at the Royal Academy one day, and settled our plan of campaign in the Octagon Room. We decided to make sure of not being parted altogether by my parents, and we chose the same church they were married at for our secret wedding. Wilkie Collins played an important part in our plot; he impressed great caution and secrecy, as he planned out the whole affair with zest and enjoyment. My sister-in-law, wife of Charles Ward, was another conspirator who fell in with his arrangements for uniting our destiny. My sister-in-law gained permission for me to spend a day with her at her home in Grove End Road, St. John's Wood; she called for me, and we walked to the Church of All Souls, Langham Place. It was May 4, 1848, and I was not yet sixteen years of age. The first person we saw was Edward, gaily attired in bridal array—wearing a conspicuous white waistcoat, and a lovely gardenia in his coat. He had further advertised his intentions of getting married, as he frankly admitted to us, by patrolling backwards and forwards outside the Church. We hastily demanded the flower from the dear unworldly soul, and I put it in my pocket, asking if he did not realise that even at the last minute my parents might be informed and come in time to stop the service. Edward, however, was in a jubilant mood, and seemed in no way sorry for his rash act. Wilkie Collins arrived soon after, well in his element. The spice of romance and mischief appealed to him; he gave me away to the best of men, with a hearty good will. All the time I was in a tremor of fear, lest my parents should arrive suddenly and make a disturbance. My sister-in-law and Wilkie Collins saw us into a cab for her home, and off we started. The cab was held up for some time by a crowd surrounding a belated May-Day "Jack-in-the-Green," a man dressed in fantastic attire with green boughs and leaves, walking on stilts. He looked into our window and grinned with delight, as we waved him away, in our anxiety to escape notice, and at last we arrived at my sister-in-law's house.

I spent the rest of the day quietly with Edward, drawing my little nieces in the nursery, till my parents arrived for dinner. Wilkie Collins was present, and his brother Charles (who in 1860 married Dickens's daughter Kate), and Mr. Piggott the art critic. With such good company the time passed quite naturally and gaily, and I walked back home after dinner with my parents (and Edward), outwardly demure, but with a fast beating heart, thinking how furious they would be when they found out that I had disobeyed them. But I felt, as events afterwards proved, that I had done a wise thing. The marriage had made it impossible for them to separate us, a thing my mother was quite capable of doing, thinking she knew best for my happiness. It was strange that the news never reached my parents, through acquaintances or some ill-natured relatives. The banns were duly read for three weeks, but the loyalty of friends, my grandfather, and sympathisers remained firm.

It was not until August 2, a day I shall never forget, that I left my home on a runaway honeymoon. I had suffered from nerves owing to all the worry over my engagement, and the doctor prescribed walking in the garden of the Square between six and seven every morning, and in the evening my parents, my husband, and I used to go to Regent's Park from eight till half past nine; then came supper and bed. In the early morning, on August 2, a cab was waiting on the opposite side of Fitzroy Square, and my husband was pacing up and down by the railings as I passed out of the house, carrying a few possessions. We drove to Iver, near Slough, for our honeymoon, to rooms which Wilkie Collins, who played the part of fairy godmother, had found for us. I threw the key of the Square over the gate as I passed out, and sent a boy with a letter announcing my flight as we took our departure. The bird had flown from the nest, one who, up till now, had been held up as a model of obedience. I heard afterwards of the scene which ensued on my leaving. There was a terrible disturbance, and my poor mother never really forgave me. In after years I used to go and spend a day once a month with her ; my husband insisted on it—but I cannot say I enjoyed it.

We had an ideal honeymoon at Iver. The vicar, whose name was Ward, proved very friendly, and I sketched several parts of the country. We went on to Antwerp, gay Brussels, and Bruges, the pearl of Flanders. My first experience of Continental cities, seen under the glamour of youth, with the companionship of my husband, who had studied the history of those lovely places, was a halcyon time. In crossing to Antwerp, I noticed that we were the centre of interest. Everyone met us with a smiling face. The Captain ordered champagne, a toast was proposed, and all drank our healths. By this time I was firmly convinced they were mistaking us for some celebrities, and I whispered to my husband : " Is this usual on board ship ? " " It is because you are a bride," he answered, laughing. I wondered how they knew, as we thought we had been careful not to proclaim the fact. We had to avoid Paris, which was then in the throes of the Revolution of 1848.

I never regretted the decisive step I had taken, which would not have been taken in that way if life had not been made impossible for me by my father thinking it his duty to uphold my mother's point of view. And Edward would never have consented to the course we took if he had not clearly seen that it was the only thing to do. My godmother, Miss Henrietta Wetherby, a wealthy woman who intended leaving me her fortune, cut me out of her will owing to my undutiful conduct, and friends of my mother took her part. There was a vendetta against me for years, and when they wanted to relent I refused to be forgiven, and ignored the tardy hand of friendship.

Edward and I settled down to our home life very quickly; he had missed his mother very much, and was delighted to have a home of his own. I understood the artistic temperament, and I don't think there were two happier persons in the whole kingdom than my husband and myself. The joy of following a profession entirely to one's satisfaction is a privilege known only to a few. Art never bores, but offers always fresh vistas of delight and fascination. My husband was a rising man, broad-minded enough to take pleasure in the fact that I too was an artist. I worked on my own lines, but found him always the kindest teacher, the most unfailing friend I have ever known.

It was a curious coincidence that I should have married a man named Ward, as it was the second time that it had happened in our family. My grandfather's wife was also named Ward. In both cases they were entirely separate families, and in no way related.

My husband was born in 1816. His father was a direct descendant of Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury in Charles II's reign. His mother was a member of a Devonshire family named Ford, one of three beautiful sisters (another married Horace Smith, part-author of *Rejected Addresses*). His father was manager for Coutts the banker, and Edward's early years were spent in a house behind the Strand. He never said much about his childhood, but one incident I can recall. He ran away from school to attend the funeral of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. He was a lover of Art even in those early days. He entered his father's bank after his school training, but his parents soon perceived they had mistaken his true vocation, and they made amends by placing him with a master named Cawse, who evidently knew how to teach. At sixteen Edward gained the Silver Palette from the Society of Arts for painting.

While an Art Student, he became acquainted with some of the leading members of the theatrical profession, and it is likely that the pageantry of the stage, together with his predisposition towards history, influenced his career as an historical painter, for his pictures are marked with a strong dramatic feeling. As a student he painted Macready, and in a scene from *Fra Diavolo*, Miss Cawse, Braham, and others. At eighteen he exhibited a portrait of O. Smith as Don Quixote, at the Royal Academy, and he sent the following year a picture called "The Dead Ass," from Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, which was only rejected through want of space. He was twenty when he went to Rome, where he studied under Cavaliere Filippo Agricole, a painter of the classical school. Those early days spent in Italy were one long dream of delight to a man of my husband's temperament, and his visits to Venice, Florence, Rome, and many of the untrodden byways full of treasures unknown to the tourist, were faithfully recorded in a series of letters to his father, which have been preserved. In a letter dated May 14, 1837, Rome, he wrote:

"An amusing circumstance happened to me some time ago. There was a grand musical festival celebrated in a church in memory of Cardinal Weld, at which a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Wiseman.

Dr. Donovan procured me two tickets from Lord Clifford, which I gave away to friends before I was aware it would be impossible to get another for myself. Dr. Donovan hit upon a scheme to enable me to go without one. He lent me a priest's dress, and thus habited I went with him into the church without being detected. However, when we got in, we were obliged to sit with the English, Irish, and Scotch Colleges, who were all assembled. We had to go through all the accustomed forms, such as holding wax candles in our hands, kneeling down, etc. The Head of the Irish College who was sitting just before me asked me to which College I belonged, and I told him the English. He was very civil to me and offered me a pinch of snuff, though I could not help thinking that he looked rather suspiciously at my moustachios. Several persons whom I knew passed near me without knowing me through my disguise. Only fancy me walking in clerical costume along the streets of Rome, the large cocked hat, long black gown and cloak, dressed similarly to the little paunchy Doctor, with my hat pulled down over my eyes for fear anybody should recognise me. He seemed very much amused at my confusion. I could scarcely refrain from laughing when I went down on my knees with a wax candle in my hand. I seemed like a fish out of water. The Doctor said I looked an excellent incipient priest."

Again, August 14, 1837:

"I visited the Villa d'Este and its garden, which is an interesting spot. It has not been inhabited for many years and is going sadly into decay. It is a melancholy thing to walk through the apartments, the walls of which are covered with frescoes by Zucchero and others, and to find them disfigured by myriads of names scratched wantonly upon them and left to be damaged by any blockhead who may think it worth his while to do so. The garden is very large and beautifully laid out in the fashion of the fifteenth century, but is cruelly neglected. The quaint and curious fountains are in many instances left dry, and the paths are overgrown with grass and weeds. This manner of suffering villas and palaces to go to ruin is too frequent in Italy. The nobility are too poor to keep up such large establishments, formed in the more wealthy and flourishing times by their ancestors, and they leave them to the care of some keeper who often turns the apartments into lumber rooms or granaries."

Edward, on his return to London, exhibited "Cimabue and Giotto" at the Royal Academy in 1839. He lived with his parents at No. 13 Russell Place, where the postman made the mistake over letters that led to our meeting. History was his greatest delight, he disliked cards and games, and "Sport." As a controversialist he was considered brilliant, and Lord Lytton once said to me: "Although I have enjoyed the companionship of many great men, I have never met your husband's equal in conversation."

My husband narrowly escaped being murdered when a young man. A well-known artist named Dadd, whom he used to know well, became so changed in his manner that Edward said he hardly liked to have him in his studio. Edward spoke to Dadd's father, and the latter suggested a holiday for him in the country. Accordingly the father and son went on a walking tour in the country, and the son returned by train alone. When he mentioned to someone in the same carriage that his father's body would be found in a wood, he was detained, while the police searched the spot, where they found his poor father—dead. Dadd had a paper in his pocket with sketches of several of his friends, each with his throat cut, and a note added that he meant to murder each man in turn. In the cases where the likeness was not clear he added the name, and Edward's name was conspicuous on this death list. Dadd was removed to an asylum, where he ended his days. He was a man of much promise. He made great progress at the R.A. Schools, and was a favourite among his fellow-workers on account of his gentle disposition. It was during a holiday in Egypt with his brother-in-law, Phillips, the R.A., that he got sunstroke, which affected his brain. On his return to England he painted his picture "Arabs," exhibited at the Liverpool Exhibition. He then took to painting "Fairy" subjects. His "Puck amongst the Fairies" was a beautiful composition: Puck sitting on a moonbeam, surrounded by a circle of aerial figures and pixies. W. P. Frith in his *Autobiography* pays a tribute to the memory of his early friend, Richard Dadd.

My husband painted a series of pictures representing eighteenth-century life, which are well known. In one, "Dr. Johnson reading Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*," the scene shows Goldsmith about to be arrested for debt. Dr. Johnson has recorded: "I received a letter from Goldsmith, telling me he was in great distress and begging that I would come as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea and promised to go directly." When he arrived, he found Goldsmith had spent the guinea on a bottle of wine, and thereupon Johnson searched for something that would supply the money for his rent, and seizing the MS. of a new novel which he glanced through hastily, he went out and sold it for £60. It was *The Vicar of Wakefield*. The room was drawn from one in the Wards' house in Russell Place. Another picture, "Dr. Johnson waiting an audience with Lord Chesterfield," shows Johnson fretting and fuming with impatience and offended pride, surrounded by a crowd of people, all suppliants for a rich man's favour. A widow and her little son are seated near Johnson, and the lady dressed in satin and brocade leaning her hand negligently on a black page's shoulder was partly myself. In front of me is my dog "Mac," whom I mentioned before. In the distance is an open door, with a man's figure in the act of bowing, just entering Lord Chesterfield's presence. It was the custom for relatives and dependants of wealthy and influential men to wait humbly on their patrons, who often put on great airs and graces before granting their requests. Younger sons of aristocrats and parents would be awarded after due humiliation with commissions in crack regiments, appointments in the East India Company, and pensions for life. Such a mode of procedure smacks of rank snobbery in these democratic times. Dr. Johnson of all men was the least likely to endure such treatment patiently, and he took good care to remind Lord Chesterfield of the indignity he had suffered:

"Seven years, My Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms or was repulsed from your door, during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to a verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I had never had a patron before."

Lord Vernon purchased this picture and bequeathed it to the nation. In 1846 Edward painted "The Disgrace of Lord Clarendon" for Lord Northwick, the incident being described by Pepys in 1667:

"The garden had many in it to observe the King as he came from the room, and when the Chancellor returned to Lady Castlemaine, Lord Arlington and Mr. May looked together out of her balcony with gaiety and triumph in their faces."

My husband was elected an Associate in 1847, and painted " The South Sea Bubble," now in the National Gallery. A perfect mania for wild speculation led to the ruin of thousands of people, and so great was the rush to obtain shares in spurious Companies, that tables were placed outside in Change Alley, with clerks to enroll shareholders. A skit was written in 1720 by Lord Mahon :

Our greatest ladies hither come
And ply in chariots daily,
Or pawn their jewels for a sum
To venture it in Alley.

In 1848, the year of our marriage, Edward painted " Charles the Second and Nell Gwynne," which was suggested by reading a passage in Evelyn's diary :

" I walked with the King through St. James's Parke to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between him and Mrs. Nellie, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden and on a terrace at the top of the wall, and the King standing on the greene walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene."

I recollect that some Early Victorians disapproved of my husband choosing such an incident for a picture. They were so shocked that they would hardly look at it, and were quite surprised that a man of his high principles should have immortalised this scene. Needless to say, they had the class of intelligence Corney Grain used to call " Not Niceians " and ridicule in his amusing way. This only shows how completely public opinion has changed, and I think if the picture were produced to-day no one would question its morals, but would find in it an additional piquancy from the fact that it gave a glimpse of Nell Gwynne. A good deal of hypocrisy and false standards in taste has been swept away; my husband was the last man in the world to sacrifice his principles, but he loved truth, and this was an historical scene painted accurately. He was deeply interested in the history of the French Revolution, and painted many subjects dealing with that period. One of his greatest was "Charlotte Corday led to Execution," with the portraits of Robespierre, Danton, and other leaders of the Revolution. The following year he painted the eight pictures for the Houses of Parliament, now in the House of Commons. These were: "The Execution of Montrose," "The Last Sleep of Argyll," "The Arrest of Lady Alice Lisle," "General Monk declaring for a Free Parliament," "The Escape of Charles the Second, assisted by Jane Lane," "The Landing of Charles the Second," "The Acquittal of the Seven Bishops," "Parliament offering the Crown to William and Mary."

My husband was elected full Royal Academician in 1857, and our first news of the honour was long past midnight, when a violent knocking at the door of our house at Slough disturbed our slumbers. When Edward unbolted the front door, there stood one of his models, named Harrall, who had come all the way from London to Slough to tell his employer. It has always been the custom for models to wait outside the Academy during the election of the Royal Academicians, and directly the result becomes known to hasten to acquaint the new R.A. of the honour. The recipient of the news in the first flush of delight is only too pleased to bestow largesse accordingly, and Harrall, who had stood patiently for many of my husband's pictures, received on this occasion a handsome present, after a substantial supper. Harrall figured in "The South Sea Bubble" as the man eagerly reading a report.

Among fashions now long dead and gone was the custom of giving breakfast parties. I remember my father holding these early entertainments, at which neither I nor my mother appeared. Guests, who often rode on horseback, would arrive before ten o'clock, and stay till a little after eleven.

My father and husband constantly breakfasted at Lord Macaulay's house, where they first met Rogers, the poet, at whose congenial breakfasts men of letters and art would assemble and converse brilliantly. The notes of an artificial canary, in a cage, used to trill forth wonderful music, though mechanical, at those feasts of reason and flow of soul. Rogers, shortly before his death, lost his fine intellect, but he still loved to entertain his friends, and had Mrs. Proctor and Mrs. Carlyle to breakfast with him one morning. Charles Dickens, in his inimitable way, related what happened in a letter to Washington Irving:

> "Both excessively talkative, very quick, and bent on entertaining him. When Mrs. Carlyle had flashed and shone before him for about three-quarters of an hour on one subject, he turned his poor old eyes on Mrs. Proctor, and pointing to the brilliant discourser with his poor old finger said indignantly: 'Who are *you*?' Upon this Mrs. Proctor cut in and delivered (it is her own story) a neat oration on the life and writing of Carlyle and enlightened him in her happiest and airiest manner; all of which he heard staring in the dreariest silence, and then said indignantly as before: 'And who are *you*?'"

Rogers, who lived to be ninety-three and was a banker by profession, died in 1855. At Holland House is a seat in the garden, with this inscription written by Lord Holland:

> Here Rogers sat and here for ever dwell,
> For me, those pleasures that he sang so well.

My husband sketched Rogers hastily at the Athenæum Club.

The most ghastly breakfast party my husband ever attended was at Frank Buckland's, the great naturalist, whom he knew very well. My husband went alone. On his return he produced several curios given him by Buckland, among others, pieces of Ben Jonson's coffin. He said Buckland's house was unique, a natural history museum. All breakfast time Buckland's conversation ran on the various specimens of dissected animals, preserved in evil-smelling spirit, which he had promiscuously scattered about.

CHAPTER IV

EARLY MARRIED LIFE AT HAREWOOD SQUARE. THE ROYAL ACADEMY. THE EXHIBITION OF 1851

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

WHILE we were at Berners Street, we were looking out for a house to settle down in, and thought we had secured a perfect haven of bliss at St. John's Wood. We were a pair of innocents in practical matters, and had to learn the folly of believing in the veracity of house-agents. When there was a breath of wind in certain quarters, life became a smoky desert, smoke would envelop us to such an extent that we were soon lost to each other in a thick haze. It poured up from the floor, and after we had effected a retreat Edward and I looked more like a couple of sweeps than anything else. It spoiled our work, deadened the colours, and reduced them to mud. Edward was so incensed at the duplicity with which we had been inveigled there, that he brought an action against his landlord, and won the case.

We moved to No. 33 Harewood Square, and for the first time I had my own studio. But during the brief stay at St. John's Wood I was working hard at Art under Mr. Henry Sass, of Bloomsbury. I next painted my picture "Results of an Antwerp Marketing," from a sketch made during my honeymoon. It appeared at the Academy in 1850, and received some excellent notices in *The Athenæum.*

We often entertained in those early days of married life, and saw a great deal of the Collins family, who lived, as far as I recollect, in Dorset Square, near us. Mrs. Collins was the widow of William Collins, R.A. Her son Wilkie was a writer of great fame, and Charles inherited his father's gifts, and was one of the first members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. It was at his mother's house that Wilkie arranged some private theatricals with Frith, Millais, and my husband, who designed all the costumes. One day, just before the play was to be produced, the leading lady told Wilkie that she declined to act, unless the leading gentleman was changed. Her reason was that he was so "hideous." Shortly after, the leading man appeared, begging to resign, on the plea that the lady in question was like an ogress. Wilkie Collins was by this time well aware that they detested each other, and accepted both resignations with good-humour. This play, Goldsmith's *Good-natured Man*, which was a great success, suggested a picture to Frith, which now hangs in South Kensington Museum. I remember the date that this took place, for it was the day my eldest child Alice was born, a matter of rejoicing, and our little girl was the consummation of our happiness. Of course Wilkie Collins, our good genius, was godfather, and acquitted himself well at the ceremony, as he always did. My next child, and eldest son, Leslie, later to be famous as the cartoonist "Spy," was born in November, 1851.

Later I received a lecture from old Mrs. Collins on my maternal duties, which I was foolish enough to take to heart for a time. She told me I was very wrong not to make my child's clothes and give all my time to domestic matters, and that if I did my duty to my husband and home there would be no time left to paint. I listened to her, and said:

WILKIE COLLINS.

DR. DORAN.

" If you think so, I will do it for a year " ; and a very miserable time it proved to be without my art. At the end of the year my husband insisted on my taking apartments in Bloomsbury to be close to the Art School, as we then lived at Slough, and he came up to town each week from Saturday to Monday, and so I studied anatomy and drawing for six months assiduously. How I enjoyed it ! Soon after this, I exhibited two pictures at the Royal Academy, " The Pet Hawk " and " Rowena," and the following year, 1852, " The Antwerp Market," Leslie being my model for the baby. Two persons wanted to purchase the latter picture, one of whom, finding it was already sold, commissioned me to paint " The Queen of the May," which was exhibited some years later.

My husband was making a name with his gift in a series of pictures, such as "Benjamin West's First Effort in Art" and " Daniel Defoe," which were exhibited at the Academy in 1849. Perhaps his best work at this period was " James the Second receiving the news of the landing of the Prince of Orange." This was followed by his " Charlotte Corday led to Execution."

I am glad to remember my husband's aims in painting. As a student of history everything connected with the past had a fascination for him, and he was deeply imbued with the idea that Art held responsibilities, that the painter was merely the trustee to hand on the legacy of Art to others. He never began a work without being persuaded that it had the right elements to teach some truth, and I think this aspect of Art's mission should not be overlooked. In present days I find too many painters are ready to excuse the poverty or absence of the idea in their pictures by saying : " I don't want to preach a sermon in paint, I hope only to give enjoyment to the eye."

People who talk like that are not artists, and they fail to give intellectual enjoyment. I can only say that I am proud my husband viewed the matter from a higher standpoint, and that money never tempted him to paint what he did not feel, or what was merely popular.

We met Millais for the first time at the Royal Academy, when he was nineteen. He and my husband became the greatest friends, being mutually attracted to each other. Millais was a genius of a versatile kind, and whether it was music or acting, did all with a consummate grace and ease. He was one of the most handsome men I have ever seen, fair, with classic features, and he won all hearts, keeping a high and chivalrous ideal before him, which influenced his painting. I remember the sensation Millais made when he was only nineteen, by his first picture, "Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1846, painted in the Pre-Raphaelite manner. The Loudans in Porchester Terrace gave a splendid fancy dress ball, at which I can recall Millais looking as if he had stepped out of a picture by Van Dyck. He wore a long silk coat and breeches, lace cravat, and silk stockings, which suited him to perfection. The Loudans were great entertainers; the father was a famous landscape gardener of early Victorian times.

We were always meeting Millais at dances, when his youthful and sunny disposition made him a general favourite. He was then very enthusiastic about the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, of which he was an original member. They were a little band of earnest young men—Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Ford Madox Brown, F. G. Stephens, Luard, and others. When I was painting my picture of "Chatterton," Millais came in unexpectedly, and in his breezy genial way wanted to know why I had not painted the cat's tail. I argued it out that the tail could not be seen as I had grouped the model. His only retort was: "Here, give me a brush," and with a few strokes he put it in himself. What a painter he was! In landscape, such as "Autumn Leaves" and "Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind," or in "Little Speedwell, Darling Blue," a child study, he was as great as in his large compositions, "The Black Brunswicker," "The Blind Girl," and "The Order of Release." Fine vision, power, originality, and a masterly technique placed him high from the first.

At a winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy about two years ago a picture of Millais's occupied the place of honour. Three lovely ladies in old-world costumes were the subject. How that picture held its own against others of great merit! It quenched and overshadowed them. MIllais took infinite pains over his work. When he was living at Bloomsbury he showed us a frog in a glass case: "Imagine so small a model causing so immense an amount of labour," he said laughingly. "Here I've been trying to complete a study of it for three weeks, and have not succeeded yet." This frog figures in his picture "Ophelia." His brother William, who was nearly as clever, excelled in painting and music, but never devoted himself seriously to either art, and John gained all the laurels. His father was wrapped up in music, and excelled as a violinist. His mother was a prim silent lady who always wore a shawl!

Millais married Mrs. Ruskin (formerly a Miss Gray), and had four pretty daughters. Effie, the original of the girl in "The Bird's Nest," married Major James, Scots Greys; Carrie became Mrs. Stuart Wortley; and Sophie married Captain MacEwen, an officer in the Cameron Highlanders. Millais succeeded

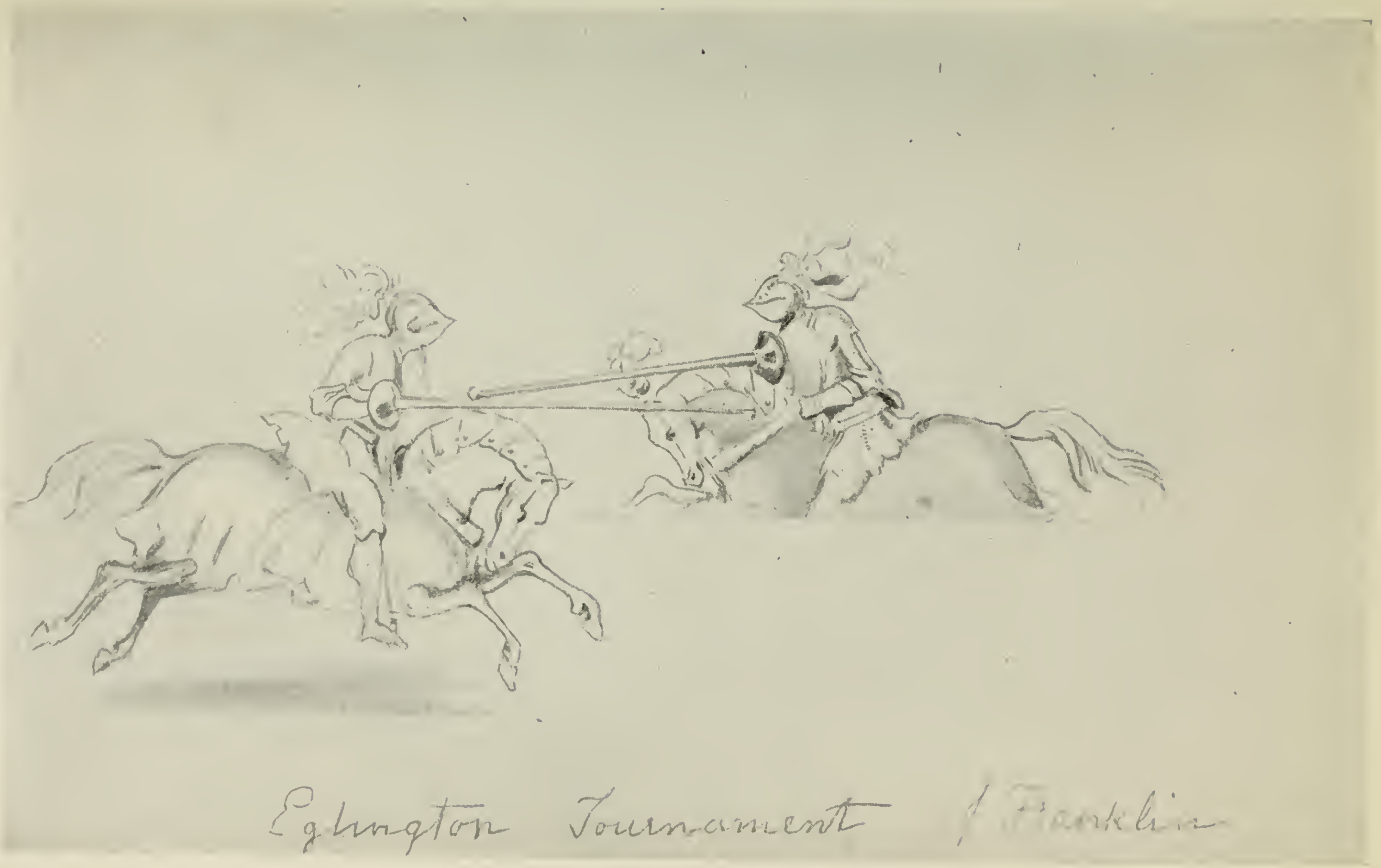
Lord Leighton as President, unfortunately for only a short time. He died soon after his appointment, and was laid to rest in St. Paul's Cathedral near other gifted brothers of his art.

Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, R.A., was another old friend, possessed with a quiet fund of humour. He once pointed in my studio to a mask of William III and asked "Who is that ?" Upon being told, he remarked, "I thought so ; for sheer ugliness I defy you to beat a Dutchman." He was a Dutchman himself.

John Franklin, the black-and-white artist, was a well-known man in my early days. He illustrated *Old St. Paul's* by Harrison Ainsworth, and the books of other contemporary writers. He was a frequent visitor at my home, and was devoted to children. I used to watch him draw most fascinating knights in armour, and lovely dancing figures, which I have kept. Franklin was a great smoker ; I don't think I ever saw him without his large and ancient pipe. He said he always felt more inclined to work while the world was asleep, and used to sit up till the early hours of the morning doing illustrations.

Mrs. Lynn Linton, the novelist, I knew very well. At the age of thirty-six she married W. J. Linton, author and wood-engraver. Her friends were very much against this alliance, but she persisted, and it did not turn out happily. She lived to a good old age, and became a strong anti-suffragette. She wrote some articles about "The Girl of the Period" and "Walled Gardens" a few years ago, which were decidedly mediæval in outlook. Having attained to a certain measure of freedom and success herself, she seemed anxious to stem the tide by which others of her sex hoped to secure progress.

We knew "Lewis Carroll," the Rev. C. L. Dodgson,


Eglington Tournament J Franklin

PENCIL SKETCH OF THE EGLINTON TOURNAMENT.

By John Franklin, R.A.

very well indeed ; he was so exceptionally modest that if anyone mentioned *Alice in Wonderland* or any other of his works he would frown, fidget, and disappear as soon as he could. His great hobby was children. Little girls were special favourites, and he carried on a correspondence with numbers of children, keeping an album in which he wrote the ages of all his juvenile friends. He often sent me word that he was coming to town, and would be glad if I would give lunch to himself and some little friend he was taking to the theatre. He would turn up for lunch with one and sometimes two children. The entertainments he enjoyed as much as his little friends.

Lewis Carroll was once asked by my son if he might do a cartoon of him for *Vanity Fair*. In reply he wrote : " As a friend of your father and mother I beg and implore you not to put me in *Vanity Fair*, or any other paper. I would rather anything than that." A compromise was finally made that Lewis Carroll was to be let off on condition that he wrote something for *Vanity Fair*; to this he reluctantly agreed.

Towards the end of his life he only came to town on rare occasions. Writing to me from Eastbourne he says :

" I hope before long to have the pleasure of seeing you again, though I do not get to Town nearly so often as a quarter of a century back. Will you kindly forgive the liberty I took, but now see to have been overbold, in sending so affectionate a message to your daughters ? Perhaps it was a little too soon at 63 to claim such privileges as old age sometimes confers : and it might be wiser to wait till the ' three-score years and ten.' They will soon be here, as the years are simply flying past me.

" Always very sincerely yours,

" C. L. DODGSON."

The message he feared was "overbold" was in a former letter sending "With love (if I may venture to send so contraband an article) to Beatrice and Enid."

He used to send me his books directly they were published, and *Sylvie and Bruno* arrived one day in manuscript, to see if I could suggest any improvements. He never would allow me to say anything in praise of his work, for in his own opinion he was a nonentity. I never knew anyone less conceited.

Lewis Carroll was a delightful creature, and though very odd, always felt at home with us; one day he arrived with three tea-canisters, decorated with pictures from *Alice in Wonderland.* My daughters and I preserve them still. I recollect his telling me once that the success *Alice in Wonderland* had achieved was due "entirely to its beautiful illustrations." I smiled, as I knew it was nonsense for him to say so, but did not venture to contradict him.

The Royal Academy "Lectures" for students have always been held in high esteem, but women were disqualified on account of their sex when I was young. Edward, ever mindful of my success and anxious that I should share his privileges, encouraged me to be a pioneer in breaking through a hard and fast convention, but he warned me that I should be separated from him, as he had his place among the Royal Academicians. It was distinctly an ordeal to find myself the only woman present, but I enjoyed the first lecture so much that I determined to go regularly, in spite of very determined opposition from Mr. Jones, R.A., who was Keeper of the Royal Academy Schools. With an utter absence of chivalry, he actually convened a special meeting to exclude women, and me incidentally.

He was unsuccessful, however, and the next lecture

I attended had five women present, and the following one had thirty of the fair sex. After this triumph I went regularly and gained great advantages. Jones and his followers were nonplussed; they had hoped for a whole-hearted resistance against the encroachments of women in the field of art, and they found only the reverse. There was a St. Paul-like feeling about women's achievements at the Royal Academy. Miss Starr, who afterwards became Madame Cunziani, was exceedingly talented, and she made a design signed with her initials; the voting was unanimous, and she gained the highest honour, namely the Gold Medal. It was a bitter moment when they found they had awarded an honour to a woman, and since it may appear strange in present times that they should not have thought it probable, it must be remembered that woman was almost unknown in the artistic profession. Personally, I feel that the R.A.-ship should be open to women equally with men, for there is no sex in Art, and it is pure selfishness that has excluded women from this honour, with the exception of Mary Moser and Angelica Kauffmann.

About this time we first met Frederick Leighton. He must have been about twenty-three when he called on Edward and showed him some studies he had just done in Italy. His picture of "Cimabue's 'Madonna' being carried through Florence" had been painted, and this was his first step on the ladder of fame. Edward was delighted with his genius, which, with his splendid physique, courtly manners, and accomplishments, left no possible doubt that destiny had marked him to occupy the highest place in Art. I remember him so well years after, as he used to appear in his red robe of office as P.R.A., wearing the Insignia, and such a splendid President was surely never seen. His powers as a linguist were great. I have known him converse by turns in French, Italian, and German as he entertained foreigners at his receptions.

At an R.A. Soirée a friend who came with me got lost in the crowd, and after vainly seeking me, ventured to appeal to Lord Leighton. He replied with his captivating smile: "You have lost Mrs. Ward? You mean, of course, 'Our Mrs. Ward' —I will try to find her," and he did.

All through his Presidency his influence and charm were felt. It was like a monarch's reign, for Leighton had kingly attributes. And he is remembered by those who knew and worked with him in upholding the high standard of Art. He was succeeded by Millais for one short year, then came Sir Edward Poynter, and it is interesting to know that Leighton and Poynter formed a strong attachment in their boyhood days in Rome, when they painted together, little dreaming that they were to occupy in turn no less than the Presidential Chair.

Millais, Leighton, and Poynter rest side by side in the Crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral. All were free from petty jealousies, great in their pursuit of Art, willing always to give honour to each other and not to themselves, and modest about their abilities, great men as well as great artists.

Of Sir Edward Poynter, whom I first saw at the R.A. "Varnishing Day" when he was little more than a boy, I remember David Roberts, R.A., coming to me and saying: "Let us congratulate that young man on his superb work." His later picture, "Israel in Egypt," was the success of the year. It was the work of a scholar as well as a painter.

An earlier President of the Royal Academy, Sir Thomas Lawrence, whose works my father engraved, lived at 65 Russell Square, where he produced many of his finest portraits, among others of the beautiful Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, and Lady Dover, daughters of the sixth Earl of Carlisle. I well remember seeing the Duchess of Sutherland at one of the Private Views at the Royal Academy. She was wearing a magnificent dress of white moiré silk, the skirt with a train of half a yard on the ground, and a bonnet of rare lace festooned with loops of pearls. On leaving, she walked with a slow and stately tread to her carriage in the pouring rain, trailing the lovely dress in the mud as she went, much to my dismay. In later years, when I last saw the Duchess, I thought her the embodiment of radiant beauty.

It was fortunate that Lawrence painted her, and I think the portrait-painter's art can hardly be overestimated in value for immortalising beauty for future generations to gaze upon. I am reminded of the lines :

> But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
>   Nor lose possession of that power thou owest ;
> Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
>   When in eternal lines to time thou growest.

The Great Exhibition of 1851 I remember very well. It was the outcome of the Prince Consort's idea to further trade and bring to a higher level the standard of beautiful things. A splendid glass-roofed building was erected in Hyde Park, and the novelty of the proceeding quickened the pulses of Victorians of all classes, it being the first enterprise of the kind ever attempted. The cost of the building was enormous, but it justified the pains bestowed upon it.

My husband and I were curious to see the crowds of people whom we knew would flock from the country to attend the opening of the Exhibition. Accordingly, we were up at 6 a.m., and took a memorable walk through the streets. We saw about as motley a gathering as it would be possible to conceive, packed in dense masses. Farmers, wearing broad-brimmed beaver hats, long tail-coats which were donned only on special occasions, bright-coloured waistcoats, and tight breeches, were accompanied by their families. Their wives and daughters, with cheeks like roses, were decked out in stiffly starched print frocks, adorned with flowers and ribbons, and large bonnets. Foreigners of every country mingled in the crowd. Beautifully dressed gentlepeople, the crinoline in evidence, well-to-do tradesmen, clergymen, country doctors, and pickpockets formed such a jumble of humanity as I never saw before. Families had spent the night on doorways, the police treating such vagrants with indifference, and they were having an early meal as we squeezed through the crowd. Cold sausages and bacon were being dealt out by heads of families, children were regaled with milk from enormous bottles, and I saw an old Irishwoman smoking a pipe contentedly. We passed through Hay Hill into Berkeley Square, and the scenes changed. Numbers of people of good social standing had driven up to town overnight, and had slept in their carriages, the horses having been taken out. They were determined to see the Great Exhibition, and were ready to greet the Queen and Royal Family at the precise moment of their arrival. Servants, wearing powdered wigs, were preparing breakfast on the pavement, kettles were singing, and the smell of bacon and eggs frying greeted us, whilst fine ladies, in lovely attire and poke bonnets, declared they were fainting for a cup of tea. Footmen, distracted by these appeals and the novel manner of serving breakfast, were tumbling over each other. This was about 6.30 a.m.

Passing from this scene, we elbowed our way gradually up to the Great Exhibition. An amusing episode occurred *en route* which convulsed my husband with laughter. A stout woman accompanied by a hideous boy was applauding him for the vigour with which he pushed his way through the crowd. "That's right, Adolphus, if anyone stamps on your feet, stamp back. It serves the cowards right!" Adolphus had already stamped on the feet of a kind curate, who was making a wry face over it, and after his offence Adolphus looked at us with a proud grin of triumph on his flat white face. He wore long trousers which were three sizes too large for him. It was the fashion at the time. Another boy we observed was systematically coming to the front by lowering his bullet head and butting his way through the crowd like a ram.

We waited near the entrance, determined to see the Queen arrive, but the heat and discomfort were indescribable, so that when the royal carriage drove up amidst tumultuous cheering we were too fatigued to enter the Great Exhibition, and we went wearily home. We visited the Exhibition later on, and though expectation was high, reality proved even greater.

The Great Exhibition of 1851 reminded everyone of some gorgeous scene in *The Arabian Nights.* It was a veritable Aladdin's Palace suddenly materialised for ordinary mortals to behold and explore its wealth of treasures.

The effect upon the people can be imagined when they first saw a fairy-like building of tremendous dimensions, all of crystal, scintillating with light in the sunshine.

The Queen opened the Exhibition on May 1, 1851, surrounded by the splendour of her Court, to the accompaniment of artillery firing and the strains of triumphant music. As the golden gates were thrown back, a crowd, such as London had never seen before, flocked in and continued to flow towards the Palace of Industry.

From every part of the globe came representatives, many gorgeous in oriental robes. Dusky Indian Princes with turbans and jewels on their foreheads; sallow-faced Chinese Mandarins in silken embroidered dress; sedate little Japanese potentates with inscrutable faces; broad-faced, woolly-headed African Chiefs wearing bright colours; travellers from America, Australia, Canada, and other countries, mingling with Russians, Poles, Frenchmen, Italians, and Austrians.

On entering the main transept a scene that was sublime in its beauty met their astonished eyes. It was a picture of perfect proportions and harmony of colour. All along the corridors gleamed marble statues; in the centre of the palace was an exquisite crystal fountain; and a huge crystal chandelier, suspended above a gallery filled with gaily-dressed ladies, reflected all the colours of the prism.

On the platform was a huge assembly of brilliantly-clad ladies in silks and satins and resplendent jewels, with princes, dukes, peers, members of the Diplomatic Service, soldiers, admirals, all in full Court dress.

The Queen looked regal, wearing a pink dress of great magnificence, and the effect of her throne was enhanced by the silken canopy. Two splendid trees had been enclosed in the Palace, and amongst the leaves birds settled. Overhead, seen through the glass roof, stretched a sky of dazzling blue, for Exhibition Day was no exception to the Queen's invariable good fortune in getting fine weather when she set forth on State duties. It was so noticeable that the expression "Queen's weather" became a proverb.

Glass has come into fashion again. What would not collectors give to-day to see such a collection as the '51 Exhibition displayed! There was a dazzling array of specimens, many being designed by Redgrave, the R.A., and I remember a glass fountain which sprayed Eau de Cologne instead of water. There were carpets such as the British people had never dreamed of before, lovely hand- and machine-woven ones, designed by artists and produced by the best workers, soft as velvet in texture, rich and subdued in colouring. People were awakened to their own ugly ones, with patterns of sprawling roses on a light ground, inartistic to a degree ; they were soon supplanted in favour of the new ones.

The furniture was a revelation to the Early Victorians. There were exquisite mosaic table tops, by Barteri of Rome, cabinets from Tuscany, and pottery which roused a feeling for envious possession. And the jewellery was such as had not been seen before in England, trays of diamond rings, necklaces, tiaras, and in the centre the historical Koh-i-noor diamond, which blazed and sparkled with reflected light. Every triumph in wood and stone, metal and cloth, was to be seen at the Palace of Industry.

The mainsprings of this vast gathering of people were the Queen and the Prince Consort, and as they moved amongst their royal children the eyes of all followed them. The Queen and the Prince Consort were so popular that people would flock from any distance, if it were only to see them pass.

From her Accession to the Throne the hearts of the people went out to the Queen. They were touched by her youth and the fact that Fate had decreed that she should early undertake the heavy responsibility that was hers as ruler of vast possessions. Everyone had her picture. The Great Exhibition was entirely the idea of the Prince Consort, thought out by him in every detail.

The people who thronged to the Exhibition of 1851 had come with light hearts to make holiday. They had every reason to be happy and contented.

Food was very cheap, beef and mutton only 7½*d.* and 8½*d.* a pound, butter 1*s.* 2*d.*, and oysters, the best natives, only 7*d.* a dozen. Wages went further in 1851.

It was quite impossible to see the whole exhibition in one day, but I can remember how people were so carried away by the extreme novelty of the whole thing that they lost themselves in an ecstasy of delight, and walked and walked until they made themselves quite ill in their efforts to see all the wonders of the Palace of Industry.

I shall never forget the people I saw among the crowds, nor the impression created by the statuary on "Country Cousins." Here again was a new experience for them. One party that lingers in my memory consisted of a motherly-looking woman, with a very long nose and receding chin, with two rosy-cheeked daughters, each armed with gingham bags and market baskets, wearing rural dresses and much beflounced skirts. They came to a sudden pause before the "Startled Nymph," a highly finished statue in marble. After one frightened glance at it, they stole away to the silk department. Soon after came another lady, angular in form, clothed in rusty black. She peered at it through her spectacles, and then with an awful frown of indignation and a savage tightening of her lips wheeled round and beat a hasty retreat to the flower garden. This statue and T. Campbell's "Portrait of a Lady as a Muse" were by far the best pieces in the Exhibition, the much admired "Greek Slave" being very inferior to them, in my opinion.

Some celebrated Dutch setters of precious stones were there, and an example was shown of a tiara composed of rose diamonds and pearls in the form of flowers, which could be made into three separate ornaments.

The Duke of Devonshire lent a gold bird the size of a real one, studded with rubies, turquoises, and amethysts, containing a gold drinking cup. It had a history attached to it, being made in the dim past to commemorate the reconciliation of two noble families after a long feud.

There was a chessboard of tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl, framed with silver and gold, and studded with precious stones, with gold chessmen.

The Illustrated London News of May 17, 1851, gave the following notice, which is amusing as we read it to-day :

> " Already the International Exhibition has produced good effect. The French Press bears pleasant testimony that John Bull is no longer an ogre, but a genial and courteous gentleman. The old joke about the gloom, dust, and smoke of London, and the austerity, inhospitality, and semi-lunacy of the English has disappeared, and our Paris friends confess the sombre city is the gayest and has the most fairy-like and original buildings in the whole world."

I have a silver card-case with a picture of the Great Exhibition of 1851 on the outside, bought at the time, and my granddaughter presented me with another souvenir in the shape of a china jar with a picture of the Palace on the lid, which I treasure.

The Exhibition revolutionised the home surroundings of the people. Tasteful table decorations, flower-decked tables, and light and elegant silver succeeded the cumbersome plate of the Georgian period. Huge joints went out of fashion, and dishes were served from a side table.

CHAPTER V

OUR LIFE AT UPTON PARK, SLOUGH. MEMORIES OF QUEEN VICTORIA

AFTER living for three years in Harewood Square my husband took a furnished cottage at Slough for six months, after which we moved into 11 Upton Park. It was there that he received a letter from the Prince Consort and Council requesting him to paint eight historical pictures for the Corridor of one of the Houses of Parliament. When asked in which House he wished his pictures to be placed, he chose the House of Commons. It was while Edward was painting one of these, "The Last Sleep of Argyll," that news reached us that the Queen and Prince Consort were coming to see the work that day. Edward appeared extremely pleased, but I experienced a feeling of genuine fear at the prospect. I was hardly more than twenty-one at the time, and to receive Royalty seemed an impossible thing to me. How would our modest household appear to the greatest in the land? Suddenly I began to move, and with me the entire household. Swiftly we flew from spot to spot in our efforts to set the house right; it was like a cinematograph film in effect, only such things had not yet appeared. Such a garnishing and ádorning of our home had never been, flowers, of course, everywhere, and not a thing out of place.

At last everything was in readiness, and I heard the royal carriage drive up to the door, as I peeped from the nursery window. With a fast-beating heart I next heard the sound of their arrival downstairs, and I shook with excitement. All the while I tried to comfort myself by saying: "It is Edward they have come to see—not me." Alas! someone came swiftly with the message that the Queen desired to see me. Slowly I descended the stairs, where I saw a number of people assembled in our small hall, and the Equerry, who was a friend of ours, met me. I told him I was terrified of Her Majesty, and he replied: "The Queen is the sweetest and kindest of women; you will feel happy directly you see her." My first impression of Queen Victoria was of a laughing, pretty girl with large blue eyes, sunny hair, and a sweet smile; and one of her many charms was a singularly beautiful voice. She wore a green silk dress flounced to the waist, embroidered in white silk, and a bonnet of velvet lined with pink and purple plush and trimmed with ermine, and though she was well below the average height she conveyed the impression of being much taller than she was, her good carriage and great dignity lending to this impression. She gained my confidence completely, and won my heart by asking to see my children, who were hastily summoned. The Prince Consort was equally delightful; he told me he loved children, and that he led his own children's games in the nursery every day.

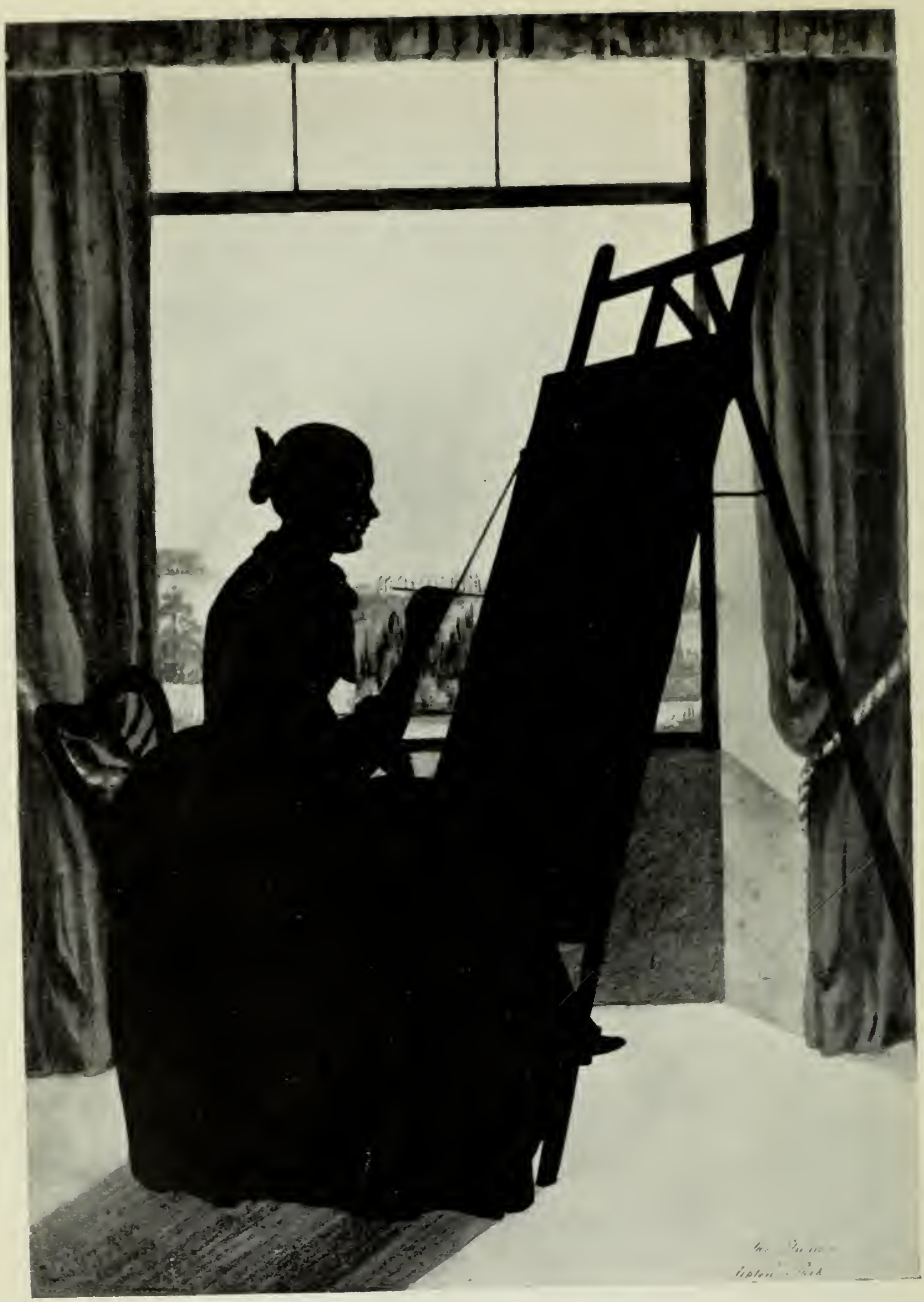
So the children appeared and made friends with the Prince, who patted Alice's pink cheeks approvingly, as he talked to her and played with baby Leslie. The Queen commented on the fact that Alice was extremely fair and Leslie dark. She said: "If I had a dark-haired child I should indeed be proud. Mine were all alike, neither dark nor fair."

The Queen and Prince were very pleased with Edward's fresco, and commissioned the two pictures:

"Napoleon the Third being Invested with the Order of the Garter" and "The Visit of Queen Victoria to the Tomb of Napoleon the First." Thus the much-dreaded Royal visit ended, leaving me ashamed of my cowardice, for both Edward and I had heartily enjoyed the experience. Another time when the Royal Pair visited us, Flora, the baby of two and a half years, escaped from her nurse and came running at full speed into the drawing-room, her eyes shining with delight. The Prince Consort put out his arm to catch her, but my daughter had other ideas of amusing herself. She quickly freed herself from his kind hand, and shouted: "Don't, I want to see Prince Albert's horses." Then she flew to the window, where she remained wrapped up in her own thoughts about the magnificent horses. Both Prince Albert and the Queen were greatly amused, and presently the Prince gently approached my "rebellious daughter" and they organised a game together.

In 1857 my husband proceeded to paint "Napoleon the Third being Invested with the Order of the Garter," which he did at Windsor Castle. The "Visit of Queen Victoria to the Tomb of Napoleon the First" was painted at the Hôtel des Invalides, Paris. These pictures had portraits of the Prince Consort, the Emperor and Empress of the French, the Princess Royal, and the Prince of Wales.

When Edward turned his attention to his picture of Napoleon and Her Majesty, he found some difficulty in getting the pose of the figures as he desired them to be. So he followed a method I always used, and drew each figure undraped, in pink chalk, the effect being rather ridiculous in the first stage. No sooner had he done this, and we were consulting together about some minor points, than we received



MRS. E. M. WARD IN HER STUDIO AT SLOUGH.

a message that the Queen was coming immediately to see the picture.

Our consternation was great, and Edward, who was never resourceful in an emergency, looked petrified. "Good Heavens! What shall we do?" he said in a tragic tone. "The Queen must never see herself like this." I could not help laughing at his horror. "There is only one thing to do; you must wipe them out."

Edward set to work energetically with a rag, and after undoing a whole morning's labour a second messenger arrived to say the Royal Visit would be deferred till the next day.

The Queen and Prince Consort often looked in on us as we worked, and one morning arrived as I was painting my Royal Academy picture "The Queen of the May," suggested by Tennyson's poem. I had arranged the widow's dress on the lay figure with a small cape on the shoulders, for the figure of the May Queen's mother. I had done a good deal of my picture, when Queen Victoria, who had been looking at everything in my studio, walked up to the lay figure and taking hold of it shook it well, laughing heartily as she called the attention of her party to it, saying: "Isn't this funny?" If any other person had done it I should have called out a warning, but, as it was, what could I do? Unfortunately this cost me some days' work, as the pose of the figure was completely altered and the folds of the drapery quite different. I repainted the figure entirely, but the dear Queen went away quite innocent of the mischief she had unwittingly done. The Queen was clever at drawing and showed me most of her work. She told me she never was able to take up painting seriously, because she was always being called upon to attend State Councils or some other duty. At a later period she admired the miniature of Alice and Leslie painted by Sir William Ross, and declared she had nothing to approach what she called " his *chef-d'œuvre.*"

I had a rather gruesome experience when I was painting " A Scene from the Camp of the 79th Highlanders." After having a thatched shed built in my studio, similar to the soldiers' huts at Chobham, I engaged one of the Queen's pipers to sit as a model. When he arrived at my studio for the first time, I wondered if he were quite sober, but his behaviour proved so exemplary that I thought I had been mistaken. At the end of the second sitting, as I was arranging for him to come again, he interrupted me with a loud cry of " Now I am going to show you the Highland Fling." Then he whipped his dirk from his stocking, and, flourishing it in the air, began to circle madly round the studio. His rolling eyeballs, glittering eyes, and grinning mouth told me at once that he had gone mad, and I wondered fearfully what I could do, as my husband was at the other side of the house, and the servants were in the kitchen some distance off. I meditated flight, but every time I moved the piper eyed me so sternly that I dared not, for fear of further exciting him. His pace grew terrific, as he cleared chairs and table with the agility of a steeplechaser.

I strove to appear calm, but I was dreadfully frightened as I noticed him gradually shortening his circles and closing in on me. He wheeled so near that his flashing blade hovered within a few feet of my head ; then suddenly his strength gave way and he sank helpless on the floor. I told him to get up, and assuming that his performance had greatly pleased me, he took his money and was shown out. A few days later he was taken to an asylum, where he died.

My picture for which the poor mad piper posed appeared at the Academy, and I had an excellent notice in *The Art Journal*.

It was during our stay at Slough that we experienced the severest weather I ever remember. Snow fell so incessantly that when cleared from the pavement it formed a high wall. At night thousands of people used to dance on the frozen Thames by torchlight, in fancy dress. Carnivals were held, and an ox was roasted whole at one of the festivals. When the snow melted the country was flooded, and the road from my husband's studio to Upton Park being under water, all horse traffic ceased, and we had to go to and fro by a ferry-boat. Eton playing-fields resembled a large lake.

During our seven years at Slough we never missed the Fourth of June Celebration at Eton College. Sometimes we witnessed it, at the invitation of some friends, from an old-fashioned farm cart fitted up with comfortable seats. The boys ate their duck and green peas at Boveney, and tradition said that after these occasions in olden days more than one young gentleman had to be carried to his quarters as the result of too liberal champagne. They used to carry out their famous holiday resplendent in shining " toppers " and button-holes. The river carnival was followed by a grand display of fireworks, which illumined the river and surrounding country.

Though it all happened so many years ago, I can recall the picturesque meadow lands, the elms and willows, the lovely river, and the boats manned by Eton boys in flannels who, with radiant faces, would wave their hats and shout out greetings and cheers to friends as they flashed past. I painted Boveney several times, and the splendid mediæval inn, " Old Surly Hall," now pulled down, alas ! and the site covered with a hideous public-house.

For over two hundred years the family of Evans has been closely associated with Eton College. The first master of that name taught drawing there in the eighteenth century, and in our time a Mr. Evans was a favourite house-master. His daughter, Miss Evans, last of the women "Dames" at Eton, whom we knew well, was an intellectual woman, very highly thought of, and a person of great importance in the school life. Her influence was far-reaching. She had under her charge a number of Eton boys, and took the greatest care of them. On one occasion she stopped a small boy who was hurrying along with his coat bulging out: "Why, George, you have got very fat suddenly," she remarked. To which he replied: "My fag-master likes his toast hot, Miss Evans, so I have put it in my pocket!" Miss Evans' portrait was painted and presented to her, and at her death passed to the College, where it now hangs.

But there was another Mr. Evans, a wealthy man, who built an exact replica of an ancient house, called "Boveney Court." We went to a Christmas party he gave, and whilst theatricals were going on the place caught fire. The men of the company quickly turned off the gas, and with ladders extinguished the flames, and the guests repaired to the ball-room.

Miss Evans, the accomplished sister of the Provost, was noted for her eccentricities. She once gave a dinner-party, and addressed all the invitations to one person. At a friend's dinner party she forgot she was not in her own house, and was heard apologising to a lady near her. "I can't tell you, my dear, how sorry I am that this dinner is a failure—I can never rely on my cook."

The Ascot Races were a source of attraction to the Eton boys, whose great desire was always to attend them. This was against the rules, but some of the bolder spirits took French leave, and I have sometimes seen a boy trying to make himself invisible, when he saw an approaching master, by slipping into a passing carriage. The State Procession for the races was an exceedingly pretty sight, the Queen's carriage with cream-coloured horses, glittering harness, outriders, and men in scarlet, being seen for a long distance as they came down the course from the Golden Gates of Windsor Park.

While at Slough we always attended the little old church just outside Upton Park. The churchyard was more beautifully kept than any other I have seen, and the smooth green graves seemed to speak of peace and rest. Some of the inhabitants of Upton claim that it is the scene of Gray's *Elegy*, but the neighbouring churchyard of Stoke Poges is generally believed to have inspired that lovely poem. Great excitement prevailed in the village regarding a reputed "ghost" seen in this churchyard, and the sensation reached such a pitch that few villagers would venture out of their homes after dark. The "ghost" proved eventually to be a lady well known in society, Mrs. Coffin, who was visiting Slough and conceived the idea of playing a silly practical joke on the Uptonians. She used to dress in white and visit the churchyard at dusk, lying in wait for the children. Then she would steal out from her hiding-place and execute an unearthly dance among the tombstones. She met with a punishment richly deserved. A farmer, having heard that several women had been made really ill by the shock, determined to "lay the ghost." He waited one evening till the "ghost" had begun her tricks; then suddenly pounced upon her and soundly belaboured her with his stick. When he released her she could hardly crawl home, and had lost some of her front teeth. The next day the lady and her husband hurriedly departed from Slough.

An amusing incident occurred to Mrs. Tooke, wife of the Vicar of Upton. After a Confirmation Service in the church we were invited to a luncheon party at the vicarage, to meet the Bishop of Oxford, Samuel Wilberforce. Mrs. Tooke was an exceedingly handsome woman, who always dressed well. She wore on that occasion a black velvet dress, trimmed with old lace, which set off her remarkable complexion. After lunch, as she talked to the Bishop, a curious sound like an angry serpent hissing penetrated the drawing-room ; and some of the guests paused in astonishment. Then a grumbling noise was heard, a decided squeak, a shriek, and loud report, followed by profound silence. When Mrs. Tooke bade her guests farewell, her dress hung in heavy folds all round her. She afterwards, with much merriment, told me the cause. Her dressmaker had persuaded her to have a special crinoline fixed to her skirt. It consisted of a piece of tubing, inflated with air, fastened tightly with a screw. This uncanny contrivance made the skirt flow out, but Mrs. Tooke struck her foot against the screw, and the whole thing collapsed as the air evaporated.

I never knew what the other guests thought of this incident. " Soapy Sam," as Wilberforce was called, looked merely mystified. Had there been any of the Spiritualists present they would certainly have attributed the strange sounds to psychic demonstrations. I persuaded Mrs. Tooke to have her miniature painted by Sir William Ross, the great miniature painter of the day. Her husband posed in Edward's picture " The Last Sleep of Argyll," now in the House of Commons ; and he later accepted the living of St. Edmund's, Salisbury. Mrs. Tooke died suddenly in the Market Place of Salisbury.

The old days at Upton were very happy ones. In 1917, after a lapse of sixty years, I revisited my former home in the company of my daughter Enid, my son Leslie, and my friends Mrs. Ellis and her son, Stewart. Later we were all entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bentley in their beautiful home, "The Mere," Upton Park.

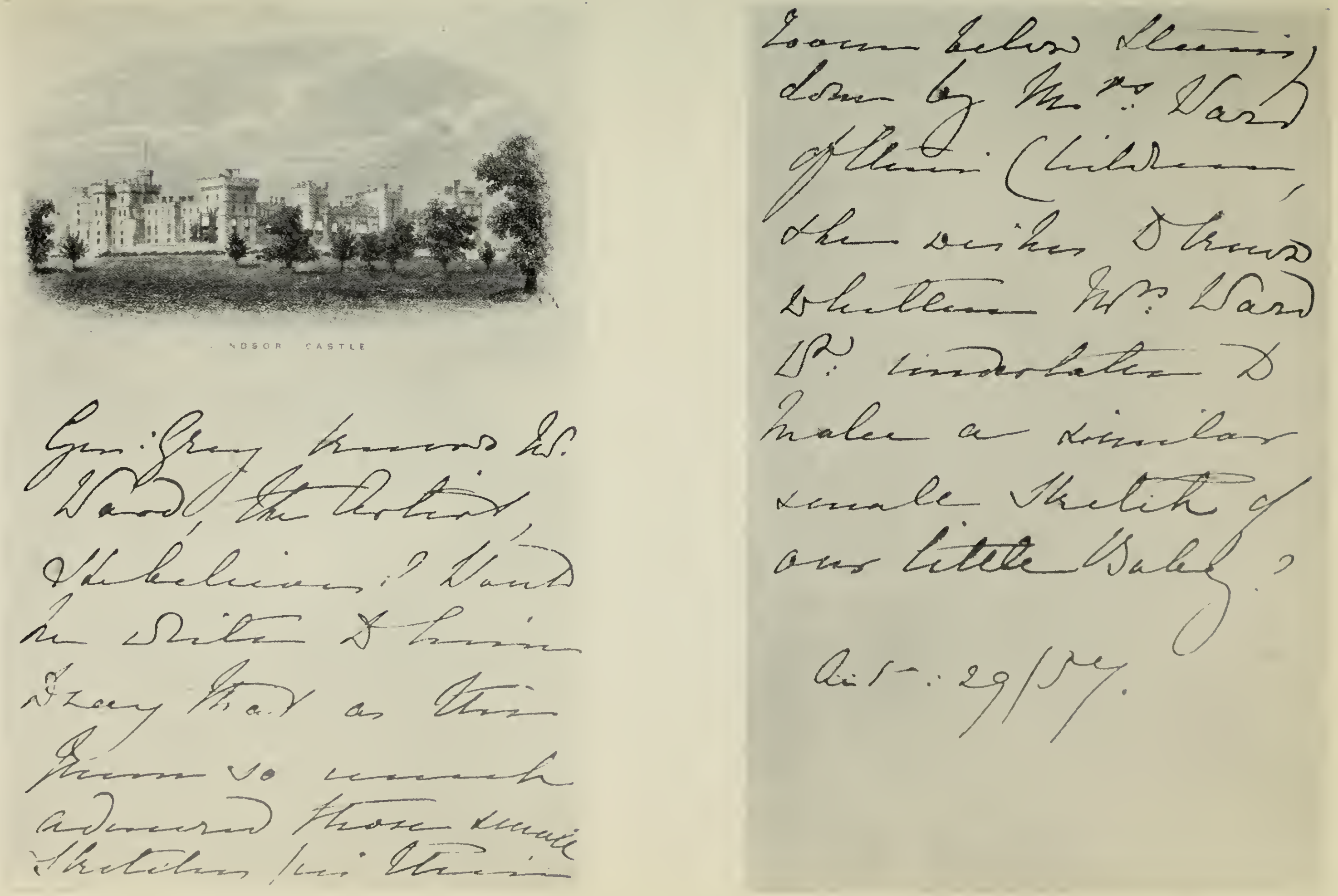
When my elder daughters were children the crinoline period was very different to the fashion which preceded it. Bonnets were universally worn, and hats were unknown. Curls arranged on each side of the face softened the effect of the bonnet, giving it an irresistible charm. When I paid a visit to Paris, my husband drew my attention to a very pretty black velvet hat with a feather. He bought it for me, and painted me wearing it. It was called "The Last Rose of Summer," and received special commendation, as it hung on the walls of the Royal Academy. I have this picture as a memento of the all too happy days when he was with me.

When I was at Slough I determined to wear the becoming hat out of doors, which required some courage, as I was literally the pioneer of the hat in England. I set forth with my father-in-law, and no sooner had some boys seen it than they gathered near, staring and jeering. My father-in-law was bent upon visiting punishment on the onlookers, but I caught his arm, and determinedly led him away, knowing that people would have to get accustomed to the strange fashion I was introducing into our neighbourhood. Hats were worn very generally quite soon.

My third daughter was born at Slough, and the fourth in London at Kent Villa. Dr. Doran, who was present at the christening lunch of the latter, on hearing the names Beatrice Mary Florence at once made an impromptu speech beginning: "Beautiful maiden, fortunate woman," thus forming an acrostic with her initials.

I had painted several small portraits of my children, and on the occasion of one of her visits to our house, 11 Upton Park, in October 1857, Queen Victoria expressed her pleasure at these pictures, and it led to some important commissions. One of the happiest experiences I had was when I received a command from Her Majesty to paint—in the same style as I had portrayed my children—her youngest daughter, the Princess Beatrice, who was then an infant. Accordingly, I made preparations for my journey, and I was shown into a room next to a dining-room where the Royal Family took luncheon. The Queen chose it herself on account of the beautiful light for painting. It faced north, and was in every way adapted for a studio. In later years when I was painting in Windsor Castle, on the first day there I noticed a large fire burning merrily in the grate, and as the weather was warm I explained to my attendant that I did not need a fire. Her reply astonished me. "It is the Queen's wish, madam, that you should always have a fire." After this I put up with a temperature that was decidedly overpowering at times, though I would gladly have dispensed with it. Again, at luncheon, which was served direct from the royal table, an imposing butler presented a card giving a list of the choicest wines to choose from. I was somewhat at a loss, as I did not drink wine as a rule, my home luncheons being of the simplest description, served in my studio. The official, seeing that I hesitated, said: "It is the Queen's wish that you take wine at lunch." That settled the matter, and I decided upon claret.

Cold chicken and cress was the first course as a rule, and all kinds of confectionery, with a selection



NDSOR CASTLE

Gen: Grey knows Mr.
Ward, the Artist,
& he believes Mrs: Ward
his Wife to paint
very well as the
Queen so much
admired those small
Sketches in the
room below drawing
done by Mrs: Ward
of their Children,
she wishes to know
whether Mrs: Ward
wd: undertake to
make a similar
small Sketch of
our little Baby ?

Oct: 29/57.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LETTER.

of the finest fruits for dessert, piled on a tall dish. One day I found that luncheon was not served as usual, and the attendant informed me that the Queen had gone to Town, and I was surprised to learn that on these occasions there was no luncheon provided. I accordingly went to the chief confectioner in Windsor, only to find that the Princess of Wales had arrived there for lunch, and I was requested to wait until she was served.

I had permission to explore the Castle as I chose, and lost no time in wandering through those stately rooms frequently. In one of the many galleries which formed the library I spent some time reading every day, and I found a subject for a picture: "Princess Charlotte in the Lanes of Windsor." The library is said to be haunted by the ghost of Queen Elizabeth, and here George III spent some melancholy years in his later life, in a padded room, when he became insane. Whether these stories I heard affected my nerves or not, I certainly imagined that I heard a voice speaking distinctly behind me, and on several occasions I became conscious of someone beside me in the room, when I was quite alone as far as the eye could see. Years after I was at the Castle, a young Guardsman was sitting in the library reading, when he saw a lady in old-world attire pass through the room into an outer one. Soon after, an official came to tell him it was time to close the library; the Guardsman asked: "What about the lady?" An explanation followed: he was told the ghost of Queen Elizabeth was said to haunt that room, and the lady he had seen was her apparition!

The rooms with Grinling Gibbons's lovely carvings and the famous collections of Vandycks, Rubenses, and Lawrences were an unending enjoyment to me.

The Prince Consort had the tenderness of a woman in dealing with his children. I have often seen him with the baby in his arms, gently singing and rocking it to sleep. He and the Queen would come in to see how my portrait was progressing, and with them came the royal children, followed by their beautiful dogs. Sometimes the children grew tired of conversations on Art, and would try to divert their mother's attention by pulling at her dress, which would be rewarded by a sharp rebuke, when silence would reign for the rest of their visit. The Queen had a method of reducing them to order which had a magic effect. She would stamp her foot, once, very decidedly, and that meant she had read the " Riot Act." One day when they had been rather turbulent I saw this done, and the children vanished quietly to another part of the room. The Queen, laughing heartily, said : " I expect you often have to do that with your children."

Whilst Queen Victoria liked her children to be with her a great deal, her temper was not to be trifled with if they disobeyed her. She was much more of a martinet than Prince Albert, who was always indulgent to every child. When the ex-Kaiser was a child, the Crown Princess of Germany found him so troublesome that she sent him on a visit to his royal grandmother, deeming, rightly, that he would be put in his proper place.

Prince William, as he then was, arrived at Windsor, and prudence and a dread of his august relative's reputation for discipline kept him thoughtful and obliging for a short time. Then his native impudence asserted itself. A noted Professor of Music came over from Germany on a visit, and the Queen paid him much respect, as did everyone save William. He strolled into the room unconcernedly, and the Queen reminded him to make his bow. The sullen child took not the slightest notice of the royal command, and the Queen gave him a salutary lesson. Taking him by the shoulder, she led him from the room, every inch contested, but the Queen's superior height was too much for him. In the next room she administered a sound whipping—then led him into the presence of the Professor. This time he needed no request. He made his bow with his knuckles screwed into his eyes, which were dim with weeping. After this, Prince William had a respect for his grandmother which he never lost.

Lord Wriothesley Russell, Canon of Windsor, was Chaplain to Queen Victoria, and after the Prince Consort's death was often her helper and adviser in many of the difficulties she had to encounter as a young widow. Wriothesley Russell was godfather to my second son, Wriothesley, who was named after him.

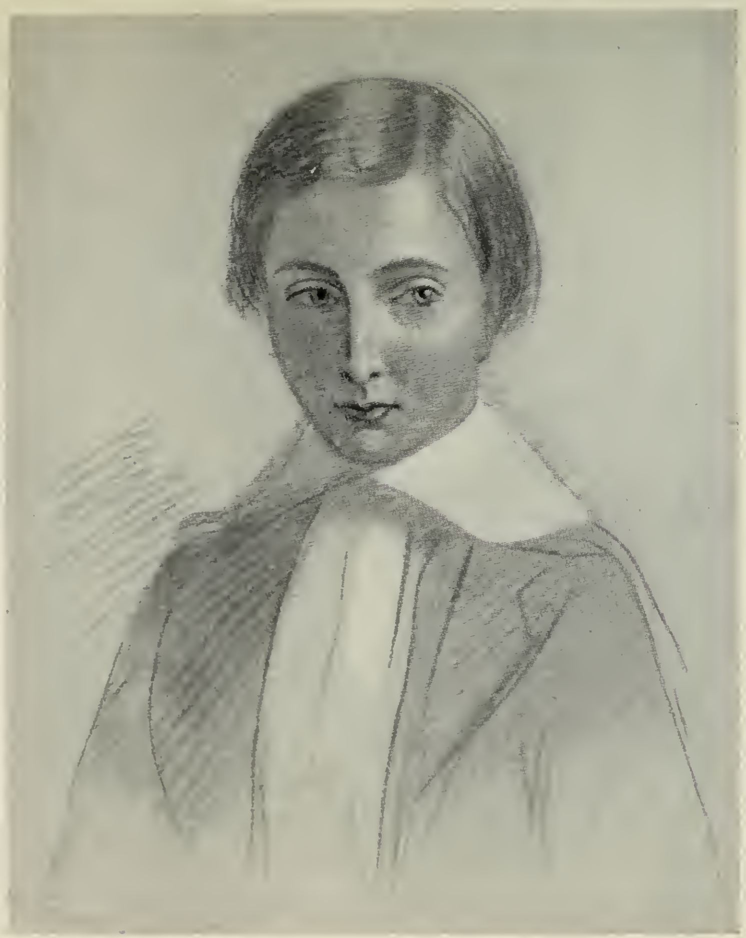
Prince Leopold, whose portrait I painted, was an extremely clever child, and he would stand and talk to me and watch the picture I was painting. After politely asking my permission, he would attire himself in my bonnet and shawl, then act a part which he invented, as he pirouetted round the room on his toes. The royal children were generally bubbling over with high spirits. Prince Leopold was at this time so young that he could not pronounce many words. As I was painting a flight of crows against the sky, he peered at them, and said lispingly: "Is dem coes?" "No, they are CROWS," said the Princess Royal, severely; "you must really learn in the future to speak properly, you bad boy!" In later years I often saw Prince Leopold, who grew up according to early promise into an attractive and delightful man.

Little Prince Arthur (now the Duke of Connaught) was a funny fellow too. When he entered my room he always rewarded me with a regal bow, so full of grace and character that I once made a pencil sketch of him.

The young children were often troublesome. One day I heard angry voices raised in a fierce argument, ending in loud smacks. I opened the door and inquired of the nurse, who stood calmly working in the corridor, what was the matter. "Oh, nothing, madam," she replied. "It is only Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria quarrelling with her sister about who shall go out with Mamma." I made a sketch of the Princess Royal on the Terrace at Windsor a few years later, as she walked against the wind, her cloak and the streamers of her bonnet forming a rather picturesque design as she walked with her head bent to resist the elements. She always dressed in an artistic fashion.

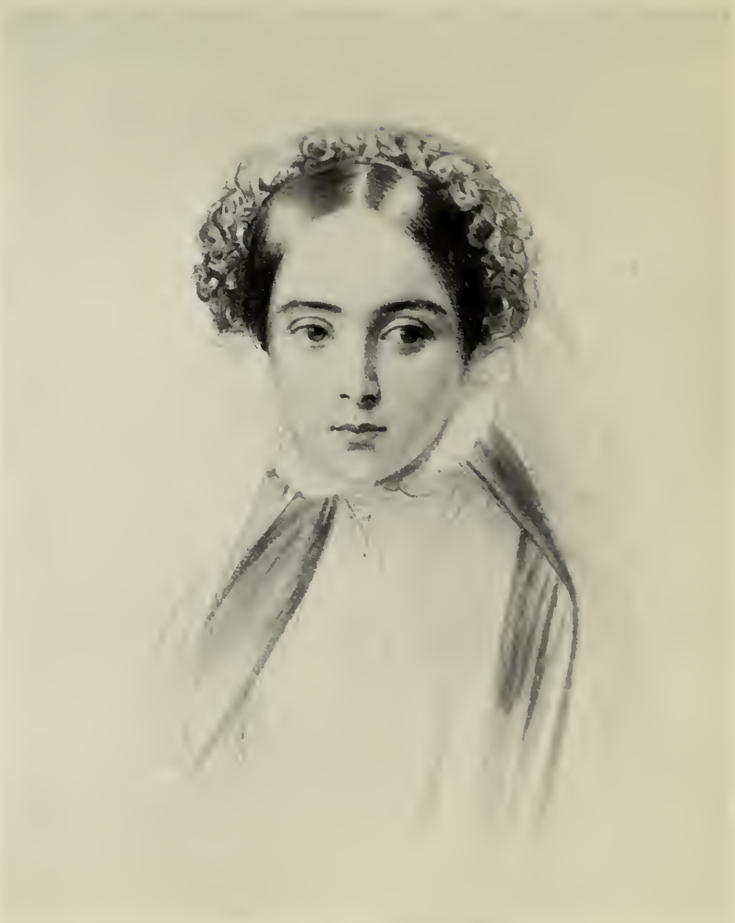
Queen Victoria was a pretty and graceful girl when she ascended the throne, in scarlet robes and ermine, the crown resplendent with jewels resting on her sunny hair, the gold sceptre of office held erect as so many of her forbears had carried it—and thus she stood, as stately a queen as any the world has produced. Her extreme youthfulness, and the fact that destiny had marked out a young woman to rule over an Empire upon which the sun never sets, roused the chivalry and touched the hearts of men who throughout her long and peaceful career never faltered in their allegiance, nor in their undying love for her and all she represented to them in high ideals. And what fine subjects were hers, great in Science and Art and Letters.

I can remember the day of Queen Victoria's Coronation as if it were only yesterday. It was eighty-six years ago. I was only six. My nurse told me: "When you hear the gun go off, the Queen will be crowned." And I listened with all my might and heard the cannon's report. Soon she was seen coming from the Abbey, wearing her diadem and holding her sceptre. People who saw her then never forgot her,



H.R.H. ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES (AGED 11).

Study from a portrait by E. M. Ward, R.A.



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

From a sketch by Mrs. Ward.

and she made a deep impression on my father, who witnessed the procession.

The best portrait of her was taken at this time by Alfred Chalon ; it shows her standing at the top of a staircase with her long train resting on the stairs. She is looking down the staircase, which is strewn with roses. The sweet expression she wore and the wonderful blue eyes were just as they were in her radiant youth and charm. I loved Queen Victoria and I love her memory still. Her unvarying kindness and courtesy won my heart, along with her other subjects.

I saw her when she was married, and at both her Jubilees, when the inevitable experience and sorrows of years had saddened her outlook and scarred her heart with many losses. She was never the same woman after the Prince Consort's death, and until I passed through a similar loss I could never understand how she survived it, for her whole life was entwined with his.

Queen Victoria's long reign was marked by a singular peace and prosperity until the extreme end of it, when came the South African War, which hastened her death. I hardly think people know how much they were indebted to Queen Victoria for that peace and prosperity. She surrounded herself with great Statesmen of her own choosing, and as a mark of her character it should be noted that she dismissed Lord Palmerston when she was still a girl, because he disagreed with her. Her reign had been so long that when the sad news of her grave illness reached the public a feeling of consternation and deep sorrow spread rapidly to all classes. That the Queen could be taken seemed not to have been realised before. A short week of anxiety and the end came.

"Queen's Weather" became a household word throughout her reign from the fact that whenever she appeared in public the sun shone forth in full splendour. And the day of her great funeral was no exception. A bitter frost and a clear blue sky, and the sun shining all the time as she was borne to her well-earned rest at Windsor, and all the cares that surround a throne were laid aside. There were several strange stories afloat connected with this event which are worth recalling. In a material age we regard them as coincidences--but were they ? White birds came and rested on her coffin, and at night a new star appeared in the sky. The first surely symbolised the purity of her ideals, the latter that a great Queen had passed over to become a subject in the World Everlasting.

CHAPTER VI

CHARLES DICKENS, THACKERAY, AND OTHER FRIENDS. THE STAGE IN MY YOUTH

MY first meeting with Charles Dickens was at Daniel Maclise's studio in Russell Place, when I was a child. It was the artist's "Private View," and as I sat on a bench with several people I noticed a man whose careworn face seemed strangely familiar to me. I rose to make room for him, and accidentally sat on his coat-sleeve. He wore an odd-looking garment resembling a dressing-gown rather than an overcoat, with huge sleeves lined with lilac silk. He stayed only a few minutes, and when he tried to rise found I was holding him a prisoner. I apologised, and when he was gone I asked Mr. Maclise who he was. "Charles Dickens," he replied. "Do you not know him? What a pity; and he has only just left." But we were bound to meet him later, and he became a great friend of ours.

It was during a party at Charles Dickens's house, in the supper room, that George Cruikshank and Dickens nearly came to blows. Cruikshank had at that time developed a mania for total abstinence, and seeing me about to sip a glass of wine snatched the glass from me to dash it on the floor. I had never seen Dickens so angry. To Cruikshank he said: "How dare you touch Mrs. Ward's glass? It is an unpardonable liberty. What do you mean? Because someone you know was a drunkard for forty years, it is not for you to object to an innocent glass of sherry."

Poor Cruikshank, one of the largest-hearted creatures in the world, but given to acting on impulse, was too taken aback to reply, and he disappeared for the rest of that very pleasant evening.

Mrs. Dickens was a pretty woman who apparently adored Charles and the children. In the earlier days she used to say what a good husband he made, and speak of his passionate love for his children from their babyhood. Later years saw the parting of the ways between husband and wife, which seems unaccountable when I remember how they once appeared united in their happy home.

Thackeray's daughter, Lady Ritchie, once mentioned Dickens's curious gift; a " life-giving power " he most certainly possessed. When his daughter Kate lay dangerously ill with fever, she afterwards said his coming to her bedside would bring healing and peace. It was this magnetic psychic gift that enabled him to hold great audiences by his readings without the slightest effort on his part, with an empty stage save for the calm figure who by merely reading his book could make his hearers laugh and cry by turns.

Charles Dickens and his wife invited us to visit Paris. It proved a delightful experience. I have his letter dated September 15, 1854, from Boulogne, in which he writes :

" At the *Hôtel des Bains* I have ordered you a sitting-room, two double-bedded rooms, and one small bedroom. Your name I have duly deposited at the Bureau, with the intimation that you and your family will arrive on Tuesday evening. I have said nothing about the time of your stay, in order that you may be free to arrange as you see best.

" When you have filed through the passport office, and got yourself and train filtered into the street, you need do nothing but vociferate for the commissionaire *d'Hôtel des Bains.*

"If you have a list of your luggage, and the keys ready for that Potentate, you can repair to the hotel without giving yourself the trouble of having a portmanteau on your mind.

"CHARLES DICKENS."

On arriving at Boulogne, my husband climbed the heights to find Charles Dickens, who was staying at another hotel, and on his way he slipped and injured his hand. Dickens was greatly concerned and insisted on binding it up for him, which he did with the skill of a doctor. After he had brought him home he went for a medical man, but the only one he could find was also a celebrated practitioner of spiritualism, of which cult Dickens, though interested in it (as he was in mesmerism), had distrust of the exponents. However, his anxiety for my husband made him bring the doctor with him, who soon dressed the injury.

We narrowly escaped death at Boulogne, when Mrs. Charles Dickens, Miss Hogarth, and myself attended church there. In the middle of the service we smelt fire, and saw flames bursting through the windows. The congregation were panic-stricken, and though the clergyman begged them to leave in an orderly manner, a wild stampede ensued in which many were injured. We waited very quietly until the last, and escaped injury. Outside we found the church was a mass of ruins, with a company of French soldiers putting out the flames in a primitive manner. There was a double line of men passing along pails, one side sending them towards the church full of water, the other side handing them back to be replenished. As can be imagined, they took a long time to extinguish the fire. I believe the church was rebuilt.

We dined with the Dickenses that evening at a quiet family party. Henry, the youngest son, now a famous K.C., sat on my knee, an intelligent child, with sunny curls, wearing a white frock, with a blue sash and ribbons. He and his wife now live in Mulberry Walk, Chelsea, the top part of the house being converted into a wonderful museum of Charles Dickens's works and relics.

Of course we went shopping, and at a splendid shop I changed some sovereigns for French money. When I discovered it was false coin, I immediately returned to the shop, where they gave me good money in exchange without one word of apology. We went on to Paris with Dickens, and attended a famous review of the French Army. We had seats close to the Imperial party, and as the long columns of blue and red uniforms marched past, the Emperor stood and saluted, amid terrific cheers. It was a moving picture of patriotism, but full of pathos, for many heroes wore bandages and had lost their limbs in the Crimea. A few days after I saw the Imperial Family drive through the Arc de Triomphe with their baby son, the ill-fated Prince Imperial. Modern Paris had few attractions for us ; we revelled in its antiquities, and once or twice visited the Latin Quarter.

The Emperor of France had not long been married, and the Empress, who was a beautiful woman, was idolised by the nation for her goodness and benevolence. On one occasion, seeing a soldier, who had fainted, lying by the roadside, she requested the ladies in the next carriage to come into her carriage, and gave orders that he was to be lifted into the empty one and taken home. Mrs. Dickens used to drive out frequently to the camp, where the Empress in her youthful beauty was constantly to be seen.

My husband was painting, as I have said, two pictures for Queen Victoria, one being the " Visit of

Queen Victoria to Napoleon's Tomb at the Invalides." He made a study of the Emperor for this picture, which the Empress liked greatly, and he also did a picture of her.

One little odd recollection of Dickens springs up. My husband once sent him by mistake a letter intended for Miss Sole, urging her to have an oval frame for her portrait. Dickens humorously replied :

> " My dear Ward,
>
> " I received the enclosed yesterday. What can I have done in the oval way, I wonder ?
>
> " Yours distractedly,
> " C. D."

Whilst we were living at No. 1 Kent Villas, Lansdowne Road, we had an exciting experience. The household were awakened one night by violent rocking which continued for some seconds. It was followed by a rumbling sound like thunder. The papers next morning were full of the incident, which was pronounced to be an earthquake. Dickens in a letter to us gave an interesting account of his own experiences :

> " I was rudely awakened out of a sound sleep by the most violent shaking, and slowly realised that the whole house was swinging on the foundations. We were in the throes of an earthquake, and I found myself hurled into space, brought into contact with the floor, which, as if in expectation of the event, suddenly seemed to rise at my approach. Both floor and circumstances struck me as rather hard ! "

In retracing the long road of life I have travelled, amongst certain pleasurable milestones were those evenings at Hanover Square when we heard Charles Dickens read extracts from his works. When my husband applied for stalls Dickens wrote :

"OFFICE OF 'ALL THE YEAR ROUND,'
Friday, May 8, 1863.

"MY DEAR WARD,

"My readings stand thus:

Friday, 15th May, 'Dombey' and 'Pickwick' (Trial).
Friday, 22nd May, 'Carol' and 'Pickwick' (Trial).
Friday, 29th May, 'Copperfield' and 'Mr. Bob Sawyer's Party.'

"Unless I hear from you that you prefer any other night, I will take care that Stalls are sent you, in due course, for 'Copperfield.' But I need hardly assure you that Stalls are always heartily at your service.

"With kind regards to Mrs. Ward,
"Always faithfully yours,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

When *Great Expectations* appeared my husband sent congratulations to Dickens, who replied:

"MY DEAR WARD,

"I cannot tell you how gratified I have been by your letter, and what splendid recompense it is for any pleasure I am giving you. Such generous and earnest sympathy from such a brother artist gives me true delight. I am proud of it, and believe me, I am nerved to do all the better.

"Faithfully yours always,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

After having put off an invitation to our house through increasing business engagements, he wrote:

"MY DEAR WARD,

"A new illustration of 'Never Despair!' I can come on Monday, and shall be delighted to do so.

"CHARLES DICKENS."

His last letter was addressed to me. We had invited Lord Lytton to meet him specially at dinner:

"DEAR MRS. WARD,

"I grieve to say that I am literally laid by the heels and incapable of dining with you to-morrow. A neuralgic affection of the feet, which usually seizes me twice a year, set up last night, and has caused great pain ever since. It will be no better until it has taken its usual time to wear out. I send my kindest regards to Ward and beg to be pitied.

"Faithfully yours always,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

To our lasting regret, his death occurred shortly after. He was the kindest of men. There was no case of sorrow that he knew of that his heart did not ache over, no cause of injustice that his pen and his purse did not try to relieve, and he did more good by his pen in righting wrongs than any man. The privations and struggles of his early days undoubtedly shortened his life, but never "froze the genial current of his soul."

Thackeray was a friend of my father's from my early days. For years we used to take long walks with him on Sunday afternoons, and often visited at his picturesque home on Kensington Palace Green. He had an old-world garden, with some buildings at the back, one of which was like a pigeon-house on a large scale; tradition called it the bathing-house of Queen Elizabeth. If so, Thackeray was unaware of it, he told us, and in his whimsical way he declared that he did not believe she was addicted to baths.

No doubt he had heard that I had disagreed with my relatives about my marriage, and he offered me some cynical advice soon after I had married. He told me to have nothing to do with relatives, to keep them well at a distance, as they were no good to anyone. Though he was noted for his caustic wit, I never saw any side but a gentle and sympathetic demeanour.

Matthew Higgins, the writer who was known under the *nom de plume* of "Jacob Omnium," was his great friend. He was a handsome man, six feet five in height, and my husband used to say he made me look very diminutive when he took me in to dinner. Thackeray was also a big man. Once the two friends went off on a walking tour. At some country place a fair was being held, and Thackeray, observing a rent in one of the tents, peeped through with his friend behind him. A fat woman was the occupant, and Thackeray, who loved a joke, called out: "Hi, Missus, don't you want any giants?" The woman replied quickly: "No, certainly not such ugly beggars as you." Thackeray, who had no illusions about his appearance, was delighted with the retort, and would relate the story in his friend's presence, glancing at him to give point to it. Jacob Omnium, however, considered it was far from funny.

When we were in Harewood Square, at No. 13 Park Village West lived the W. P. Friths, and Lablache was residing on the opposite side of the canal. Many a time we heard him sing, his grand melodious notes sounding across the water, and as we sat in the Friths' home we were wrapped in silent wonder at the sheer beauty of it.

In later years, coming up Albany Street one evening, I sought the old familiar spot, but could not locate the house. It being war time, the lamps shed no light. I went home sadly, thinking of old happy days and friends now dead. William Powell Frith was one of my husband's oldest friends; he was one of the kindest-hearted men I have ever known, an unfailing friend, and he had an intensely interesting personality. A keen observer of character, as his wonderful picture, "The Derby Day," shows, he possessed also a fund of quiet humour. One of his models, an old woman, was sitting for one of the multitudinous figures in it, and Frith, having finished the work, asked her how she liked it. The model had seen his original sketch for this great work, which, of course, Frith used to refer to constantly; she looked at him inquiringly and said: "Lord, sir, I never thought artists painted from copies." "The Derby Day" created a tremendous sensation at the Royal Academy. A rail had to be erected to keep off the people who crowded before it all day long. It was the picture of the year—and in passing I may say much greater interest was shown in those days about the Academy pictures. There was a far higher standard of Art, with such men as Millais, Frith, Edward Long, Maclise, Landseer, Leighton, and many others. Frith drew my father as one of the figures in "The Salon d'Or." Painting on a foggy morning, he unfortunately used the wrong colour, and discovered next day it was chrome instead of Naples yellow. Frith was a constant visitor at our house, and I have the portrait he painted of me. His daughter, Fanny Frith, is my valued friend, with whom I have spent many enjoyable days. Frith, who painted many Royalties, had an Autograph Book on his table which was coolly removed by a thief at one of his private views, and he never recovered it. One of his most pathetic pictures was "The Casual Ward." In the snow and cold men who by virtue of their extreme poverty are accounted as failures are waiting for admission for a night's shelter. Bitter are the "uses of adversity," cruel the fate that has brought them to this. The painting of this picture entailed many studies from life, and Frith never spared himself in making them. A great picture is not made from a fleeting impression, but is built up by the sweat of body and brain, informed by the artist's temperament.

Dr. Doran, who belonged to Frith's circle of friends, was well known as a wit and table-talker at "Our Club," which met at Clunn's Hotel, Covent Garden. Among the diners were Douglas Jerrold, Serjeant Parry, my husband, and William Frith. Dr. Doran was elected Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries and belonged to several clubs. When he and my husband met they seemed to kindle an electric spark, and would keep everyone in roars of laughter at their continual sallies. Dr. Doran wrote several books, his best known being a history of the theatre and *Their Majesties' Servants*. He had a passion for the stage, and like myself was taken by his parents to see plays at an early age. He saw Edmund Kean when he first appeared at Drury Lane, and followed his various performances up to his last acting, when Kean was always half intoxicated, muddled, and lachrymose. He remembered Rachel, the actress, and knew her personally. He said she began by singing in the streets of Paris, while her mother played the tambourine ; some patron of art heard her, and gave her the necessary training to ensure success. Dr. Doran's son, Alban, was at school with my son, Leslie, at Nassau House, Barnes—after Eton. Alban Doran became a very skilful surgeon, and now that he has retired from practice finds pleasure in antiquarian pursuits.

Among the great actresses I have known were Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Glover, Miss Glyn, and Madame Vestris. I saw Mrs. Keeley several times in *Jack Sheppard*, the pantomimes at the Lyceum, and in *Open Sesame*, where she carried away an enthusiastic audience by her spirited dance, the "*pas de tambourine*." She must have been well over fifty, but was as agile as a girl of sixteen. She was a wonderful woman, seeming to possess the secret of perpetual youth. In later years, I referred to my enjoyment of her acting in *Jack Sheppard* when speaking to Mrs. Keeley, but she expressed surprise that I should remember it, rather than her more ambitious parts. Albert Smith married one of her daughters, and another daughter became the wife of Montagu Williams, Q.C., whom we knew well. The Keeleys lived at 10 Pelham Crescent, the house now occupied by Louise and Fanny Frith. Mrs. Glover we often saw act, and frequently went to her room at the theatre. She generally dressed in black satin or silk, and wore a lace cap, with a bow under her chin. Unlike the actresses of the day, she aimed at being quite unnoticeable. Her sixty-sixth birthday was celebrated on January 8, 1845, when Ben Webster, who had acted with her for twenty-five years, presented her with a silver cup, at the Green Room of the Haymarket Theatre. She had completed her fifty years of acting, and was greatly esteemed by those who knew her; as "Lady Teazle" she was irresistible. Dr. Doran wrote in *Their Majesties' Servants* the following tribute to Mrs. Glover's memory: "Her life was one of self-denial, unmerited suffering, and of continual gratification to others. She was the support of three generations, the evidences of which work she bore in her face, in its beautiful expression of a felicity it knows not wherefore."

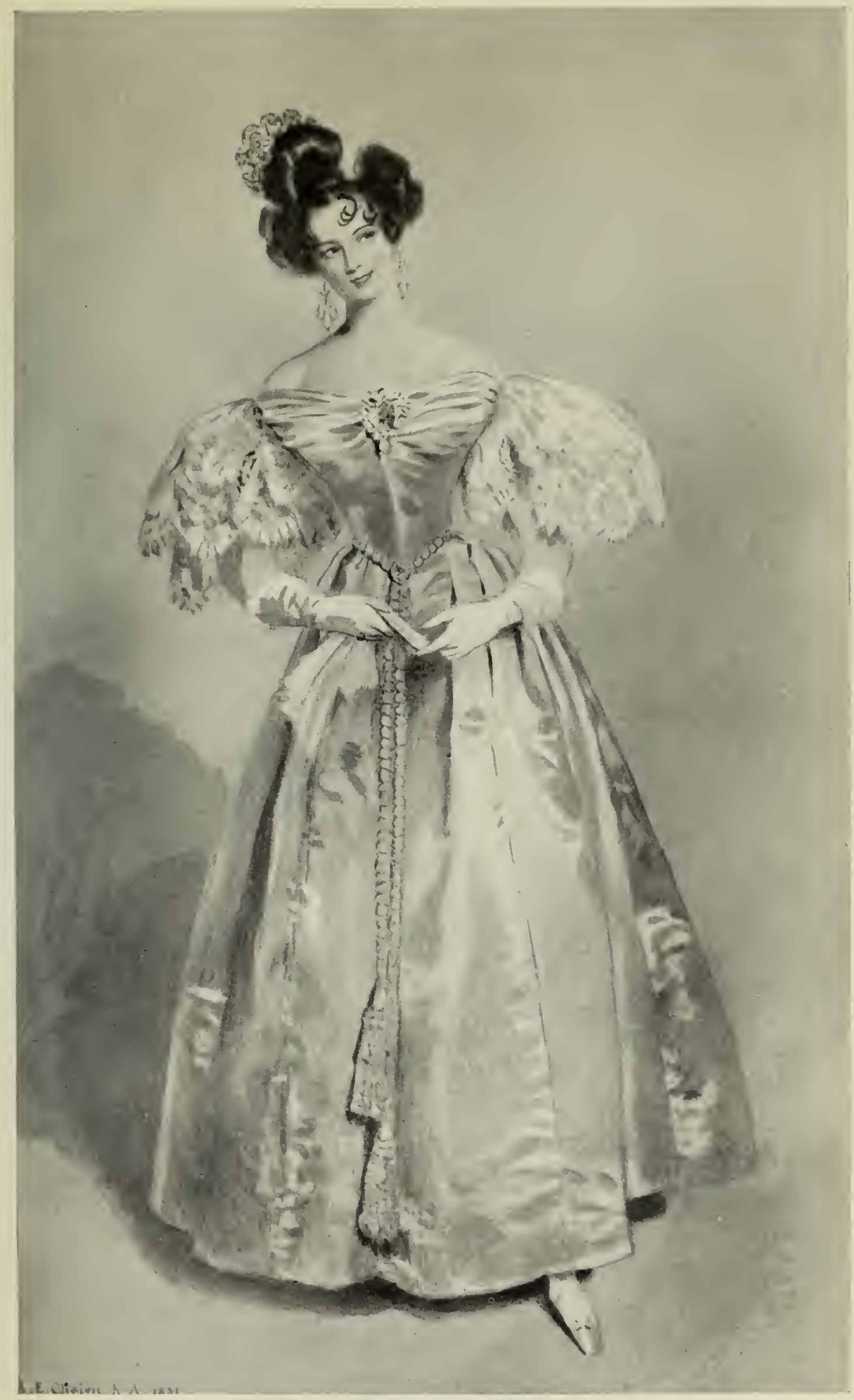
Miss Glyn made a great hit as Cleopatra, to Phelps' Antony, and was a first-rate actress always. I saw her at Sadler's Wells, and noted the difference a theatrical make-up can effect. She looked quite beautiful as Cleopatra, but off the boards was plain and rather coarse in appearance. Her figure was graceful and commanding.

Phelps was very famous as an actor, infusing fire and passion into the tragic parts he chose. He had certain defects—a lack of inches and a nasal twang. The former was mitigated by his dignity and carriage, the latter he overcame entirely. He was a very pleasant man; my father and I were sometimes invited to see him in the Green Room, where he would entertain his guests hospitably.

Madame Vestris was painted by Alfred Chalon when she was a young woman of beauty and charm, smiling archly just as she used to confront her large audiences. I heard her in opera many times, and at one performance witnessed her skilful way of overcoming an awkward moment. Somehow during her singing her artificial teeth became loose. She tried to get them into their place as she sang, then suddenly turned her back to the audience and readjusted them, then sang on. A sympathetic house applauded her heartily.

Macready, my father's friend, was a powerful man, grim and dignified, as well as an immense tragedian. As he gave us a box at the theatre, I used to be taken night after night, and though his acting frightened me I enjoyed going to see the Shakespearean plays. When, as Othello, he murdered poor Desdemona, I can recall that scene of terrible and sublime acting. It was so natural in its intensity that my highly-wrought nerves nearly made me scream—twice he walked towards Desdemona, paused, unable to do the deed, then made a rush, smothered her, and the dreadful crime was done.

As early as 1817 Macready played Romeo to the famous Miss O'Neill's Juliet, and I remember he told Charles Dickens that on the first occasion he was so lost in admiration of her wonderful rendering of her part, as a fine art, that for the moment he was speechless. Recovering himself quickly he went on, but the audience regarded the eloquent pause as


A. E. Chalon R.A. 1831

MADAME VESTRIS.

From a water-colour drawing by Alfred Chalon, R.A.

superb acting, and a storm of enthusiasm sounded throughout the house. Macready saw he had made a point unconsciously, and gave the same rendering on subsequent occasions.

Miss O'Neill was decidedly plain, and Dickens commiserated Macready on having played Romeo to such an unattractive Juliet. He said I was the only woman who shared his opinion with regard to her appearance, as she acted so well that she used to carry away her audience. Beauty was subservient to talent in my young days. I doubt if any actress would have secured a hearing unless possessed of considerable ability. Miss O'Neill, who retired from the stage in 1819 at the age of twenty-eight, became Lady Wrixon-Becher, and was grandmother of the present baronet. She died in 1872.

The Macready family were certainly the naughtiest children imaginable. After a great deal of persuasion my mother unwillingly allowed me to know them for a time, then came what might have been a fearful tragedy for me. One of the Macready boys deliberately set fire to my dress, and I might easily have been burned to death. I never played with them again, and my mother, ever nervous, saw her fears confirmed by this incident. Henceforth I found my friendships with her grown-up friends, and I went through life under my father's wing, as she was generally too ill to take me about.

My parents did not visit the sins of the children on the father, and Macready remained a firm friend until his death.

In public he electrified his audience with extraordinary power. In domestic life he overawed and terrified his household as an autocrat who never ceased to be tragic even in his home. As I remember him, he was a man surrounded by a cloud of depression, largely due to financial worries and to the fact that his wife was an invalid. I have a letter from the first Mrs. Macready referring to me as a "little treasure." She wrote to my father in 1841 :

"My dear Mr. Ward,

"It has been proposed and is now in contemplation to render an act of justice long due to the memory of Mrs. Siddons by placing a bust of her in Westminster Abbey. It will be executed by Sir Francis Chantrey, and as this is a business in which my husband interests himself very warmly he wishes me to invite all our friends to be contributors. The subscription is limited to one guinea.

"I trust Mrs. Ward and yourself and little treasure are well. I need not tell you how sorry I am at not being able to call upon you for so long a time, sickness and grief having kept me a close prisoner, and with united regards to your fireside,

"Believe me, dear Mr. Ward,
"Yours very truly,
"Catherine Macready."

Mrs. Macready died in 1852, and her husband wrote to my father in reply to a letter of condolence on his loss :

"My full and perfect faith in the genuine and deep sorrow you and Mrs. Ward feel for me makes my thanks poor and weak in acknowledging your kind letter, and in endeavouring to express to you how sensible I am of your friendly sympathy. All who knew her whom I have in this world lost, will be able to form some estimate of the affliction allotted to me, but I am grateful to say there is not one bitter thought mingled in that cup of sorrow which it was the Almighty's wish should not pass from me. My sister unites with me in kindest regards to Mrs. Ward, and I remain, dear Mr. Ward,

"Ever your sincere friend,
"W. C. Macready."

CHARLES A. FECHTER.

CHARLES DICKENS.

99]

I wonder how many people remember Fechter, the actor ? After acting in Italy, Germany, and France, he came to London and quickly won his laurels on our stage. Physically a very fine man, in conversation he was brilliant, and gave the impression of great mental strength. I saw him thirteen times in *Hamlet*, in which Carlotta Leclercq played Ophelia, and night after night I went to see his celebrated love scene with Kate Terry in *The Duke's Motto*. I painted the miniature he wore as Hamlet, and I have still in my possession his Hamlet dress and fair wig, tied with a scarlet knot, which he gave me on leaving England. My husband had painted him in the costume.

If he had not been an actor he would have been a painter, and he would spend hours in my husband's studio discussing art.

We knew his wife and two children, one of whom was accidentally killed by his greatest friend. They were fighting a duel on the stage, and the button coming off his friend's foil, young Fechter was run through the heart.

A brief memory of some actors of a later date. Lady Freake, a clever and kind hostess, was so fond of acting that her husband in building a house added a theatre. She induced a Cambridge don to write a play based on the *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, and had it performed under her roof. George Alexander was the manager, and Sir Herbert and Lady Tree and Sam Brandram were among those who took part in it. There were many amusing incidents on the first night. Tree, in his Greek dress, was advancing down the stage when his tall helmet caught on something above, and he stumbled, his foot being entangled in a carpet.

Then a hero seated himself on a golden chair which collapsed, and a pair of heels were visible to the audience, mixed up with Greek beauties and dancing maidens. This was too much for the gravity of the audience, who began to giggle, and George Alexander, losing his temper, spoke to them sharply.

But a little while later Brandram had to advance and lead a lady forward with his arm round her waist. He made a movement towards my daughter, who was appearing in the piece, and realising his mistake, quite audibly said, " Oh no ! you're the wrong one," and proceeded to find the right lady. And a little ripple of laughter came from the audience.

Brandram could never be serious for long, and he upset my daughter's gravity by asking in a whisper, " What can you do when your nose tickles and you can't rub it ? "

Alexander took the play very seriously, and his manner was almost tragic, though tinged with shyness, as at a rehearsal he advanced to each lady in turn and asked an all-important question : " I am sorry to ask—please don't be offended—but I hear one lady is wearing a crinolette ? " I don't know if he found the culprit, but a crinolette worn with a Greek dress seems an anomaly.

On this occasion some cynical critic referred to the actors as the " Greek gods of Bayswater " !

CHAPTER VII

SPIRITUALISTIC EXPERIENCES

SPIRITUALISM, I notice, is much discussed at the present time. It takes me back to some psychic meetings held at Mr. S. Carter Hall's house, " The Rosery," at Brompton. Mr. Hall was the editor of *The Art Journal*. He and his wife knew all the celebrities of the day, and as they were both deeply interested in the occult they gathered round them many who were seeking to solve the mystery of " life beyond the grave." Lord Lytton was among the earnest inquirers. Prominent at the gatherings was Mr. Home, the great exponent of Spiritualism of that day. The Halls, who were entirely sincere in prosecuting their inquiries, thought very highly of him.

I was then, as I still am, a sceptic as regards Spiritualism. But I wanted to investigate for myself, and I was allowed to be present at several séances. Perhaps it was on account of my being " antagonistic " to the " influences " that nothing ever happened when I was present. When each experiment that they attempted failed, they said it was due to an " opposing " spirit, named " Rosebud," who was present among them. I accordingly withdrew, whereupon manifestations at once took place.

Mrs. Hall was a woman of great culture and high intelligence, and I am convinced she thoroughly believed the many strange things she said had really happened. She asserted that at a Good Friday séance, held in the Halls' drawing-room, they heard, as they sat there, strains of beautiful and very solemn music coming from the adjoining conservatory. The music was followed by a knocking, "like nails being driven into wood"; and then, after an interval, came "the most triumphant burst of music of a joyous character." Mrs. Hall stated that a complete search was made in the conservatory, but nothing could be found to throw light on the mystery. It seemed to me a very material and distasteful exhibition, and a most unconvincing one; I attributed it to jugglery on the part of Mr. Home. Nor could I accept the story that they had seen him fly out of one window and in at another, rise to the ceiling and there make a pencil mark, pointed out to me, "to convince the sceptics."

A woman used to act as medium at Mr. Home's demonstrations. I remember she required two glasses of port and two of some other beverage before she began her work. I did once see an exhibition of "table-turning," when an extremely heavy oak table meandered across the room and just stopped short of going through the window. My husband was one night dining with Mr. Hall and Lord Lytton, and after dinner saw a demonstration in which mysterious voices played a great part. It puzzled him a good deal, but he was unconvinced that the thing was genuine, and attributed it solely to the skilful trickery of Mr. Home.

Daniel Douglas Home was certainly a character worthy to be enshrined in fiction. Born in 1833, he was reputed to be an illegitimate grandson of the tenth Earl of Home, his mother being of Highland birth. His early days were spent in America, and perhaps he found the people on the other side of the Atlantic too incredulous to believe in the psychic powers he claimed as his own. Anyway, he came to Europe in the 'fifties, and was received with open arms in Prussia and by the King of Würtemberg. He was also welcomed in the salons of Madrid, Vienna, and Constantinople, and received an enthusiastic reception in Russia, whose peoples have ever been steeped in ignorant superstition. Here he ingratiated himself into favour with the nobles, and married Alexandrina, youngest daughter of the Count de Kroll, who was a goddaughter of the Czar. When Home paid a visit to Italy, Elizabeth Barrett Browning referred to him as her *protégé* " prophet," he was fêted and fussed over by women, and had a large following of men. Robert Browning, however, had a positive antipathy to him, and his poem, " Mr. Sludge the Medium," did not add to Daniel Home's renown :

> Sweet and clean, dining daintily, dizened smart,
> Set on a stool buttressed by ladies' knees,
> Every soft smiler calling me her pet.

After Home's wife was dead, many of his patrons having fallen off, he took a room in Sloane Street, which he called the Spiritual Athenæum, where he became secretary to a society of one hundred five-guinea subscribers. One of his clients, an old Victorian widow, became fascinated with him, and being persuaded that the " Spirits had decided he was her son," forthwith bestowed no less than £24,000 as a free gift, then adopted him, and Home took her name in addition to his own. He became Home-Lyon. In all he gained £60,000 through this lady, with expectation of a still larger fortune.

Home, however, tired of being in constant attendance on the old dame, and went abroad, where he wrote asking her to join him. On this the lady consulted her lawyer, and Home was arrested. The money was untouched, and he at once returned it, and was released next day. The case came before the Court of Chancery. It was heard by the fashionable crowd who had known the chief actor well, many being still sympathetic towards him.

Home claimed that the old lady had wanted to marry him, and because he refused had demanded back her money. He declared that he was directly under the domination of "spirits," who also dictated the curious things that occurred at his séances. He was pressed by the judge to give a demonstration of his occult powers in Court, but he only said he could not do so. The trial ended against him. He retained a considerable number of his followers until the craze for such matters had been supplanted by a greater novelty.

Though I frequently met Mr. Home at the Carter Halls', and he tried to ingratiate himself with my husband, I always felt a strong mistrust of him and his theories, and never received him at my house. I see that history has repeated itself. Spiritualism is very much in evidence again, and I attribute it to the fact that many thousands of young lives have been cut off by the War, and fathers, mothers, and wives in the desolation of their bereavement have snatched at anything, no matter how wild and illogical, in the hope of securing some channel of communication with those they have loved and lost. That they will ever succeed in this world I greatly doubt. Nor can I believe we were ever intended to do this. I have seen the attempt to cross the "great gulf fixed," and it only leads to sorrow and disappointment. The Psalmist of grand vision spoke with certainty: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me," and Tennyson, conjuring up a picture of the possibility, says it would make

> Confusion worse than death and shake
> The pillars of domestic peace.

One of Mr. Home's devoted adherents was Mrs. Milner Gibson, a member of a family notably interested in metaphysics. Among the guests who assembled at her large parties was Charles Dickens, who would always watch the strange psychical doings with curiosity, and without being in the least persuaded to believe in them. Mrs. Milner Gibson had lost a little daughter, and she declared she daily received manifestations of her actual presence. She even went so far as to say that her child " brought her fresh bunches of flowers at her parties." As it gave her great comfort to believe this, her friends never tried to shake her confidence, which amounted to an obsession. The funny part was that in that darkened room on warm summer evenings footmen glided in and out with trays of iced drinks all the time, whilst Mrs. Milner Gibson was wrapped up in her attempts to speak to her daughter in another world. She was related to Mr. Gibson Bowles, editor of *Vanity Fair*, who died recently.

Mr. Samuel Carter Hall was a man possessing great force of character, with a strong personality. He qualified as a barrister, established *The Art Journal* against many obstacles, and succeeded in making it the leading authority on current Art. He edited it for many years. Though some said that Charles Dickens took the character of " Pecksniff " from him, I never could see any resemblance. He had long silvery hair, prominent black eyebrows, and he wore an old-fashioned white frill to his shirt front. He was always trying to make friends with my children, but his methods were odd and they all cordially detested him. He would try to amuse them by making hideous grimaces, and if he could succeed in catching hold of one of the boys he would tickle him till the little victim would end by bursting into tears.

His usual remark to them was not encouraging: "A kiss for the girls and a box on the ears for the boys," a threat he proceeded playfully to carry out. My daughter Bee, as a little girl, would hide away to avoid the kiss, and said the boys were more to be envied than the girls.

His credulity with regard to Mr. Home was pathetic. One day my husband arrived at "The Rosery" and found Mr. Hall in a state of ecstasy. "You've just missed dear Daniel," he said. "He floated in triumph in through the window, round the house, and out again, and I don't doubt the day will come when he will float round St. Paul's!" And he believed it thoroughly. Edward painted his portrait, now in my possession.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, an Irishwoman, was a great philanthropist. Her activities in relieving distress and giving a helping hand to those who were down were endless. She enlisted Jenny Lind's sympathies, so that she sang at concerts, the proceeds going to her friend's great projects. When my husband painted "The Disgrace of Clarendon," now in the Tate Gallery, Mrs. Hall sat for one of the figures.

About this time I met Jenny Lind at "The Rosery," she being a special friend of the Halls. She told me that when she stayed with Mrs. Grote, the historian's wife, at East Burnham, she often went to Burnham Beeches to practise her singing in the open air and sunshine. What a picture it would have made! The singer of the world-wide fame singing as naturally as the nightingales to whom she was often compared. In person, Jenny Lind was very ordinary-looking, strongly built, and homely in appearance. She was, however, a woman of sterling merits, and, whilst possessing the artistic temperament, she had a rare amount of good sense and balance to counteract its defects.

Her friend Mrs. Grote was gifted in Art and an accomplished scholar. With a large share of business capacity she managed her husband's affairs well, he having a fortune in landed property. Her early life was a romantic one, and her marriage, when she was young and beautiful, a love match which never waned. Her main interest in life was her gifted husband's work, but she wrote too, and her *Life of Grote* is a very complete work of merit. She and her husband were devoted to music, which they thoroughly understood. Grote himself was generally engrossed in his literary work, the great history being almost a life's labour. Whenever I met him I was struck by his extremely modest estimate of his own powers, but I noted the fire of enthusiasm in his face when certain great social questions of the day were being discussed. What he gave out to the world was through his books.

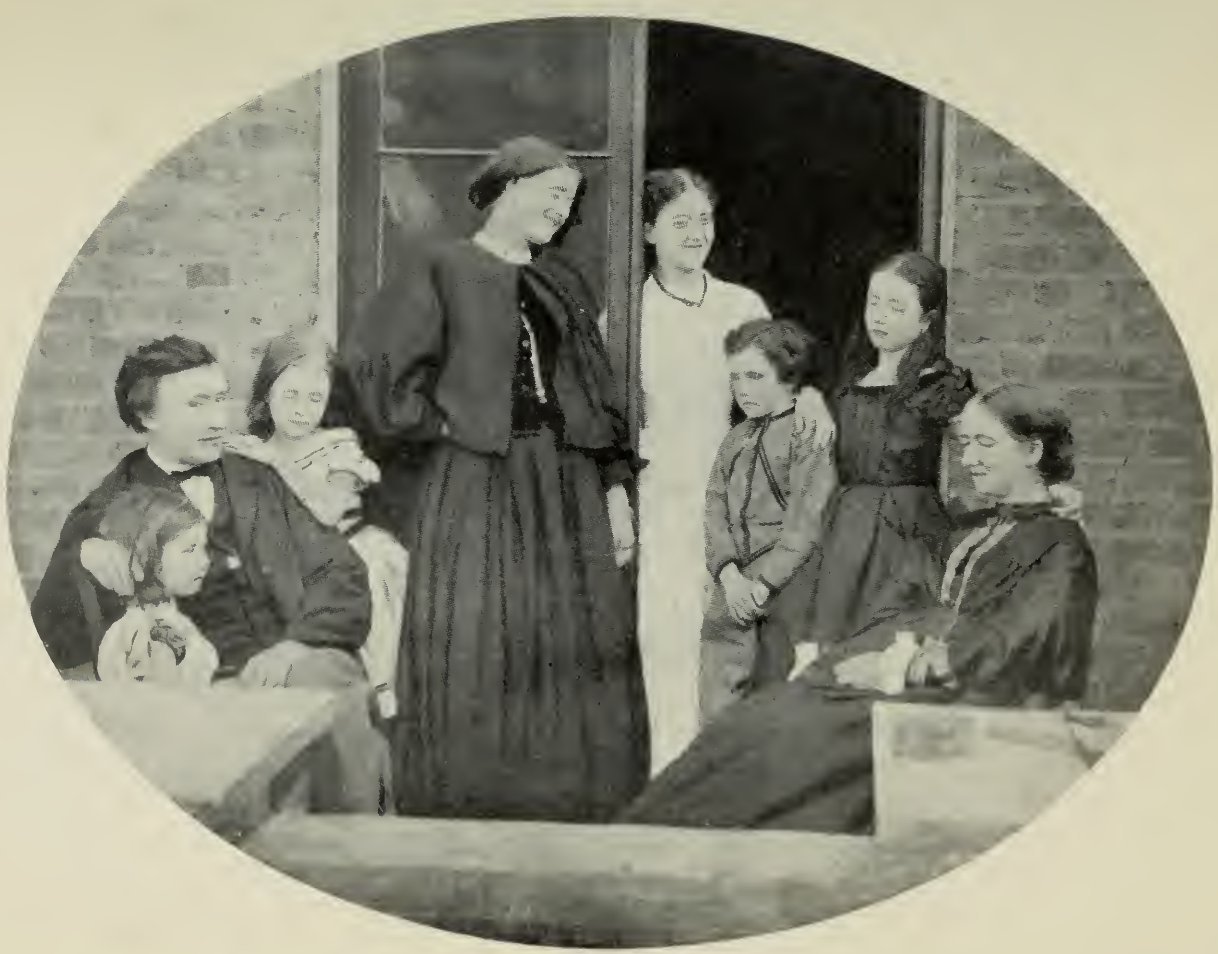
Mrs. Craik, the writer, was one of the many friends we used to meet at "The Rosery." She was a most brilliant conversationalist, even amongst the Halls' famous circle. Though very frail in appearance she had a wonderful vitality and high spirits, and she was very benevolent. Once when she was crossing a common she heard a child crying, and after searching about in the gorse and bracken she discovered a tiny infant, which she carried to her home and adopted. The child grew into a charming girl and proved a great blessing to her benefactress, eventually marrying.

I remember meeting Ruskin at a dinner party at "The Rosery," where he was in his most urbane mood, and discoursed eloquently on a number of subjects besides Art. He mentioned his own books very tentatively, and said: "I know I have a way of sentencing my words which tells with the public more than my knowledge of Art." We often saw him at the Academy, where his conversation would be listened to with the deepest attention, but it always seemed to me that he excelled in word-painting rather than in a profound knowledge of any subject. His mistakes about such supremely great masters as Michael Angelo and Tintoretto were unforgivable.

The great J. M. W. Turner was personally known to few people. I often saw him in his old age, his bent and wizened little figure shuffling along to the Academy, where I was first introduced to him by my husband. He lived, at times, in a cottage on the Thames near Chelsea, with the broad, shimmering river before his view, with the atmospheric effects he loved so well. In character he was grumpy, morose, and eccentric, possessing few of those qualities that are generally the heritage of the genius. He was known to his neighbours in Chelsea as "Admiral Booth," but when he died the secret leaked out that the morose and eccentric "sea captain" was the famous painter.

We knew Sir Arthur Sullivan from the age of eighteen. My earliest memory of him dates from the time when his operette *The Tempest* was produced at the Crystal Palace for the first time. My husband was present, and when he returned back he remarked to me: "That young fellow will do, he is a genius." He sprang into fame very quickly, and success followed success until his death. He became a frequent visitor at our house, where he composed part of the music for *Patience.*

Some years after my daughter Beatrice was playing the violin at a village concert, and Sir Arthur happened to be present. It was a primitive place, and no music-stand had been provided. Sir Arthur promptly stood and held the music for her whilst she played. Later on she was awarded one of his scholarships at the National Training School of Music, and another from



MR. AND MRS. TERRY WITH THEIR TALENTED FAMILY.

From a photograph taken by Lewis Carroll.

Mr. Morley at the Royal College of Music. The last portrait taken of Sir Arthur Sullivan was a pastel by Beatrice, which was exhibited at the Crystal Palace, and Sir Arthur left it to his nephew.

One of our friends was Thomas Creswick, R.A., a man of many adventures. I recollect his telling me that once when he was painting the canal at Windsor a huge bargee came up and after glaring at the canvas remarked : " You—you ought to be ashamed of yourself wasting your time on such trash, when the likes of we have to work hard." He looked so brutal and savage that Creswick feared he meditated an attack, so he solemnly assured him that he worked very hard indeed, but having a little spare time on his hands he was only amusing himself. " It is harmless," he explained, " if a trifle foolish." Creswick added : " It had the desired effect, but if I had only hinted at the price I anticipated my despised canvas would fetch, it is more than likely I should have rued the consequences !"

I knew the Terry family when they were children, and a winsome, lovely family they were. Tom Taylor first told me about them. Ellen was then sixteen, with fair hair that waved all over her head, and expressive grey eyes, ever changing as the mood seized her. Kate, as lively and fascinating, used to come to see me in a sealskin jacket and cap. Fred was a child thoughtful beyond his years ; dressed in a picturesque black velvet suit with lace frills, a red sash, and black silk stockings and shoes. I have a photograph of the Terrys taken some years later. The centre of the group is Ellen, a smile on her bonnie face. Kate's hand rests on little Fred to keep him still ; he looks rather solemn in his fancy suit and long hair. Near the wall is Flossie, leaning against her mother. Dear little Flossie died early.

Mrs. Terry looks rather sad. Mr. Terry has Marion leaning on his shoulder. He looks like a typical actor. What a family of genius! Where did they get their powers from? Mr. Terry and his wife were not extraordinary. They brought up their children with the greatest care. All were christened and confirmed, and used to attend church on Sunday regularly. I often saw them coming through the Park, a very united family. They knew Lewis Carroll very well, and James Sant, R.A., both of whom delighted in their fresh and original ideas, their vision, their wit, their powers of mimicry. This photograph I have mentioned was taken on Sant's housetop by Lewis Carroll.

As to their powers of mimicry, after some funny exhibition at one of our parties we began to speculate as to how far our own little peculiarities would be treasured up and brought forth in due time. Merriment reigned wherever the Terrys went, each playing into the other's hands, till the room would be in a roar of laughter. And with all they were so polite and innocent and so demure as to prove irresistible to those who had lost their own first fine careless rapture. Kate was her mother's helper, selfless, and useful at needlework and home duties, despite her genius for acting. We were very fond of Kate, and I once took her to the Private View of the Royal Academy. I was busy talking to friends and had forgotten my young charge, when a man I knew came up, and on hearing that I was chaperoning her said gravely: "I think you ought to look after that young lady. I have just seen her walking about with a man's arm round her waist." I lost no time in seeking for my charge, and saw one of the prettiest pictures imaginable, not on the R.A. walls, however. There was Kate and her young-looking father, whom she had met in the crowd, and he had his arm about her waist as they went round the room, wrapped up in each other and the pictures they were busily discussing. How they talked to each other, and their animated and intelligent interest seemed such a contrast to the normal languid and superficial comments I heard as I watched these two, father and daughter, both real artists, though not in terms of paint. Needless to say, I did not disturb them.

Kate's appearance on the stage was a signal success from the start. Mrs. Kean recognised her early talent, and took her under her wing and trained her. But with all the Terrys histrionic art was always there, and the task must have been comparatively easy. All they required was scope to express their real genius. Kate rose to the greatest heights when she acted with Fechter in *The Duke's Motto*. He was surely the greatest actor I have ever seen. But Kate's career on the stage was cut short when she became engaged to Mr. Arthur Lewis. She retired before her marriage. It was in 1867 that we saw her act for the last time in public, and witnessed an ovation at the New Adelphi that I shall never forget. *The Times* recorded the amazing scene when she was recalled again and again, "the long and continued plaudits of the crowd." *Punch* broke into verse with the following lines :

> She has passed from us just as the goal she had sighted
> From the top of the ladder reached fairly at last.
> With the laurels still springing, no leaf of them blighted,
> And a fortune—how bright—may be gauged by her past.
>
> May this rhyme, kindly meant as it is, not offend her,
> All fragrant with flowers be the path of her life ;
> May the joy she has given in blessing attend her,
> And the happiest part be the part of "The Wife."

I think *Punch's* good wishes were decidedly fulfilled. She seemed to be quite contented to retire from the stage, and her life in later years was as fragrant and beautiful as her earliest promise in girlhood. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis gathered round them many famous people, and their lovely home, Moray Lodge, Campden Hill, was famous for its splendour and refinement. King Edward, then Prince of Wales, visited them on more than one occasion.

Mr. Lewis has passed away, but I met Kate in later years until her death in 1923. She was just the same fine character as when I first knew her.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CLERGY AND ART

ARTISTS appear to possess a peculiar attraction to some people. A deep curiosity exists to see the inner workings of studio life, and I have often been amused, and sometimes irritated, by this trait in those who obviously are without a trace of artistic feeling. At one of our " Private Views " we noticed two young men amongst the invited guests, who pleased me by their appearance and address, and their enthusiasm for Edward's art. Edward afterwards asked me who they were ? To which I replied " I was just going to ask you, for I have never seen them before." We were puzzled to think where we had met them, and the next morning a letter came containing an abject apology for the liberty they had taken in coming to our house uninvited, but they could not resist a heavy bet offered them that they would not carry the adventure through. We never found out who they were.

The Clerical Persuasion were very fond of Edward, and I remember a Vicar of Bloomsbury, an extraordinary character, was attached to him. He was always quarrelling with his relatives, and wrote a book telling his disappointments in prose and verse. He loved art, and got a picture or two accepted at the Royal Academy. One day as he was hastening to church, wearing a long cloak, as was the fashion then, he spied an artist friend just entering the church, and drawing him aside, he hastily pulled out the picture concealed under his cloak, to get an opinion about it. The discussion proved entrancing, and suddenly he realised his duties and bolted up the aisle. This picture afterwards appeared on the Royal Academy walls.

He preached at Slough Church on one occasion, and came to our house afterwards. Hearing that I was ill he brought his sermon and read it to me. A very splendid address it was. He then began to tell us of a visit he had paid to the country, where he had become infatuated by the beauty of a young milkmaid. After he had expatiated at great length on her many charms, he got up to show us how she tripped gaily across the meadows studded with buttercups. As he happened to be very fat and stodgy, with a large round red face, an exceedingly ugly one, the effect upon us of seeing him mincing round the room was too much for our gravity. All the while he was tripping, he kept up a flow of words about the joy of the novel experience (to him) of rising early on a lovely summer morning, to watch the lightness of the maiden's step he strove so hard to imitate for our benefit. Edward, who had such an appreciation of the ludicrous, never forgot this exhibition, and often imitated him for my amusement.

Another clergyman made me his confidant and sought advice as to the best way to win the lady of his affections. He stated that she was not averse to him, but her mother was against his suit. I advised him to have no fear of "mamma," but to persevere. He would sit by me, as I worked at my easel, giving glowing descriptions of the lady I had never seen, and he never tired, but I did. They eventually married, and she became one of my greatest friends.

My memories would be incomplete without a reference to the Rev. J. M. Bellew, the vicar of

St. Mark's, St. John's Wood, a famous preacher, who had a special attraction for children. We used to walk a long way on Sundays for the sheer joy of hearing his remarkable sermons. Mr. Bellew possessed not only great powers of intellect and oratory, but a dramatic and handsome appearance, with his splendid head, the grey eyes of a visionary, and a wonderful voice, capable of many shades of modulation, which he had cultivated to a fine art. He knew Fechter and taught him elocution. Mr. Bellew's Shakespearean readings were superb.

He was quite a dandy in his dress and used to wear lavender kid gloves in the pulpit, and the old-fashioned lawn bands of the finest material, spotlessly white. In those days the Roman collar was never worn by the clergy in the Church of England. He was fond of rowing, and when we stayed at his home, " Riverside," at Maidenhead, he often rowed us up to Windsor. He once requisitioned our party to patronise an entertainment for some charity at Maidenhead, and we turned out in full force to please him. It happened to be a play, very badly acted, by performers who had not even studied their parts, and the piano wanted tuning badly. The hero was a stick, and the heroine elderly and ugly. Mr. Bellew and my husband were so disgusted with the general incompetency that they appeared as if wrapped in sleep, but I felt sorry for the actors, who were striving to do their best, and I whispered to Edward that he was to encourage their efforts with applause. I set the example by clapping vigorously, and to my amusement everybody responded; and the poor actors seemed to liven up under this novel experience to them, and actually improved. The local paper was busy after this with an account of the splendid entertainment that had been held—and its success.

Mr. Bellew unfortunately became enamoured with the Romish Church, with its extreme pageantry, that appealed to his histrionic leanings, and both he and his wife seceded from the Church of England and joined the Church of Rome eventually. He was an unconventional man, possessing the artistic temperament to a marked degree, but he was a thoroughly good man, and it was nothing short of a tragedy that he possessed a double—who was the reverse—so like him in appearance that it would be difficult to know them apart. Poor Mr. Bellew found that his enemies were quite anxious to assume that he was his double—and vice versa. It was unfortunate and most perplexing. But his friends were able to discriminate, and never doubted him. Mr. Bellew knew many of the artistic fraternity, amongst others accomplished Albert Smith, the entertainer. I remember he described Albert Smith's wedding to us, and his procrastination on that eventful day. Albert Smith married a daughter of Mrs. Keeley; and as the ceremony at that time had to be performed before 12 a.m., unless a special licence were procured, Mr. Bellew and the bride-elect grew more and more tired of waiting, and more and more alarmed because the bridegroom tarried! At last fear of some calamity having happened made Mr. Bellew withdraw from the church and hastily seek Albert Smith at his house. Here he found him, seated at ease, reading a newspaper. Mr. Bellew did not spare him, but dragged him into a cab, and by dint of hurrying succeeded in just getting the service through in time.

I have always liked the clerical profession and look upon them as a body of good and devoted men, separated from the world by their ideals, taking them all round better than most professions. James Fleming, Canon of St. Paul's and of York Minster, and the Vicar of St. Michael's, Chester Square, was pre-eminently a saintly character. He used to be called "the silver-tongued canon," a man of great powers of oratory, a gentle persuasive teacher. He was a courtier as well, chaplain to Queen Victoria. When we visited him in residence at York Minster, he took us very soon round his Minster, describing its history with enthusiasm. Mrs. Fleming, who was with me, drew my attention soon to the Canon, who had stooped to pick up a ragged urchin in his arms, and was carrying him round. "Look at him," said his wife laughing. "He loves children so much that he can't resist them." The Canon was a great Protestant, and he told me that a bigoted Romanist had met him that day outside the Minster and angrily demanded: "How long is the Minster going to remain outside the possession of Rome?" "How long?" said the Canon; "just as long as there is an open Bible in England, my friend!" This reply disconcerted the man, and silenced him. Canon Fleming did untold good in the cause of temperance, it being one of his strong points; though he was the exemplification of St. Paul's advice—to be "all things to all men that I might save some"—he never hesitated to denounce sin in strong terms. It was impossible to get a seat at St. Michael's after the service had begun, and chairs were occupying all the aisles. He knew Macready well, and was taught elocution by him—and Canon Fleming, I remember, read the service when the actor died.

Mrs. Fleming was his devoted partner and co-worker in all his projects, and when he lost her, life was never the same for him. It was a time of probation. I don't think any clergyman was ever more beloved by his congregation. I was present on the last occasion when he preached, and as he concluded his touching address he gazed round the church, as if thinking he was seeing it for the last time.

Baring-Gould, the writer, was another clerical friend of mine. I remember the sunny hours spent at his lovely house at Lew-Trenchard, and his German garden. He married a young Yorkshire woman, and had a large family of children. He made a collection of Devonshire "Folk Songs," which his family used to sing for my benefit, my daughter Enid playing the accompaniment. His church was very quaint and most interesting. Baring-Gould, versatile and original in his many gifts, surpassed them all by his books, which he preferred to write standing. He reveals the heart and character of the Devonians better than any writer I know.

One of the most interesting men I have ever met was Cardinal Manning. He took me in to dinner one evening, at the house of Mr. George Richmond, R.A., and I was so fascinated by his conversation that I was completely carried away by his mesmeric personality. Mr. Richmond, I remember, laughed at me afterwards for falling under the spell, and declared that the Cardinal would succeed in making me a Catholic. As it happened, on my being introduced to him I did not catch his name, and as we conversed, I felt more and more puzzled as to who he could be as he discoursed brilliantly on many topics. The Cardinal was astute, and divining my wish, skilfully gratified it. A card with the name of each guest was on the table, but I could not see his name as it was out of my reach. He therefore flicked it carelessly, without appearing to do so, till it got near enough for me to read. Soon after, he introduced the subject nearest his heart, and carried on his propaganda which he never lost sight of. I recollect that the Cardinal told me that he was concentrating all his efforts towards a twofold end : to bring about the conversion of England to the Roman Catholic Faith, and to build a Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster.

He said that the steeple or dome "would be so exceedingly high that it should be visible from all parts of London." At that time a general feeling for Protestantism was largely prevalent, and I thought it a vain boast. When I told my husband afterwards what Cardinal Manning had said, he replied: "He will never manage to do either."

Yet the Cardinal accomplished the building of the Cathedral, considered by many experts to be a wonderful piece of architecture, the dome being built from the inside, instead of from the outside. Personally, though I know that many artists do not agree with my opinion, I have never admired the materialisation of Cardinal Manning's dream. The cathedral is a gloomy, heavy design, not at all in keeping with the buildings of Westminster, which, I hope, will never give place to others to match the cathedral.

A picture I painted, exhibited in 1866, was one of the most popular, and certainly one of my best efforts—"Palissy the Potter." Palissy was a French potter who was so keen an artist that he plunged his family into abject poverty in trying to discover the secret of a certain kind of china called "Majolica." He was in sight of success, for which he and his wife had waited many months, when the furnace, which had been lighted, ceased to work, and the result of all his toil and genius showed deformed pieces of clay, quite valueless.

In my picture the unhappy potter is gazing at his ruined works on the floor, whilst his daughter tries to comfort him. His wife is angrily glaring at him, and his children look on in wonder. It was sold at the Academy Exhibition, and when the Leicester Art Gallery bought it on the death of the purchaser, the Directors wrote to say that they had been obliged to hang it in a subdued light as there were several cracks in it.

As I always use the best paint I was horrified to hear this, and after examining the picture I concluded that it had been badly varnished after it left my hands. I suggested to the Secretary of the Leicester Art Gallery that I should pay half the cost of having it repaired if they would defray the other half. They refused, declaring that the fault was mine, and that I ought to have repaired it at my own expense. The dispute came to the knowledge of Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, M.P., a patron of the Arts, who wrote me a letter to say that it was a shame to allow such a representative work of mine to go to rack and ruin, and he would be happy to have it repaired at his own expense. It was beautifully restored by Haines, and it hangs in the Leicester Gallery to-day in all its original freshness.

One of the greatest patrons of Art was Sir Richard Wallace, who was a remarkably handsome man. The most munificent gift ever made to the nation was that of Hertford House in Manchester Square, with its magnificent and priceless Art treasures. I knew Sir Richard Wallace, the owner of Hertford House, and Lady Wallace very well, and the history of how it was twice offered to the nation is interesting. Sir Richard had an only son who disappointed his parents by marrying against their wishes. Sir Richard, therefore, left the house and collection to Lady Wallace unconditionally. She offered it to the nation, but it was declined on the grounds of the enormous amount of money which would have to be expended in connection with it, but later, on her death, the nation accepted the gift, and it is rightly regarded as one of the greatest national treasures. Sir Richard Wallace was the illegitimate son of the fourth Marquis of Hertford, who collected most of the works of art in what is now known as the Wallace Collection.

CHAPTER IX

LIFE AT KENT VILLA

MRS. FRY, the great Quaker philanthropist, accomplished her life's work before my time, but her fame was still ringing when I was young. I was impressed by her mission of mercy to unfortunates, and I painted a picture called " Mrs. Fry visiting Newgate, 1818."

Prison life to-day is a very different thing from what it was in 1818. Sad and grim and severe it must always be, or it would fail as a deterrent to criminals. But in 1818 it presented an aspect which was nothing short of terrible. People were herded together under dreadfully insanitary conditions, irrespective of the different degrees of crime—in fact, many who were merely the innocent victims of circumstances were there, and many who had never deserved such a cruel fate.

All these facts crowded into my mind and induced me to depict as realistic a presentment as I could gather. Mrs. Fry was the forerunner of the woman of to-day who champions liberty and hope for herself and for everyone. She ran the gauntlet of much criticism, and received scant praise at the time for her merciful actions. She was a woman of strong principles, possessing a fine brain, a great heart, with the independence of mind that ignores all opinions.

Mary Sanderson, her friend, who afterwards became Mrs. Fox, used her persuasive powers, as well as the gaoler, to induce her to refrain from entering Newgate.

All traditions were against the sheltered woman of the upper classes ever seeing or knowing the real state of such heartrending facts. But for once conventionality was to receive a shock. Mrs. Fry was determined to probe to the depths of humanity's miseries, not from any curiosity, but because she had realised the truth of vital Christianity she took literally those glowing words: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

Spirits were sold at Newgate to anyone who had the money to pay for them. The pewter pot painted in my picture came from Newgate. I have it now as a memento. Sir George Richmond painted a portrait of Mrs. Fry, which enabled me to represent her just as she must have appeared then.

Her daughter, who was then living, gave me some of the accessories for the dress, and a Quakeress made the bonnet. In 1876 I exhibited "Mrs. Fry," and I was amused at the number of letters it brought forth, full of criticism. One wrote that no Quakeress would "possess such a disgraceful thing as a scarlet Bible. And thus to malign Mrs. Fry was unpardonable." The Bible, which belonged to Mrs. Fry, had been lent to me by her daughter, and it showed by many marked passages how carefully it had been studied. Another said: "If only I had known you were going to paint Mrs. Fry I would have sent you the right headgear." I had chosen the regulation bonnet with Miss Fry's approbation. She also sent her mother's shawl, a lock of her hair, and some roses from the conservatory, for Mrs. Fry believed in giving the prisoners flowers from this same plant; she said they proved a means of softening their hearts and giving them a vision of beauty. The picture was engraved and then stolen, and afterwards found at a pawnbroker's. I recovered it and sold it to America. I received ever so many letters asking for impressions. It was reproduced by the Fine Art Society many times.

Mrs. Fry's daughter once told me that though they loved and respected her they also stood in great awe of her, for she was a majestic and severe personality to them. Consequently, when she was receiving some great deputation on an important occasion, she arrived in her dignified fashion and ascended a flight of stairs with becoming majesty, and as she walked forward to welcome her guests her entire family noted a long trailing garter well in evidence, but they were far too frightened of her to take her aside and tell her of it.

Edward assisted the late Duke of Albany with his designs for the Windsor Tapestry Works, a scheme to revive tapestry as an industry. He designed cartoons for Sir Christopher Sykes's staircase in Hill Street, and his famous one of the "Battle of Aylesford" is now in Lord Brassey's possession. He worked by turns in oil, water-colour, fresco, and black and white.

A ludicrous incident connected with his picture "Luther's First Study of the Bible" occurs to me. My husband painted it for his own pleasure, as the subject attracted him. Luther saw the chained Bible in the monastery, curiosity led him to look into it, and he became so fascinated that he read it again and again. Gradually his vision grew with his earnest desire to fathom Spiritual Truth, until he emerged out of the darkness of error into the glorious light which led to the "Great Reformation" of the Church of England. Then followed the doctrine of "Justification by Faith." One morning a gentleman called on my husband, and after requesting to see this picture he at once offered to purchase it. Edward agreed to sell it, and the man departed, only to return soon after to make a stipulation. He wanted to know if he might bring a large cart to the door, and have a triumphal procession through the streets, in which my husband and I were to have seats in the cart, with the picture beside us, unveiled for all to see, and we were to drive round London to its destination, the "Bible House"! The proposal only incensed my husband greatly. He became very angry as the purchaser alternately argued, pleaded, and demanded the procession as a right. Knowing how his time was being wasted I hastened to pour oil on the troubled waters, and finally succeeded in getting rid of the man. But he reappeared again and again, and I had to give orders he was on no account to be allowed to see my husband, as it disturbed him too much. The picture was bought and presented to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and I last saw it with Canon Fleming, when he took me to see the "Bible House" in the City.

In my young days most people would have agreed with Mrs. Collins that a wife and mother had no right to be a practitioner in paint, and I think in most households it would have been rendered impossible by the husband's and relations' combined antagonism to the idea. Edward was greatly in advance of his age in broadmindedness, and this fact spurred me on to success. My work required great concentration, and orders were strictly enforced that I was not to be disturbed during certain hours of the day. And Edward observed the rule, being also immersed in his own artistic problems quite to the exclusion of the whole world. But there were exceptions: I was occasionally confronted by an alarmed servant coming to tell me of a domestic tragedy; some knotty point that could only be solved by the mistress of the house.

One morning when I was wrapped up in my work the door slowly opened, and Edward, with a white face, announced, "I am dying!" I sprang up in alarm exclaiming: "What do you mean?" He said he had mistaken a bottle of benzine for the tonic he had been ordered to take by the doctor, and in his absent-minded way had helped himself to a wrong dose. Though I was dreadfully frightened I summoned up all my fortitude, and seeing the alarmed face of a servant looking in at the doorway, I managed to convey the order to go for the doctor, without Edward's knowledge. The benzine bottle was examined and I calmed his fears as best I could, till two doctors arrived—they gave him an antidote and he recovered.

After our great anxiety we held a little thanksgiving service at which we offered up our gratitude that his life had been spared. I recollect that this incident happened on the day that Edward's picture of Luther was to be presented to the "Bible House," and we had all arranged to be present. I always attributed the mistake he made in taking the wrong medicine to be due to the fact that he had been greatly worried by the life-sized picture of Luther.

At this period Edward painted "Amy Robsart and Leicester at Cumnor Hall" and the "Marriage between little Ann Mowbray and the Duke of York." In the 'seventies came "Anne Boleyn," "Doctor Goldsmith," "The Return from Flight of Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette," and his last picture, "The Eve of St. Bartholomew." My husband was always a strenuous worker, and a long day's work had been completed before he allowed himself the necessary recreation at the close of the day. He would be in his studio at 6 a.m., where he would concentrate so fully on what he was engaged upon as to forget everything else. At half-past eight we breakfasted, after which he scanned the newspaper, whilst I went to the kitchen and nursery in turn before settling down to my painting till lunch, which used to be served in our respective studios. After the children's dinner in the nursery Edward would spend half an hour playing with them, and when I went in I would find him drawing pictures for their amusement or playing bears. Great would have been their grief if he had failed to appear, as it was their great time.

To encourage them in a love of art I used to allow my two elder daughters to paint on the lower corners of my canvas, and the three of us would solemnly and silently work away on my picture for the next Academy. Then, as my work grew, theirs had to disappear, but they felt very important while doing it, and as they grew older I provided them with canvas and easels, with the result that both exhibited later at the Royal Academy.

I had one tragic result through allowing my children in my studio. I was painting a picture called "The Birthday," and Enid, then two and a half, was the model catching hold of a box of sweets lying on a table, on which was also the "Birthday Present." I crossed the studio to look out of the window, hearing a carriage drive up, and on my return to my easel found, to my dismay, that she had industriously removed all my painting, having vigorously rubbed it all over with a paint rag, besides having decorated herself and her pinafore very thoroughly in her efforts.

It was my husband's idea that we should celebrate every year my birthday on June 1 with an excursion to the Crystal Palace in a private omnibus. It was a big undertaking, and the special young friends of the children used to be invited. Edward and I sat inside the vehicle with the girls; the young Bensons, the Yateses, and Lehmanns, and the boys rode outside in charge of the servants. We took hampers of delicacies which had to include ducks and fowls, salad, new potatoes, asparagus, green peas, great raspberry and cherry tarts, and cream—for nothing short of a sumptuous feast would satisfy my family on these occasions. A private room used to be given us for luncheon by one of the Directors of the Palace, and here we entertained our boisterous young company bubbling over with merriment. It was considered the rule for all to amuse themselves as they liked, and I found my children used to scamper off first to see the gigantic models of prehistoric animals, which enchained their fancy and seemed to have a fearsome fascination for the whole party. As the Palace is a famous place to lose children in, I used to fasten my two girls together with a long piece of ribbon, so that at least they would not be separated if they missed the party, and to make up for this temporary likeness to Siamese Twins each was rewarded with sixpence. I suppose every mother thinks her children abnormally good and sensible. I believe I may truthfully say I found mine well up to the average, and on these occasions they gave us no anxiety. My husband, who had the "childlike spirit," used to become "a boy amongst his boys," and for the entire day would keep up an endless flow of fun and nonsense to amuse us. It was this same happy disposition that endeared him to many friends; indeed, he was universally loved by all who knew him, and friends of his own generation were always anxious to secure him in their midst at dinners and social gatherings, where he would keep the ball of wit and conversation tossing backwards and forwards. His charm of voice and manner, added to intellectual powers and unfailing tact, made him welcome among such men as Thackeray, Dickens, Hallam, Macaulay, Lord Lytton, and the late Lord Stanhope.

In worldly matters my husband was like a child, a trait that I believe most artists share. He knew nothing about commercial matters, and trusted his business to me entirely. He would be touched by any case of distress and hasten to alleviate it if the person who told the tale was only plausible enough. He trusted his fellow-creatures to the last day of his life, and gave liberally to many who were mere rogues, believing always that they were as himself, single-minded and incapable of evil. He was scrupulous, just, and firm in what he deemed right ; hasty in his temper, the next minute it would have passed like a summer cloud. His absence of mind used to amuse us heartily when I first knew him, and I remember after he had spent the evening at our house we heard a timid knock, and there he stood holding a long white antimacassar in his hands, which he told us he had found adorning his coat when he arrived home.

When we were living at Slough I saw on the lawn two slips of thin paper, and as they looked untidy I went to remove them. It was well that I did so. They proved to be two important Shares that had been sent him from Coutts's. Another time when going to stay with friends at Preston, he took with him forty pounds. On arriving he emptied his pockets to dress for dinner, and found that he had put the money down at the station to get some small change, and had forgotten it. Fortunately the clerk was an honest man and restored it immediately.

My eldest son was like his father in regard to carelessness over money. His first commission given him by Frith was paid with a cheque which Leslie at once threw into the fire. He was horrified at what he had done, and when Frith was informed of it he coolly said : " Ah, none but a Ward could have done that." Then, to Leslie's joy, he gave him another cheque. Leslie had thought the transaction was ended through carelessness.

Throughout my married life Edward was always the first to be thought of, my children occupied the second place in my home. My husband and I were entirely of one mind, even in our amusements and hobbies, and as we both had a passion for antiques and old masters, after our work was over we would take long walks through the streets, examining old furniture, silver, jewellery: in fact, everything of artistic merit appealed to us. In this way we developed our taste and formed a thorough knowledge of works of art; we bought largely, and many a dealer would ask my husband's opinion about his treasures. Edward's art generally related to past periods of history, and demanded a knowledge of the costumes then worn. Fancy dress balls were in fashion for a long time, and he would design our dresses for these occasions.

One of the best-known art dealers of Victorian times was Mr. Gambart, who lived at St. John's Wood, and I can recall vividly a large fancy dress ball to which he invited many celebrated artists. My husband, my eldest daughter, and I had special dresses designed by him, of the Elizabethan era, my husband's being a real satin tunic and tights, with a baldrick of gold, and red hat. My daughter's was pale-blue satin strewn with pearls, and mine a grey satin, richly embroidered in pearls and gold, with elaborate sleeves. We took a good deal of pains over these costumes, knowing that some magnificent dresses would inevitably appear on that night. More than satisfied with our dresses we anticipated an enjoyable time, but a message came in the morning to say that Mr. Gambart's house had been blown up by a gas explosion and his housekeeper killed.

We hastened to the spot, where a scene of utter ruin and desolation met our eyes. The heaviest pieces of gorgeous furniture had been blown to atoms, and the very many priceless treasures the house had contained were gone for ever.

Yet when I went into another ruin of what was once a room, the strangest sight was to be seen. First of all the remnants of some priceless antique tables with twisted legs, and behind, a whole aviary of over fifty birds, rich in plumage, were singing as gaily and joyously as if nothing had happened. Two of Creswick's valuable pictures were afterwards found impaled on the railings of a neighbouring house. The poor housekeeper met her death through entering the ballroom, where additional gas had been laid on, with a lighted candle in her hand. She had noticed the escape of gas, and took this unwise method of finding out where it was. Some months later Mr. Gambart gave the ball in a magnificent new ballroom, but the accident and untimely death of the housekeeper threw a gloom over the proceedings.

CHAPTER X

MY GRANDFATHER, JAMES WARD, R.A.

MY grandfather was called the Father of the Academy. He was born in 1769, the year when the Academy decided to charge the public for admission, naïvely adding this was done to "prevent the room being filled with improper persons." It is interesting to note that some of the exhibitors were Reynolds, West, Angelica Kauffmann, Richard Wilson, Gainsborough of Bath, Bartolozzi, Cotes, and others. These names not only belong to another era, but seem to belong to another race of men. My grandfather proved an important link in the chain of painters, and through his long term of activity he maintained an influence on what is known as the British School.

His parents were poor, his education completely neglected, and when he was quite young, not ten years of age, he was bound apprentice to J. R. Smith, the celebrated engraver. James Ward's elder brother, William, had been for some years in his service. My grandmother was always fond of writing and kept careful diaries which throw light on his career. Instead of learning to draw, James was made to sweep out the shop and run errands, and as he himself said: "Smith would not allow me chalks and paper. The only time I had for drawing was the cessation from fatigue in running out, and the only paper the back of unfinished proofs of 'mezzotinto,' the paper of which was so rotten for that purpose that they would not take the chalk."

It happened that James Ward made a drawing from memory with which his brother William was so struck that from that hour he waited in the hopes of getting James to work exclusively for him. A disagreement with Smith led to James leaving him and working for his brother, "laying mezzotinto grounds, a trying occupation, with no operation of the mind." When he started to learn to draw many years after, he looked back to that wasted time with deep regret.

For some years he was merely an engraver's assistant, and then came "the meeting with George Morland, who lived a considerable time under the same roof with us, and confusion was soon the consequence," wrote James. It was nothing short of a calamity that George Morland ever crossed his path. My grandfather and he worked together, and the former was impressed with Morland's great facility, and became greatly influenced by the style of his work. But a contempt for his weak character eventually drove them apart, James greatly resenting his sister Anne falling in love with a man who was a drunkard and a wild character. It was no good his interfering, however, for poor pretty Anne *would* marry worthless Morland, and he broke her heart by his evil ways. Wifely submission was counted a great virtue in those days—Anne would be called up in the early hours of the morning to cook meals for George and his boon companions, returning after a carouse. Yet she was so completely under his spell that she used to say she could never live without him. She stood by him till he died, and only survived him three days.

In my family she was regarded as a saint. My own opinion is that she sacrificed herself needlessly, and if she had pursued a different line instead of tamely giving in to Morland it would have been better for him and for everyone.

During this period James Ward made a copy of Morland's picture, "A Group of Travellers," which was so perfect that Morland mistook it for his own work, and then James, who longed to perfect his painting, suggested that he should learn from Morland for two or three years. Morland declined, disclosing the reason to a friend that "Jemmy would get too forward for me." Soon James Ward started painting by himself. He studied everything by day—animals, plant life, roving gipsies, beggars, the cattle at shows, landscapes, and the sea-coast at Ramsgate. He soon found a purchaser in Simpson, St. Paul's Churchyard, and began to do well, for he also engraved far into the night, finding a good market for his work.

Then came the French Revolution in 1789, followed by a great commercial blight which extended to Art in England. His market for engraving in France had gone completely, and in the general depression which had affected England, Morland's fame had declined. A different sort of subject and treatment was sought for, and James at last broke away from his unconscious imitation of Morland's manner, and found himself. But before getting free from the style he no longer admired, he had to pass through the ordeal of public criticism which decided that he was only an imitation of Morland. He sent a picture called the "Bull-bait" to the Royal Academy in 1797, which was well hung and breathed with animation and truth. It also attracted attention. "That is painted by a pupil of Morland's," said one to another. And James added: "Knowing that not to be the truth, I felt the necessity of looking out for a style of my own. I had a fresh foundation to lay, and to begin at the bottom of the hill." With rare courage he determined to become a student in the antique school of the Royal Academy, and to study at Brooks' Anatomical School in Blenheim Street. To get into the Royal Academy School he had to submit a drawing, and he was elected. Benjamin West, the President of the R.A., welcomed him, and then his old ill-luck pursued him. The school was crowded, and it was decided that there must be a re-election of all the students. Red tape prevailed, James Ward had to do another picture to gain a place, though he was twenty-eight and had done many commissions, besides being "painter to the Prince of Wales." My grandfather said: "At this time, having acquired a reputation as a painter, and being considered among the first as an engraver, I could not stoop to this, but made up my mind to wait until I became a member either as a painter or as an engraver."

James Ward next tried a series of experiments with a view to improving engravings, and sat up all night long working with William Bernard. They succeeded admirably, and arranged to publish a set of drawings to demonstrate the value of their patient researches, when again misfortune intervened. James Ward wrote that another person had been exercising his ingenuity in lithography; having succeeded, he brought his process to perfection, and threw James Ward and William Bernard's invention into the background.

About this time my grandfather married a lady named Emma Ward, who was so undeniably beautiful that it is recorded, when in later years she went with her daughter to "Almack's," the beaux would assemble round the doors and consider themselves fortunate to get a bow and a smile from the beautiful Mrs. Ward. My grandmother's portrait was often painted, and even in old age she retained her good looks.

It might be considered an odd thing to do to marry at a time when he found himself without commissions, but it turned out the best thing he could have done. They were a devoted couple, and it was a happy marriage. His friends stood him in good stead, and Dr. Daws introduced two patrons named Garle, who, after amassing a fortune as sugar brokers, retired to a comfortable home at Walthamstow. These cheery and delightful old men (who have been compared to the Brothers Cheeryble) purchased James Ward's pictures as fast as he painted them, besides regarding him as an honoured friend. Their genial company and optimism were of untold value to the artist. He enjoyed the frequent excursions on horseback through Epping and Hainault Forests, where he did many studies of the grand old trees to be found there. The Garles had a large picture gallery, and James would see some new work of art added to their collection from time to time as he went to and fro engaged on the work that was his very life.

My grandfather was ever grateful to them for a friendship that lasted " till their children were grown up around them, and myself at eighty-one years of age." As a relaxation he used to copy old masters at the Pall Mall Gallery, and when Lord Lowther decided to part with several pictures from his famous collection he suggested that Bryan, for whom James Ward worked, should buy the lot as a speculation, to resell again, and this Bryan agreed to do. " One of them was a Titian," says my grandfather, " Venus, Adonis, and Cupid." After some time Bryan said to the man who cleaned and repaired his pictures : " Here is this dirty picture doing nothing : we must take it up and clean it, and see how it turns out." This they did, and were surprised to find what they had brought it to. Mr. Bryan put it in a rich frame and a mahogany case with a green silk curtain, and then showed it to Lord Lowther. The latter would scarcely believe it was the same picture, and told Mr. Bryan he had discovered it was an heirloom and wished to have it back again. Mr. Bryan observed that it was himself that had made it what it was, and that if His Lordship wanted it back it must be by purchase. "Lord Lowther refused, and entered an action against Mr. Bryan, who then asked me if I thought I could make a copy of it. I did so, and so successfully that Mr. Bryan observed that one of the pleas brought forward in Court was that Titian could never be copied, for his secret was lost. 'Now,' said he, 'I will do away with that by offering Lord Lowther to take which of the two pictures he pleases, and I care not which.' This brought matters to a conclusion."

James Ward was painter and engraver to the Prince of Wales, and often pictured the favourite chargers in the royal stables, alternating between the two branches of art. After he was thirty, he decided to specialise in painting. Smith told him, "You are right to give up engraving and stick to painting." But Hoppner entirely disagreed. He wrote to my grandmother: "Your husband is for giving up engraving in favour of painting. I think him very foolish. He is the first engraver. He has done something that has not been done before, and we all want him to engrave our works. He will command everything, will make a fortune, and what more can he want? And for painting, taking it up at his time of life, he can never expect to overtake or even to make a stand with the painters. We shall, therefore, all oppose him in the one as we shall encourage him in the other. I shall oppose him; for what shall I do? I shall lose the first engraver I want, and I shall be encouraging a poor painter that I do not want." James Ward was sufficiently independent-minded to refuse to be guided by these Job's comforters. He believed in being his own star.

He painted a large picture of a young Alderney cow for Sir James Sinclair, President of the New Agricultural Society. Many very important commissions followed, which took him all over the United Kingdom, his patrons demanding a scrupulous accuracy of measurements, which was essential for work connected with the breeding of cattle. The King, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord Somerville were patrons of the Agricultural Society, and they perceived in James Ward the very man they wanted to paint their pedigree cattle. The strenuous work at Brooks' Anatomical School gave him a mastery above others, while the divine spark of genius which was ever aflame within him found expression in all he touched. He soon occupied the leading position in the art world as the first animal painter.

He recorded how his palette often became covered with snow as he worked out of doors during the winter, and he encountered the rigours of many storms as he journeyed in a gig from place to place, through silent lanes in the depth of the country. Measuring cattle caused him hair-breadth escapes from death, but it had to be accomplished, and James Ward's courage and enthusiasm for his work never waned. He thoroughly enjoyed this important period of his life, with a large income at his command; he received great hospitality everywhere, and made many good friends. Among them were the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, Mr. Beckford, and Mr. Vernon, all of whom treated him with a sympathetic understanding. But whilst possessing a passionate love for all animals and a desire to paint them, James Ward had also a craving to produce allegorical subjects. It was the vogue at that time, and he nearly wrecked his career in pursuing this "will o' the wisp," which danced before his imaginative mind, dazzled him, and blinded his judgment. For his greatness of vision and creative powers were clearly not destined for this elusive form of expression.

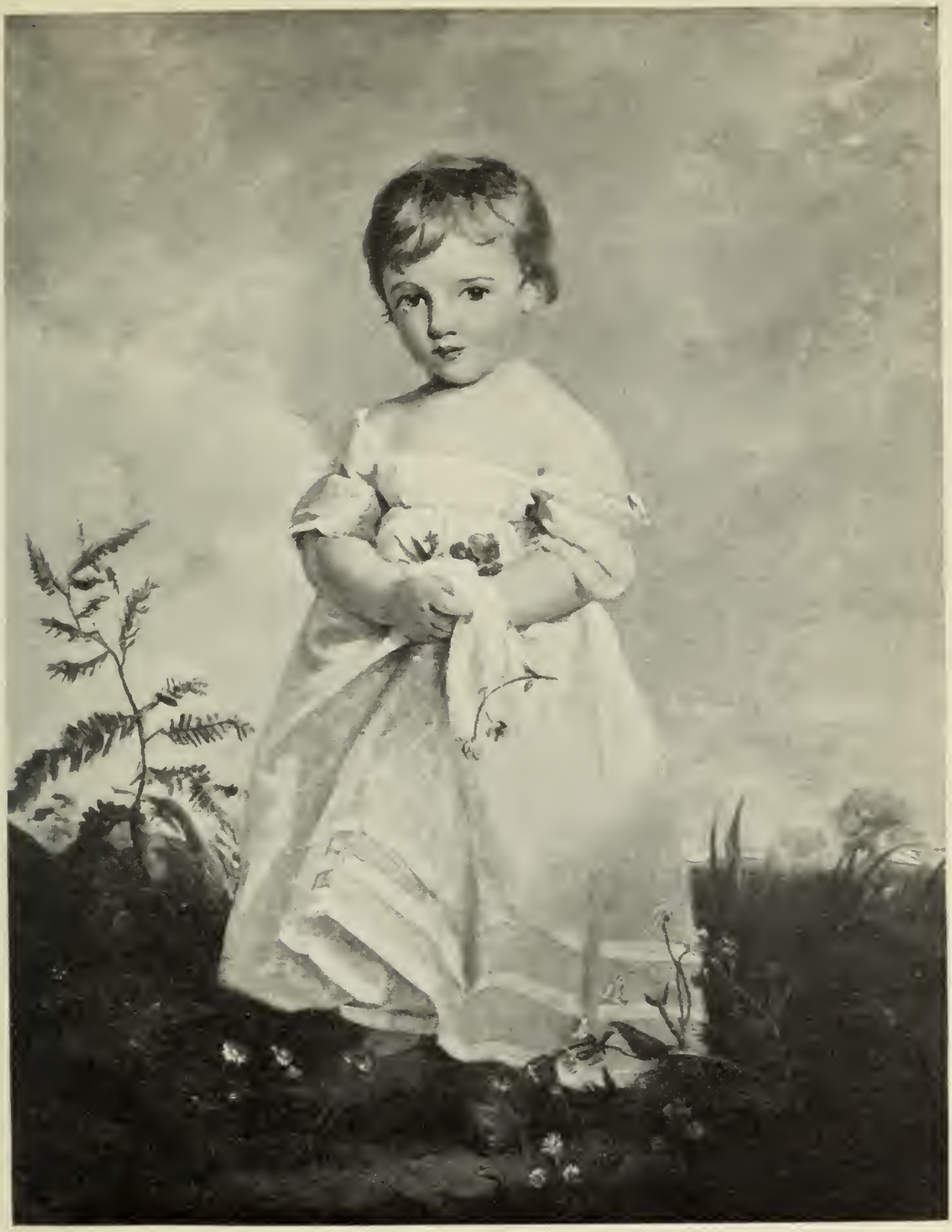
Nothing daunted him once he had made up his mind, and when the Directors of the British Institution offered a prize of a thousand pounds to British artists for the best sketch to commemorate Waterloo, James Ward produced the design which the Directors approved of, but some doubt exists as to whether they decided actually to give him the commission for the large painting he at once started to produce. The central figure was the Duke of Wellington, who gave him sittings, and the allegory, which covered thirty-six feet of canvas, was the most elaborate and the most fantastic ever contemplated seriously. It took up five years of his life, during which he worked unceasingly, and he produced in addition a book describing the figures and the symbolism. All the time he was encouraged by Royalties and distinguished patrons, who, when the work was completed, thronged the room where he held his private view, and expressed their admiration. But his brother artists were of a different opinion, and in this were unanimous, seeing nothing in this new departure in art but eccentricity and wasted time. They knew, with a clear-eyed sanity, that the work, meticulous in treatment and fantastic in conception, had nothing in it worthy of his former achievements, and the public, who are often the best judges, when critics leave them unbiassed, were of entirely the same opinion. It was seven years after the date of Waterloo, and time had chilled their interest in the triumph of victory. It was one big failure.

My poor grandfather must have spent quite a thousand pounds on this huge canvas, which he rolled up and sent to Chelsea Hospital, where it was hung on a staircase. It was afterwards removed, and I believe its last resting-place was a stable, the only habitation big enough to accommodate it. My grandfather bore defeat like a general. Custom had used him to disappointment, but he felt it deeply. Some defeats are better than some victories. He learned his lesson, and never again courted disaster in the same reckless way.

He painted a small sketch of a boa constrictor seizing a horse with its rider for the Marquis of Stafford; and Sir Benjamin West, the President of the Royal Academy, suggested that a picture of the same subject should be painted life-size. My grandfather determined to prime his own canvas, then found the artists so curious about his work that he had to lock his door to prevent interruption. It was rejected by the Academy, and West, trying to account for it, said that it was too large, and urged him to follow Romney's example. " He is the wisest man I know," said West. " He made his own private connection and made a fortune. Don't trouble yourself. The Royal Academy don't feel your powers." But many people came to see Ward's rejected picture, and James wrote : " Old Barry, late R.A., who was sour with the Academy, observed that he did not wonder that it had not been taken in, *for it would have cut them all to pieces*." " After this," said James, " I withdrew myself for several years, but my friends in the Royal Academy came about me, and urged me to come forward again, assuring me that I should be selected. I did exhibit again, and put my name down as a candidate. I was immediately chosen and made a full Academician." Benjamin West next advised my grandfather to paint a picture to equal Paul Potter's "Bull" at The Hague. West declared Paul Potter's masterpiece to be overrated, and my grandfather criticised it adversely, saying the horns were wrongly set, and that there were further errors in the anatomy. So he painted his "Bull, Cow, and Calf," which was acquired in 1856, before his death, and hung in the National Gallery. Some years after it was painted it was taken to America and "so far established my reputation, that they declared I had reached the acme of perfection." When it came to England my father purchased it, and exhibited it at the Smithfield Cattle Show in 1848. About this picture my grandfather wrote to my father: "Your increased receipts are very gratifying, as is also Edwin Landseer's opinion. When you see him express to him my warmest feelings in every particular, and add that I feel his opinion as a host." The "Bull, Cow, and Calf" was eventually sent to the Tate Gallery with some other of the National Gallery's best pictures. His portrait of Miss Georgiana Musgrave realised £7,140 at Christie's in 1919.

I have an example of as fine a piece of work as my grandfather ever painted, which was exhibited at the R.A. "Winter Exhibition of Old Masters" in 1879. It is of a grey Arab steed which belonged to Sir Hesketh Fleetwood of Ascot, so life-like that one feels at any moment it may throw up its heels and gallop away. "The eye is full of fire, the whole body almost quivers with elastic life," said Mr. Piggott, adding: "There is but one place worthy of it, the National Gallery!"

I have given accounts from my grandfather's own lips, and I am indebted to my friend Mr. Piggott, who wrote his life, for recalling other facts to my memory, and what more can I add? He was an



MISS GEORGIANA MUSGRAVE.
From a portrait by James Ward, R.A.

inspirational force to me from my earliest years, and some of my happiest moments were those talks with him when, with me seated on a stool at his feet, he brought down his knowledge to my budding intelligence, and I understood him, as I played with the tassels of his Hessian boots.

He dressed according to his own plan and fancy, and must have looked an odd and old-fashioned figure even then. His originality extended even to his appearance. Well below the average height, he wore a long beard when everyone was shaved, which, with a large hat of his own device, made him appear even smaller. A quaint long coat, knee-breeches, and Hessian boots with tassels completed his get-up, but I must not forget his enormous umbrella, the ribs being made of whalebone, and this accompanied him everywhere. I presented it to South Kensington Museum as a curiosity.

He had a fine head and a face full of character, with sad eyes that told a tale of early privations and sufferings. He possessed a strange streak of humour, grim and uncanny, and would occasionally paint for amusement the most grotesque creatures, half human, half hobgoblins. I have some of these freakish efforts and am sorry he ever produced them when his true *métier* was animal painting. Everything he touched in this line was incomparable; he imparted to them all their living reality, character, and lovable spirit. I have a portrait of his dog "Dash," a lovely spaniel, whose eyes are beaming with intelligence. The only time "Dash" ever received chastisement was when he frolicked in with a poor half-dead rabbit, which he laid as an offering at his master's feet.

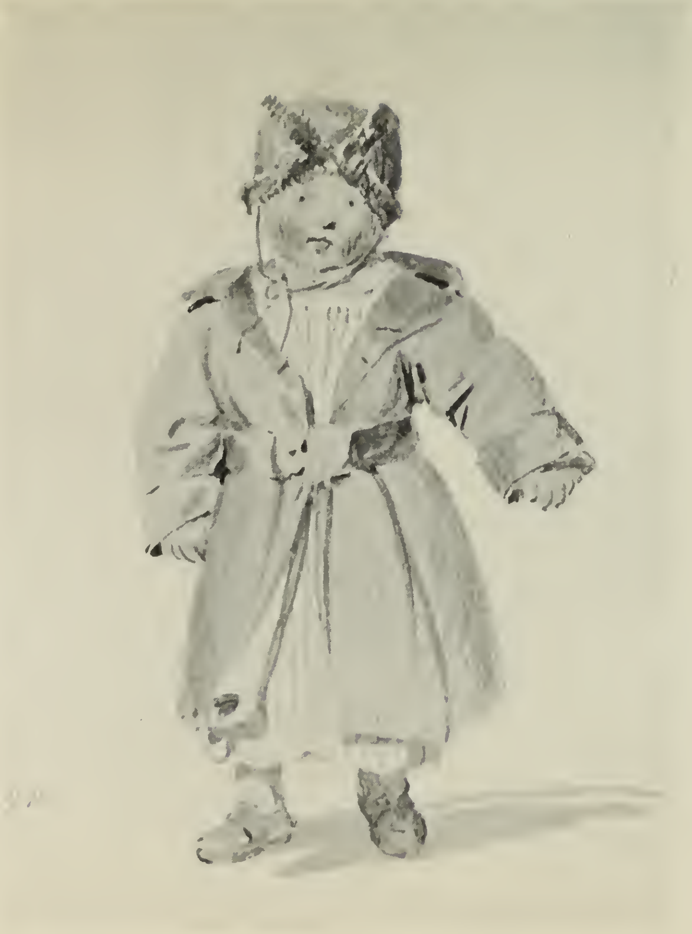
He occasionally amused himself by writing vigorous pamphlets, which he had printed, airing some pet theory of his own. The one I referred to before gave thirty reasons why a man should wear a beard, and another was about a "Fasting Woman," who claimed to have subsisted for an incredible time solely on water. My grandfather was completely taken in over her, but he afterwards owned he was mistaken, as she was proved a charlatan. These pamphlets he used to read to the members of the Academy.

My grandmother grew old so gracefully that her husband never realised how time had passed, and when she died at a ripe age, well over eighty, he was shocked and surprised, attributing her death to any cause but the right one. He married again, and was equally fortunate in his second venture.

My grandfather was a strong character, and as his life abundantly proved, he was an entirely independent thinker. He liked praise and would combat censure vigorously if he thought it undeserved. He stood high in favour with George III, and was delighted with the King's reception of him when the latter, putting his hand on his shoulder, led him forward as he praised his art. On a later visit the King criticised the drawing of a horse, declaring it to be wrong. This was too much for the artist, who instantly argued the point. The King was clearly displeased, and was "too busy" to see him again, though he still received commissions. He was also Court Painter to George IV.

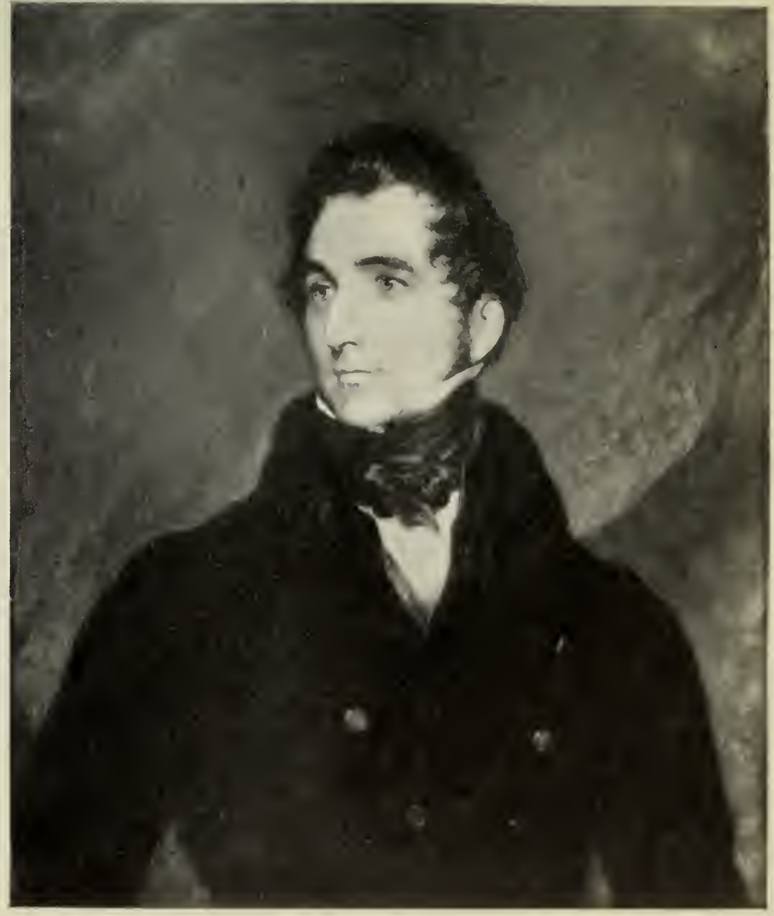
His principles were of the highest, his religious views being uncompromisingly "Protestant." He was considered a great authority on doctrine, and my mother would always refer religious questions to him, his decisions being never questioned. He was a great Bible student and a truly Christian character.

Though his life was one long struggle against adverse circumstances, he enjoyed some good years after his retirement to Round Croft Cottage, Cheshunt, Herts, where he died full of years and renown, in 1859.



GEORGE RAPHAEL WARD IN RUSSIAN COSTUME.

From a water-colour drawing by James Ward, R.A.



GEORGE RAPHAEL WARD.

From a portrait in the possession of his daughter—Henrietta Ward.

CHAPTER XI

RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD LYTTON AND KNEBWORTH

LORD LYTTON, who was very fond of Art, was a great friend of ours, and my husband and I often stayed at Knebworth, his ancient ancestral home in Hertfordshire. I shall never forget the first impression I received, and the fascination of that weirdly beautiful place has never faded. It seemed a fitting background to the strange and mystical mentality of its owner, a remarkable man in mind and appearance. He was never happier than when he was relating or listening to a psychical story. There was a family ghost called the "Yellow Boy," whose mission was to appear to anyone who slept in the haunted room and reveal the manner of their death.

Lord Lytton told us that Lord Castlereagh once stayed at Knebworth, during the lifetime of Lord Lytton's father, without having previously been told of the ghost. In the morning he looked worn and pale, and told his host how, after falling into a deep sleep, he had awakened with a violent start to see the quaintly-dressed figure of a boy with long yellow hair, seated before the fire. Then the vision slowly moved toward the foot of the bed. With a sad expression in his eyes he drew his fingers across his throat three times, and vanished. Lord Castlereagh wrote the whole occurrence down at the time, and was positive he actually saw the apparition, and did not merely dream it. Lord Lytton's father, while politely agreeing that it was unaccountable, never enlightened his guest as to the reputed meaning of the "Yellow Boy's" visit. Castlereagh, years later, took his life by cutting his throat, in 1822, at North Cray, Kent.

On one occasion my husband was going to stay at Knebworth without me. It was unfortunate that he should have just met an artist who had lately visited there, and that he should have received this friend's impressions, because Edward was a highly nervous man and it did him no good. This friend told him that on the first night of his arrival at Knebworth Lord Lytton and he sat talking in his study till midnight. Presently his host observed with a smile that he looked tired, and suggested his retiring. "By the way," he added, "I hope you don't mind being put in the haunted room?" Of course our friend did object, but could not well say so at that hour. He therefore smiled feebly, as Lord Lytton enlarged on the story of the "Yellow Boy," and of Lord Castlereagh's encounter with him. A certain vein of cruelty here showed itself in his host, as he said he hoped the apparition would not appear to his guest. Handing him a candle he shook him warmly by the hand, and bade him good-night.

Our friend said that if he had not seen the room before dinner he might have wandered in the passages half the night. He got safely into the room, and began to undress. But a cloud of fear surrounded him, and the sight of his white face in the mirror, seen in the dimly-lighted huge room, gave him a shock. The room was panelled in dark oak, the furniture funereal. The wardrobe, huge in dimensions, was like an inverted hearse. Certainly this was a chamber of horrors. He declared that he stood transfixed in the middle of the room, longing to open the wardrobe, and see for himself that there was nothing there to spring out upon him. It might be idiotic to suffer such fears, he told himself; viewed by daylight he would despise his cowardice ; but he never succeeded in opening the wardrobe door—he sprang towards the bed in his clothes, and as he did so something blew out his candle. He stayed awake all night, and he added that under no earthly consideration would he ever spend another night in that room.

When my husband paid his visit he went with preconceived fears of that room, and hoped that Lord Lytton would deal more mercifully with him. He poured into his guest's ears the same stories, and my husband remembered the wardrobe, and thought he had better reassure himself by looking into it directly he reached the room. "Judge of my horror," he said, "when on opening the door something flew out and fell on the floor with a crash. It proved to be a bath. Hardly had he recovered from the shock, than he received a worse one.

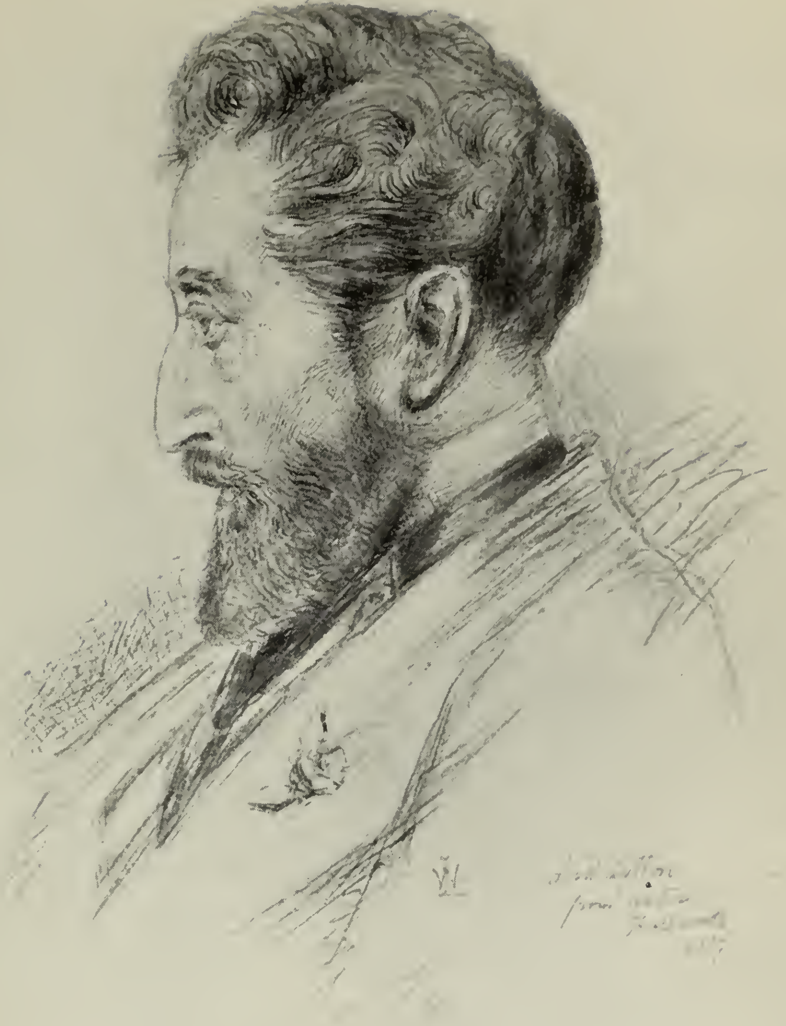
By the dim light of a candle he saw another face above his own in a mirror, long, narrow, white, with gleaming eyes. It was his host, who had glided in purposely without making a sound, under the pretext that he wanted to tell him some arrangement for the next day.

Edward's reception of him was anything but effusive. He was thoroughly annoyed at these methods of torture which my lord considered exquisitely funny. Sitting down, Lord Lytton then related the story of the family ghost, a coach which was heard driving up to the front door before any member of the family died. My husband was by this time so exasperated that he would not have grieved if it had appeared at the moment and borne off his cruel host bodily.

Lord Lytton often had mediums staying at his home ; an American lady who claimed to be one was staying there on one of my visits to Knebworth. I missed a gold locket one morning, and told Lord Lytton of my loss. He called upon the medium to help to find it. The lady promptly threw herself into a trance, during which she stated that I should find it in the top right-hand drawer of a cabinet at my home. I was incredulous, feeling sure I had brought the locket to Knebworth, but I afterwards found it precisely in the place she had named.

Lord Lytton was, like every genius, extremely difficult to understand—a man of many moods, kind, intensely amusing, sardonic, and uncanny by turns. At times a spirit of mischief seemed to possess him, which he considered humour, when he would enjoy frightening a guest who happened to be nervous. He was intensely vain of his appearance, and dressed as one of the "beaux" of the period. In appearance his face and head were long and narrow. His face was a deadly white, and he used to touch up his lips and cheeks with rouge. A crest of light-brown hair adorned the top of his head; he wore a moustache and "imperial." He affected jewellery, and dressed in a style peculiar to himself.

He enjoyed acting, dancing, and music, his favourite song being "My Queen," which one of his guests, Lady Sherborne, would sing specially at his request. His love for animals was great. He rightly regarded hunting as barbarous, and all so-called "sport" was abhorrent to his soul. He told me that the cry of a wounded hare he shot in his youth caused him many hours of remorse, and he vowed never again to cause suffering to any other animal. Lord Lytton loved the many pets he kept, and had a peacock which I never tired of watching as it strutted about in its proud beauty. Lord Lytton and I had, therefore, a bond of sympathy in this respect.



LORD LYTTON.

From a drawing by Leslie Ward.

My mornings were spent generally in wandering in the lovely grounds of Knebworth, or in painting, and almost every day Lord Lytton took us for a drive in his huge old-fashioned landau, to see places of historical interest, with which Hertfordshire abounds.

One day we were driving through Lord Cowper's fine estate of Panshanger, when we saw to our intense amusement Anthony Trollope about to have a fight with a broad-shouldered rubicund tradesman. Anthony had divested himself of his coat and was shaking his fists in his opponent's face, as he danced around him. Though we never heard which gladiator won, the betting was all on Anthony, who had gained a reputation for never risking defeat when he made a challenge.

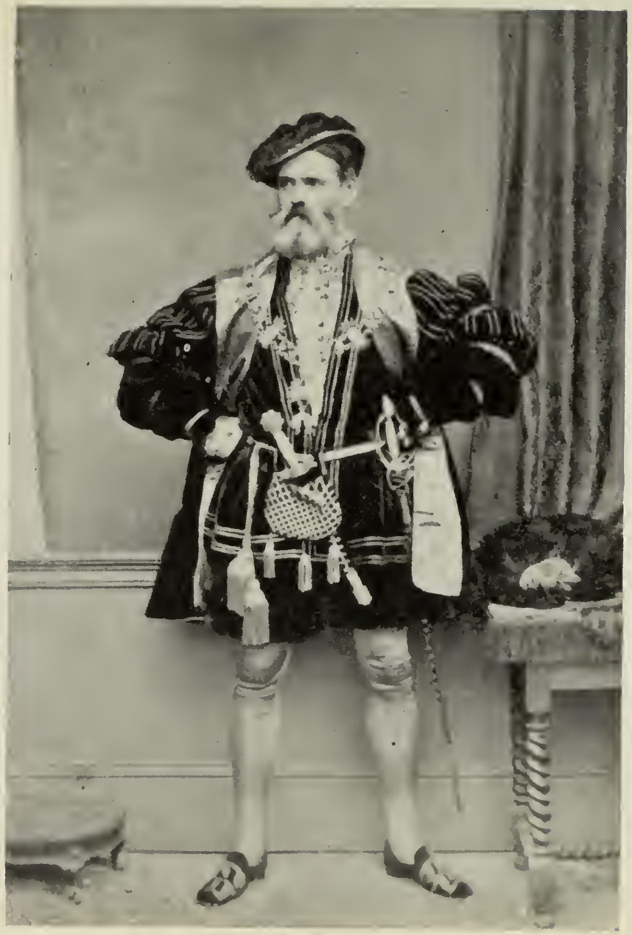
Lord Lytton kindly presented us with two early Gothic oak doors which were taken from an old wing of Knebworth, and I greatly treasure them. Our friendship lasted through many years until his death. He was loved by many friends, and I remember attending his funeral at Westminster Abbey and seeing men and women weeping for the great novelist.

Whilst we were living at Slough I was one morning sitting by the window when I heard a cow lowing violently, and saw to my alarm the creature jump over a hedge in pursuit of my tiny daughter. It chased her into the house, greatly to her horror and distress. When I asked the man to whom the cow belonged why it should have taken an aversion to the child, his reply was original: "I don't know, ma'am, unless the young lady reminds the coo of her calf that's gone." It then transpired that the cow had always shown animosity to my little daughter, but never taken any notice of her sister, though between them there was a close resemblance. Although we all loved animals as a family, it is a fact that they often took a strong dislike to us, and I can only conjecture that some of us had an irritating effect upon certain animals.

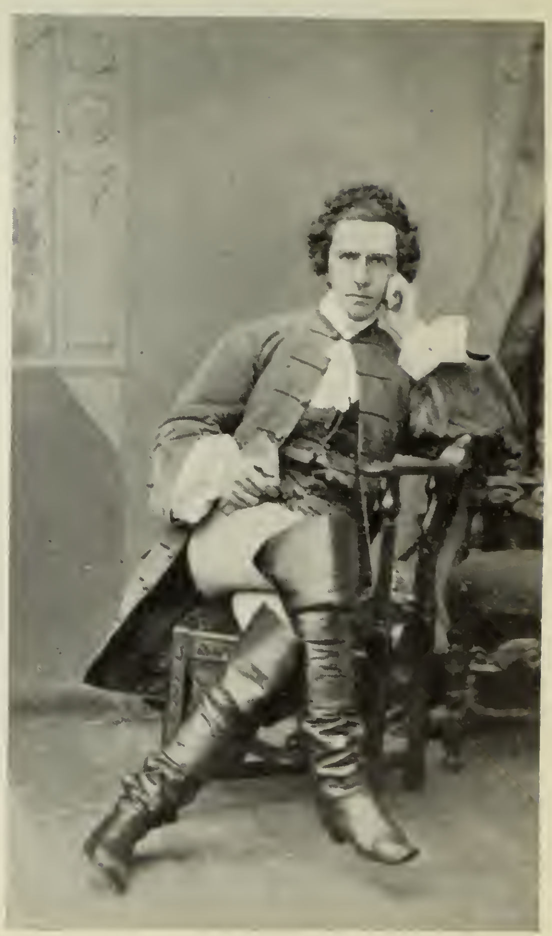
Talking of cows, when my husband and I were at Sevenoaks we met a herd of cows and calves on the road. I suggested that I should go into a shop until they had gone past, as I was always frightened of cows. My husband was quite annoyed at my cowardice, but I made for the shop and waited. Almost immediately I was frightened by an angry bellowing, and my husband arrived hastily with a cow very close behind him. I was secretly not sorry Edward had experienced a fright, though my magnanimity prevented me from saying " I told you so."

Lady Pender very nearly lost her life through a malevolent cow. Her husband bought a pedigree cow and calf which cost three thousand guineas. Lady Pender and the family came to view this valuable treasure, which made for her and pinned her with its horns and tried to kill her. Her husband and the men rescued her, after she had been severely damaged, while her clothing was torn so greatly that she had to pin Sir John's coat round her in lieu of a skirt.

We saw a great deal of our dear friends Tom Taylor and his wife. Their house at Clapham Common, " Lavender Sweep," was the rendezvous of many celebrities. Tom married the daughter of a Yorkshire clergyman named Barker, a descendant of Wycliffe, and Mrs. Tom was one of five sisters. Their father declared that none of them should be allowed to marry. Mrs. Tom Taylor was a delightful person, who played like a professional musician. At the age of thirteen her musical gifts brought her to the notice of Paganini, who was amazed to hear her playing his own melodies by ear on the violin. Her music pleased another patron of art, and he presented her



TOM TAYLOR.



EDWARD SOTHERN.

with a "Stradivarius." She next wrote songs and became an art critic.

Tom Taylor was art critic for *The Times*, and contributed to *Punch* at the same time. He wrote plays, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man, Still Waters Run Deep*; he collaborated with Charles Reade in comedies; he wrote also biographies of Reynolds, Cox, and C. R. Leslie, R.A. He was the only man I ever saw wear a black velvet evening dress suit, but he looked very well in it. He was noted for his generosity, and always had a number of out-at-the-elbows people waiting on him with a tale and the sure hope that it would not be told in vain. One day when he and Mrs. Taylor came home the maid informed them that a man of wild appearance insisted upon waiting to see him, and she had put him in the pantry as he did not look reputable enough to be left in the drawing-room. And here they found the great poet Tennyson, eyes twinkling with amusement, quite pleased with his novel reception. Tennyson used to relate the story to his friends gleefully.

The Taylors often visited us at Slough, and we sometimes set off together for a picnic to beautiful Burnham Beeches, when Edward and I would paint.

On a memorable occasion we chose to walk to Stoke Poges, after dinner, where we wandered to the old churchyard, which for a long time has been considered the scene of Gray's immortal *Elegy*. The disputed question hardly mattered to us. It was a heavenly evening, after a warm summer's day, and the church with its surroundings, seen by moonlight, was full of poetry and beauty. "Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light, all sounds were in harmony blended." We were all a little tired after our walk, so seated ourselves beside the tombstones, and complete silence reigned. Each was wrapped in a little world of dreams, when suddenly two unearthly screams rent the air. Instantly Tom Taylor and my husband jumped to their feet, and, forgetting their "better halves," ran with all their might and main towards the churchyard gate. Mrs. Tom and I witnessed their stampede in amazement—then how we laughed, and for many a long day it was brought up against the men, who used to protest: "No, no, we did not run." "Of course not," we would retort, "you galloped!" Two owls complaining from the "ivy-mantled tower" were the cause of their fright.

What good friends the Taylors were, and how we used to enjoy those excursions together! Tom Taylor was extremely gifted, and used to give readings from his works. He was a fine elocutionist. I knew him from childhood, and no doubt he never quite realised that I was grown up, married, and a matron. Meeting me one day in Regent Street he accompanied me from one end to the other with his kindly old arm affectionately placed round my waist. It was an embarrassing walk for me, but how could I possibly explain to this great simple piece of unconventionality that I should prefer to steer my way unguided?

CHAPTER XII

THE MYSTERY OF LOVE HILL

THE most remarkable psychic story I ever heard was related to us by Sir Frederick Ouseley, the well-known composer of church music, who was also the incumbent of a living near Windsor. Being a bachelor, he arranged that his curate should share his house, a plan which suited both parties.

"Love Hill," Langley, was a compact and pretty dwelling, neither old nor new. One evening when Sir Frederick was dining out, his curate, Mr. Fife, arranged to sit up till he came home, and let him in. Mr. Fife occupied the drawing-room, and as he sat writing at a table the sound of some heavy object falling diverted his attention. A very heavy illuminated book had tumbled from a shelf, and he rose to replace it. Immediately another book from another part of the room went hurtling through the air. This seemed unaccountable to Mr. Fife, and feeling a little nervous he thought he would ring the bell, but directly his hand touched the long old-fashioned "bell-pull" it straightway fell down too. Raising his eyes, Mr. Fife saw a little man, with a brutal expression on his face, steadily gazing at him. He was wearing a long, faded yellow coat, which resembled a dressing-gown more than any other garment, and as the curate stared he noticed that the man beckoned to him before he suddenly disappeared. Just then the sound of wheels on the gravel outside informed him that Sir Frederick had returned, and thoroughly mystified, and greatly relieved, Mr. Fife hastened to open the door, and was soon telling Sir Frederick of his experiences.

Shortly after this incident Sir Frederick saw the same figure. It was midsummer, Sir Frederick was seated under a fine umbrella tree on his lawn one hot afternoon, when suddenly he spied a little old man in a yellow coat approaching. Sir Frederick had a good view of him for some minutes, and particularly observed his eyes, which seemed to pierce him through and through, but though Sir Frederick strove to master his fear, he could not summon up courage to ask his uninvited visitor what he wanted. He watched silently until the apparition disappeared.

Sir Frederick saw the figure again a few days later. The drawing-room at "Love Hill" was on the first floor, approached by a fine winding staircase from the hall. Behind the drawing-room was a spare bedroom. One night, when Sir Frederick could not sleep, he thought he would read to pass the time. Accordingly he went into the drawing-room to get a book, and was considerably startled to find the old man there. Again he beckoned to Sir Frederick and this time he actually followed the apparition as it descended the stairs; but it vanished suddenly before they had reached the hall.

I recollect that Edward and I were tremendously intrigued by hearing this story from such a sane and reliable person as Sir Frederick Ouseley, and we were never tired of trying to find some solution of the mystery of "Love Hill." Who was the little old man in the yellow coat? and what did he want by appearing to the inmates of the house? I sought information from an old inhabitant who lived at Herschel's house, in the Slough Road at Upton. I asked if she had ever known the former occupant of " Love Hill," a gentleman farmer, who died a good many years previously ?

She said : " I knew him, because I used to speak to him, but we did not visit there. He always wore a long yellow garment, resembling a dressing-gown, and he had the strangest eyes—large, searching, and luminous."

From others I gathered that there was some scandal attached to this man, as he had a " foreign woman " living under his roof. Meantime, Sir Frederick and Mr. Fife's experiences were much talked about, and largely discounted by some people. Amongst the latter was my doctor, an old inhabitant of Slough.

" Now, I always thought you were a sensible woman," he said one day, when I mentioned the story to him.

" And why have you changed your opinion ? " I asked.

" Well, you actually believe in Sir Frederick, and all he says and does, and so does your husband."

" I have always trusted him, and I always shall," I replied decidedly.

The interest in the mystery of " Love Hill " only grew stronger as time went on, and I remember Sir Frederick coming in one day to tell us that a visitor had just been frightened away by what he had heard. He spent the first night in the spare-room next to the drawing-room, where he soon went to sleep, but was awakened by the sound of voices quite close to him. One voice sounded like a woman pleading in terror, and the other was a man's voice threatening. The voices continued for some time, then there was silence ; after a little while it began all over again. He got up, and looked everywhere, but could see nothing. It so affected his nerves that he told his host at breakfast next morning that he must return to town that day.

"But you came for ten days," said Sir Frederick. His friend replied that he must insist on leaving early, so Sir Frederick merely said he would order the trap after breakfast, and his friend departed without having given any explanation. But Sir Frederick met an acquaintance in town soon after, who greeted him with the remark that he had played a nasty trick upon his young friend.

"Trick," said Sir Frederick, "I really don't know what you mean. All I know is that he came for ten days and left after the first day."

Thereupon ensued the story I have already given, and the tale grew that "Love Hill" was haunted. It went on growing, and when Sir Frederick happened to come across a tenant who wanted a house for six months he was glad to let "Love Hill." After living there a little time his tenant called in Dr. Buey to attend his daughter, who was ill, and the doctor being very curious about the rumours that had reached him, mounted the stairs to look round, whilst the maid went to announce his arrival to the patient. He had reached the landing adjoining the drawing-room and bedroom, when he heard groans and terrible screams in the bedroom. He rushed in, and there was dead silence. He searched diligently, but discovered—nothing. He described the sounds as heartrending.

On Sir Frederick's return to his home he was frequently disturbed by similar sounds of very distressing groans and sighs. A door leading into the garden, after being carefully locked by him, would be found wide open soon afterwards—in fact, as he observed, the whole place seemed obsessed by malign influences. And he noted that these disturbances only occurred during the months of May and June.

Lord Lytton was greatly interested in the matter, and he told me he would like to spend a night at

"Love Hill" alone, save for his manservant. And he would undoubtedly have done so, but the mystery was cleared up in the meantime. Sir Frederick engaged workmen to make alterations and repairs to his house. It necessitated removing the floor in the spare-room, and there, buried away under the boards, were the skeletons of a woman and an infant.

It became a nine days' wonder; many people flocked to see those pathetic human relics, victims of the little yellow-coated demon, who was evidently their murderer. After the mother and child were buried there was no further disturbance at "Love Hill." I do not know who has the house now, or whether it is still standing. Long years have passed since it all happened, but the whole thing is printed indelibly on my memory; and as since many people were sceptical of Sir Frederick's testimony in the first instance, I remember he told the whole story "on oath" very earnestly and plainly.

I had a very interesting visit recently from a friend who knew the neighbourhood well, and the people who took "Love Hill" after these events. I related the story to her when we met. When I had finished, she said, "Ah, you're wrong. You never told me in your tale that it was a 'coloured woman.'" I had for a moment forgotten, but in a flash I recalled it again.

My friend Mr. Richard Bentley, of Upton, sent me an interesting account of Langley and Upton. In connection with his mention of Salt Hill and the fact that the first telegraph wire ran from Paddington to Slough, I may recall the famous murder at Salt Hill in January, 1845, when a pseudo-Quaker, John Tawell, a married man, murdered a woman named Hart, whom he was in the habit of visiting at Salt Hill, Slough. After the crime he travelled by train to

Paddington, but suspicions had been aroused at Slough, and a telegraph message was sent to Paddington, with the result that the criminal was met and shadowed. He was arrested the next day, and, after trial, was executed at Aylesbury on March 28, 1845. This was the first occasion on which a murderer was arrested by means of the electric telegraph, just as Crippen was the first to be arrested by means of wireless sixty-five years later.

Mr. Bentley's letter is as follows :

" Langley church has its singular covered-in pew —and ancient Kederminster Library adjoining it—where John Milton has, 'tis said, often read. You might have painted Milton seated before a volume with the light from the window falling upon him and allowing him to stand out from the dark and more obscure background of the interior.

" Next to Langley is an ancient church, very tiny—but at one time very important—Wexham Church. It will now take a congregation of quite—forty persons ! And then you may pass Ditton Park, where Sir Walter Scott sometimes stayed and in King James the First's time the home of Sir Ralph Winwood (the Secretary of State), and come round to UPTON.

" Tradition has it that there was a tiny Saxon Church in a dense wood here—but of which nothing remains.

" The early Norman Church was dedicated to one of the very early Archbishops of Canterbury—LAURENTIUS—and portions of this still exist, built into the existing fabric, and the later church went completely to ruin and was put up for sale as material for lime-burning ! Miss Mary Russell Mitford saw it eighty years ago with the roof fallen in—and the rain pattering down inside the walls.

" As you know, a worthy farmer named Pocock purchased the ruined walls, and so enabled the Church to be rebuilt, or rather, restored.

"Chaucer is said to have visited it when clerk of the works at Windsor, and Gray to have written his *Elegy* when seated in the churchyard. His description certainly fitted in with that of Upton, and did *not* fit in with that of Stoke Poges—where the special trees named were planted *after* the publication of the *Elegy*.

"At Upton also is the tomb of 'SARAH BRAMSTON, Spinster of Eton, a woman who dared to be just in the reign of George II.'

"Near Upton Church is the old house of the monks now belonging to Lord Harewood, and called Upton Court. It has a priest's hiding chamber in it, with a door to it leading out of a chimney. Here Sir Douglas Forsyth, the explorer of Central Asia, resided for a time. In Queen Elizabeth's time the royal printer, one Christopher Barker, lived at Upton Court.

"Other persons connected with literature are associated with Slough, such as George Smith, the publisher (and founder of the great *Dictionary of National Biography*); Jesse, the antiquary; three Editors in succession of the *Temple Bar Magazine*, viz. George Augustus Sala, Edmund Yates, and George Bentley; and near Slough, Grote, the historian.

"Its association with Art I will not touch upon to you.

"Science also was represented at Slough by the Herschel family, and also by Fothergill Cooke. The very first telegraph in the world was laid from Paddington to Slough, and the 'Telegraph Hut' at Slough used to be a centre of much wonder.

"Upton, fifty years ago, was surrounded by fine elm-trees and was quite separate from Slough. Now the farmers have cut nearly all the trees down, and strings of cottages have joined Slough to Upton.

"At Chalvey close by used to be a tiny Spa in Queen Anne's time—a chalybeate spring—and even later Queen Charlotte used to have water carried to Windsor Castle from it.

"And at Salt Hill (where the Eton boys levied a tax 'salt' upon the passing travellers) used to be Botham's great hostelry, where some sixty coaches a day changed horses. This fine building was burnt down. The Duc de Montpensier died there; and Charles Dickens used to stay there for a few days at a time.

"Mr. James Elliman of Slough has now given a fine park to the public near Salt Hill."

CHAPTER XIII

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC FRIENDS

I MET Edmund Yates at the Levys. He was editor of *The World*, and when it first started engaged my son, Leslie, to do a series of caricatures. This plan fell through, however, owing to my husband wishing him to give himself to portraiture as well, and he suggested that Leslie should do a smaller number of contributions. But Edmund Yates objected. Later on Leslie caricatured him, much to his annoyance. The Arts Club, to which Leslie belonged, used to have an annual Fish Dinner at the "Old Ship," Greenwich. In after years it was held at the club house. Edmund Yates, who had previously denounced Leslie for his caricature, rose to reply to the Toast, and again referred to Leslie's picture of him. He said he was "portly, but not quite so portly as the artist of *Vanity Fair* had depicted him." As Leslie was sitting opposite to him, perhaps he could not say all he felt about it.

Edmund Yates was imprisoned for a libel published in *The World*, as he was the editor; but the offending article was really written by Augusta, Countess of Stradbroke. While in gaol Yates wrote his *Reminiscences*. He was a brilliant and witty talker, and had a pleasing personality.

Douglas Jerrold was a very special friend of my husband's, noted for his caustic wit. He once told me he was unlucky in all his investments, for after a series of misfortunes he decided to bank the remnant of his capital. No sooner had he done this than the bank went smash. He then assured me that in future he would keep anything he had in the house hidden in a stocking, like some old woman, and put it under his pillow by night. In appearance Douglas Jerrold was plain, with too long a nose, and an inadequate chin, a fine forehead and long hair. It was an attractive face on account of its vivacity.

Mr. and Mrs. Hepworth Dixon became friends of ours when we were living at Kent Villa. He had travelled all over Europe, and whilst riding when he was in Cyprus met with an accident that left him always crippled in health. He edited *The Athenæum*; he was a philanthropist who took a keen interest in the working classes, and he did much good by his articles in *The Daily News*, which were termed the "Literature of the Lower Orders"! His writings awakened the sympathies of many, and led to Henry Mayhew's inquiries into the conditions of London poverty. He also obtained for the public free entry to the Tower of London. He wrote a book about the Tower. A series of misfortunes beset his path, beginning with the accident recorded. He lost a large sum of money through the failure of an investment in which he had placed a little fortune. Then came the sudden death of one of his daughters, and his home was wrecked by an accidental explosion of gunpowder in Regent's Park. His two sons went skating on the Serpentine the day that the great fatality happened there through the ice giving way, and many lives were lost. In the horrible confusion that ensued the elder brother lost sight of the younger boy, and in an agony of mind lingered on the spot in a bitter wind. When finally he sought his home he found his brother had left the ice and gone home before the accident, but the elder boy had received his death-warrant. He became unconscious, and died soon afterwards.

When Hepworth Dixon was once on a visit to us, Edward, who was a very regular attendant at church, made up his mind to persuade Hepworth to accompany us to morning service on Sunday. There was a famous preacher Edward wanted to hear deliver a sermon, so he set to work very determinedly that his friend should share his enjoyment of the preacher's eloquence, which he repeatedly assured Hepworth was well worth it. Hepworth, who never attended church, tried very hard with many excuses to wriggle out of it, but he found Edward was obdurate, and he at last consented. Accordingly, we all set off, Edward very enthusiastic, trying to keep up his friend's courage, never losing sight of him lest he should vanish at the door and retrace his steps home. Alas for his project! The celebrated preacher was delighting some other congregation elsewhere that day, and his substitute who read the lessons had so pronounced a lisp in his speech that it rendered his reading almost unintelligible. The chapter which mentioned the words "figs and thistles" was twisted into "thigs and fistles" by the poor reader, who, evidently fearing his incapacity to pronounce them, began to flounder before he came to them, and he only after a stupendous effort succeeded in getting them out at all. All through the reading these pitfalls came, and we witnessed his nervous and irritating blunders, wondering all the time what Hepworth was enduring. The sermon was a dreary address, delivered in faltering and disjointed sentences. I felt we had made a mistake in bringing Hepworth, who, we realised, was getting more and more angry and impatient. Then a hysterical feeling that I wanted to laugh possessed me, and only the sight of poor Edward looking decidedly annoyed prevented me.

Suddenly Hepworth rose and strode out of the church before the Benediction, and as he went he muttered to my husband: "Never again!" Hepworth was a prolific writer, and had his pen in his hand when a sudden heart seizure caused his death.

John Leech, who illustrated *Punch* for many years, was constantly in my husband's studio. He was a handsome man, tall, with fine features, and large dreamy grey eyes. He looked like a poet, and he was so serious that people wondered how he managed to produce his illustrations overflowing with wit and humour. The artist often has one special type of beauty which he chooses to depict. Leech found his ideal of womanhood in his wife. Though I was never able to detect any likeness, I was constantly being mistaken for Mrs. Leech, and when people would inquire of me "How was Mr. Leech?" I could only reply that I really did not know.

Though Leech had attained fame through his black-and-white work, he longed for colour, and came to my husband to know how he could best develop as a painter. Edward very readily did everything to help and encourage him, but it was all to no purpose. For some unknown reason Leech was quite incapable of handling paint. He tried for years to overcome the difficulties, then gave it up in despair. It was one of those unaccountable mysteries that occur in one's experiences, and it was a real tragedy in his case. His failure affected his spirits and clouded his whole life.

Among the friends of my early married life were Mr. and Mrs. Levy, who when I first knew them had a house in Lancaster Gate, and afterwards in Grosvenor Street. In an age when most people did not make their homes beautiful, the Levys gathered round them everything that was artistic and valuable. The taste for flowers as a decoration in the home was then in its infancy—a stiff bouquet of many colours, lace-bordered and tightly compressed, placed in the centre of the dining-table, generally sufficed. The Levys had different opinions. Flowering plants lined their hall, and were noticeable directly one entered any room—flowers of the rarest kind, and most perfect specimens. Their fragrance lingers in my memory. When I think of the Levys' home I am always reminded of their beautiful flowers.

Their eldest son, Sir Edward Levy-Lawson, who later became Lord Burnham, married Miss Harriette Webster, daughter of the famous actor. The first time I saw her was at a dinner given by Mr. Edmund Yates, when I was greatly impressed by her extraordinary beauty. She kindly agreed to sit for my picture " The Young Pretender," in which she acted the part of the governess. During the sittings her unselfish character appealed to me strongly, and we became lifelong friends.

The present Lord Burnham, owner of *The Daily Telegraph*, married Olive, second daughter of Sir Henry de Bathe, and both have proved such unfailing friends as to make it impossible for me to express adequately my love and gratitude to them—thus carrying on the tradition of friendship for three generations, which time has not destroyed, but cemented firmly.

The Loudons, who lived in Porchester Terrace, were friends of ours who gave great entertainments, at which we used to meet a large circle of our friends—Holman Hunt, Mrs. Crowe, Webster, R.A., Douglas Jerrold, Frank Buckland, Mrs. Craigie, Leech, Rossetti, Luard, the Millais brothers, and many others.

The Bensons lived in Palace Gardens, Kensington, and at their house, besides those friends I have mentioned, we frequently met Robert Browning, Leighton, the Sotherns, Charles Reade, Dion Boucicault, Fechter, Hallé, Joachim, Patti, and other great stars. How keenly we used to enjoy those charming gatherings, where music was the keynote.

Talking of parties has set old memories to work recalling a ball that I gave when my eldest daughter came out, and a most curious incident that happened later. For this dance we had a large tent ball-room erected in the garden, and as it was lovely weather I was unprepared for my husband's sudden remark that he believed we should have rain that night.

Directly the dancing began a most violent thunderstorm burst, with not ordinary rain, but like buckets full descending at a time; it even penetrated through the tent, so that the dancers had a soaked floor, but they cared for none of these things. In the highest spirits they footed it merrily, though the heat was excessive in the ball-room and everywhere.

After the ball I received numerous inquiries for missing fans, handkerchiefs, and other trifles which are always left behind at dances, and a letter from a well-connected man, who stated he had lost a very valuable pin, of diamonds and pearls, which he begged I would do everything in my power to find. I was greatly concerned, and sent at once for the head of the Kensington firm who had carried out all the arrangements, but he knew nothing about it. After three weeks he appeared to tell me the pin had been found somewhere by a waiter, and I at once wrote to "the personage," the owner. In the meantime, curiosity induced me to have the pin valued by a leading jeweller, who pronounced it to be only a "fair imitation" of the real thing. The owner replied, admitting rather unwillingly that the pin belonged to him, and as a student of psychology it left me pondering many strange things. Here was a man who had enjoyed every advantage in bringing up, and by association, deliberately telling a lie about his tie-pin. His statement was as spurious as the lost ornament—and again I wondered why he should have done this thing. The subsequent history of the pin revealed that, having been either stolen or found at the ball, the article was offered to a pawnbroker, but finding it worthless the finder gave it to his chief, and thus it reached its owner.

The means of getting about London in those days were primitive compared with those that obtain to-day, and I recollect an unpleasant experience one bitterly cold winter's night, when my daughter and I set out in a carriage to attend a party given by Frederick Lehmann. We drove on long after it seemed that we ought to have reached the house, and just as we were beginning to grow alarmed the horse stopped of its own accord. We jumped out, to discover the driver fast asleep on the box, and we could not rouse him. The predicament was unpleasant; we were in an unknown district, the roads were very dark, with few lights visible, and we were flimsily dressed for such weather and were wearing a good deal of valuable jewellery. Happily a gentleman walked out of the gloom, and seeing that we were in distress offered his assistance, and eventually procured us another carriage, in which we reached the Lehmanns' house shortly before midnight.

A curious thing is that many years afterwards my daughter, then married, sat next at a dinner party to a man who in the course of conversation related how once on a snowy night in December he had rescued two forlorn ladies. He proved to be the very one we had to thank for our deliverance.

I was taken ill suddenly when at Slough, and my husband, very alarmed, rushed for a doctor. Two other members of the household also went off on the same errand, and no less than three members of the profession arrived quickly. Two retired and the third attended to me. My husband was ready dressed to keep some important engagement, but he hovered about in a state of anxiety, and presently appeared in my room. On my opening my eyes he bent forward and peered at me to assure himself that I was better. A loud exclamation followed, and I saw Edward hastily struggling with some invisible object. First he bent forwards, then backwards, and in the dim light I watched him, until suddenly came enlightenment. We had been troubled by a plague of flies, and a zealous maid had fastened a long sticky plaster called " Catch 'em alive-o " to the canopy of my bed, where it fluttered in the breeze. Edward's best tall hat, glossy and fine, had come in contact with it, and also a part of his face. It stuck firmly, and by the time the horrid thing had been removed Edward's hat was ruined. I am afraid I appeared heartless over his catastrophe, for I simply shook with laughter, and my husband was so relieved at seeing my merriment that he took his misfortune quietly.

One of the most eccentric characters I have ever met was Lord Crewe, an aristocrat and autocrat of the old school, with a strong leaning towards Art. He suffered from certain prejudices that might almost be termed delusions, and on our first visit to Crewe Hall we were greatly puzzled by several things.

With the exception of his cousin, an interesting old lady who presided over his household, as he was a bachelor, there was an entire absence of any women servants, except at chapel, when a great number would muster, only to disappear mysteriously directly the service was ended.

One morning I wished to speak to a housemaid, and as I saw a black dress flash down the corridor I gave chase, but she had vanished. I mentioned the fact to Lord Crewe's cousin, who exclaimed in surprise: "What, don't you know Lord Crewe's orders? None of the servants are allowed to be seen by visitors: if they break this rule they are dismissed. Lord Crewe hates women, and thinks all his guests must detest them too."

"But what about me?" I asked; "doesn't he know that I, too, am a woman?"

"Yes, I think he does, but you are also an artist; that covers a multitude of sins, in his eyes," she replied laughing.

Archbishop Tait, Mrs. Tait, and their daughter were fellow-guests who added greatly to our enjoyment of that visit. Miss Tait married Mr. Randall Davidson, now Archbishop of Canterbury.

Lord Crewe's absent-mindedness was proverbial, though he was himself quite unaware of it. He used to dine at the Athenæum Club, usually at the same table. A story is told of another member who came in to obtain a place for dinner, but was refused by the waiter as all tables were engaged. The member pointed to a vacant seat, but was told that it was reserved for Lord Crewe. "Never mind," said the man, "tell him when he comes that he has dined." It is not recorded what the waiter got for his duplicity, but when Lord Crewe arrived he was received with astonishment: "You dined an hour ago, my lord," said the waiter. "So I did," murmured the victim, as he retraced his steps.

Crewe Hall was a very beautiful place, and I remember the wonderful variety of pineapples grown on the estate. They were of an extraordinary size, some pink, others variegated and apple-green.

Lady Houghton, Lord Crewe's sister, was a talented woman, who possessed also a practical mind. She knew how to talk well, even brilliantly, and like every good hostess, was a ready listener, ever able to advise tactfully in a difficulty. Hence she was a favourite with everyone. As an instance of her presence of mind, a fire took place at Crewe Hall just before we arrived on one of our visits. Lady Houghton took command, and acted promptly in saving the splendid collection of family pictures. She gave orders that they were to be cut from their frames, which was speedily accomplished.

Though absent-minded to a degree, old Lord Crewe was a martinet in keeping his household well up to the mark; meals were served punctually, and fires were allowed only from the 1st of December till the 1st of May. This was a decided ordeal for those who were accustomed to exercise their discretion on this point. To assume that one must bow to the whim of the Clerk of the Weather has always seemed great folly to me. I like a fire when the day is chilly, even if it be in August. The very last time I saw Lord Crewe was over forty years ago, when he arrived suddenly at our home at Windsor. It was a very hot day, and I felt rather overcome by the heat, but Lord Crewe complained that he felt " so cold, so cold ! " " Did you ever know such infernal weather ? " he asked me. It was in the month of April and he glanced reproachfully at my empty grate, evidently turning over in his confused mind the strange fact that there was no fire burning, though May 1 had not come. I liked Lord Crewe and always felt rather flattered by the fact that I was practically the only woman he ever conversed with, apart from his near relatives.

One of the most interesting women I have ever known was Louisa, Lady Ashburton, an all-round genius, possessing a tremendous force of character, a masculine power, with a woman's finer feelings. I stayed with her several times at Melchet Abbey, Hampshire, her splendid country estate, where I painted three pictures for her. Her town residence was Kent House, Knightsbridge. I painted a picture of her dining-room, the decoration of which was her own design. She took an autumnal leaf for her scheme of colour, and succeeded in making the room splendid. The walls were dull gold, the carpet emerald velvet, the curtains bronze brown, and workers from Italy wrought the gold decorations of grapes and vine leaves. The mantelpiece was "paried agate" and dark oak; above it the curious motto was inset in large gold letters: "Eat to live." Lady Ashburton gave a dinner party as soon as the room was finished, and in pointing out the quaint motto to a guest she saw that the workmen had replaced the letters and transposed the meaning at the same time—it read "Live to eat." There was a fine piece of sculpture at the end of the room, "The Sleeping Family," the work of an American artist of that time, Miss Hosmore. She was considered very clever, and Lady Ashburton, ever on the look out for talent, bought it at the Royal Academy.

Lady Ashburton would certainly have been a very great artist had she cared to concentrate towards the goal. She had supremely fine mental vision and an inexhaustible range of ideas. She was the finest amateur judge of Art I have ever met, especially of "Old Masters." Like many artists she was handicapped by an exceedingly erratic temperament. She acted impulsively, even as to the hours for meals in her home. I never had the least idea when they would be, and when I sometimes arrived from town on a fine summer morning to spend the day with her, it was decidedly disconcerting to find an elaborate luncheon prepared for soon after eleven o'clock in the morning. We were very early risers at my home, I used to begin the day in my studio at 6 a.m. I liked to get down to Lady Ashburton's lovely home in the morning, so that I could return to town early in the evening. But this my friend would never allow—and I found I must always attend the veritable banquet of a dinner, which might be any time after 10 p.m. When, at last, I was allowed to depart, an attendant was sent with me.

I painted many commissions for Lady Ashburton, and when copying the splendid portrait of her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Stewart-Mackenzie, at Kent House, I nearly experienced passing the night there as a prisoner! A "throne" was erected which could only be reached by a ladder, the picture was very large, and the room a lofty one. I thoroughly enjoyed my work, and presently my daughter, Enid, appeared to see how I was getting on. The lovely pictures on the walls soon claimed her attention, and to get a closer view of the technique, she took the steps, which she mounted, and examined them in turn. When she had gone I went on working till half-past seven, and twilight having descended I began to look forward to dinner and home. But when I wanted to return to the ground the steps had disappeared. I could just see them at the end of the drawing-room, and the sad fact that the family were away, and only a servant or two left as caretakers, made me wonder what to do. It was useless to call, it was too great a height to think of jumping, I realised with despair that no servant would come into the drawing-room, as I said I would pull down the blinds before leaving. So there I sat on a throne, but without any privileges as a queen. As total darkness set in I summoned all my fortitude to my aid, and prepared to spend the night in a most uncomfortable position. The butler, however, on returning from his evening walk, caught sight of the windows without the blinds down; he therefore walked in, and released me. His first remark seemed a very silly one: "Why did you not ring, madam?" he asked.

CHAPTER XIV

AN UNSOLVED TRAGEDY

A STRANGE and painful incident occurred when we were at Windsor, which was generally regarded by those who knew the chief actors as an unsolved tragedy. A lady, her husband, and an adopted daughter took a house in the neighbourhood. Both husband and wife were well connected, and well known in London society, whilst he was a celebrity. The husband was young and overflowing with gaiety and life ; Edward was slightly acquainted with him, and we became on visiting terms, but the only one of the trio I liked was the subdued faded wife, a woman of yielding, negative character, who eschewed fashion, dressed plainly, and was a contrast to her husband, who appeared to live for a perpetual round of pleasure. Though he had this house at Windsor he generally spent most of his time in London, coming down for week-ends, and vanishing again for another week.

The adopted daughter, Winnie, was small and pretty, her dark hair worn in curls, and when she wished to be specially fascinating she used vigorously to shake her ringlets, especially when she tried to impress me with her devotion to her "godmamma," as she called her benefactress. When the poor woman became ill, Winnie was always in attendance : indeed, I never saw them apart. I think we were all prejudiced against Winnie after attending a party given ostensibly by the hostess, but managed entirely by the host and

Winnie. Several of our friends present, including the Rev. Hammond Tonke, the vicar, were shocked and disgusted at the host's preference for his adopted daughter, and his marked neglect of his wife. He was clearly infatuated with this little replica of " Becky Sharp," who seemed to regard his attentions as her due. His wife maintained her dignity throughout this extraordinary exhibition, and appeared to notice nothing.

Before long she was seriously ill, and her husband and Winnie said she must leave Windsor and go to the seaside. I went to wish her good-bye, for I had grown fond of her, and pitied her intensely. During our brief conversation I was conscious that she wished to speak to me alone; the appealing look she gave me troubled me greatly afterwards. It was one of those crises which occur in life when a swift decision is necessary. Just before I left, I tried to draw her aside to hear what she had to say, but Winnie prevented me by saying indignantly that she and her godmamma had no secrets from each other, that she relied on " Winnie " to be nursed, and that no one ever gave her medicine " but Winnie " ! I was nonplussed, and left without the information she evidently wished to give. I always regretted that I did not insist upon seeing her alone. I hoped she would write as she promised she would, but no letter came, and I never saw her again. The servants remained in the house, and after some weeks a telegram arrived saying their mistress and Miss Winnie were returning home at a stated hour that day.

Their rooms were prepared for their arrival, and presently a carriage appeared at the door. To the grief and dismay of the servants, a coffin containing my poor friend was taken into the house, followed by Winnie simulating the part of chief mourner.

The widower did not come till a week after the funeral, when he dismissed the servants, and gave up the house, taking Winnie with him to London. I believe she went to Paris for a time, and then she married her adopted father. They lived in Kensington surrounded with all the luxury that money can give, but misfortune pursued them greatly, the friends of the first wife regarding it as a just retribution when Winnie went out of her mind and ended her days in an asylum, whilst still young, and her husband was smitten with an incurable complaint and died in the prime of life. Their three sons are still living, and well known in London.

A very different mentality to my poor friend, also unequally yoked, was Mrs. Jameson, the authoress, whom I met at my aunt's, Mrs. Jackson's, house at Hampstead. She was very well known as a writer, but was most interesting to me as the first woman supporter I had met of the Suffrage for Women. Though the movement got into disrepute through violent methods, Mrs. Jameson's views were right, and I think she would have been glad to have lived to see women representatives in Parliament. I shall never forget her views, so wise and well balanced, nor the great impression she made on me by her wonderful personality. She was Anna Brownell Murphy, and married a young barrister from the Lake country, who became Speaker of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada and Attorney-General of the Colony. It must be remembered that the disabilities of sex were strongly marked in those days, that any attempt to follow a calling of creative work, whether in the arts or science, was severely discouraged at home, in the press, and in public opinion. I had long felt the injustice of withholding the honour of R.A. from women, and in my case had to fight for the privilege of even attending the students' lectures at the Royal Academy. I was delighted, therefore, to receive the impressions this original little Irish lady gave me, for she spoke as one inspired.

It required great courage to set forth on a journey through North-West America, where she lectured, and in the United States and Canada. She described her amusing experiences in a canoe, laughing at the dangers she encountered. Then her mood would change as she spoke of Ireland and O'Connell, and I felt carried away with her enthusiasm. Then followed her opinions of the stage, of the Kembles and Shakespeare, and then she originated a discussion on Italian Art. All the while I fully agreed with her sentiments, and I think it is a tribute to her memory and charm that the conversation made such an impression that I seem to remember it vividly after so many years.

Although the present generation know nothing about Mrs. Jameson, she was very famous in her day as a writer. In 1826 she published *The Diary of an Ennuyée*, and I can recall her book *Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second*, illustrated by Sir Peter Lely's pictures; also *The Early Italian Painters* and *Sacred and Legendary Art*.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* surely caused the greatest excitement that any book has ever produced. England rang with its message, and it was bought and read eagerly in every home, and discussed by all classes and conditions of society. By its extreme lucidity and power it went to the very root of the evils of slavery. Queen Victoria, deeply stirred, and full of horror at the graphic story unfolded, acted swiftly; and Samuel Wilberforce and others, who had long been working for the same cause as Harriet Beecher Stowe, saw the Act passed abolishing slavery in Her Majesty's Dominions.

"A prophet is not without honour save in his own country." *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was not popular in the United States, so I was told. Mrs. Beecher Stowe came to London, and people flocked to meet her. The Duke of Sutherland held a reception in her honour, to which we were invited. The general impression was held that as an individual she was disappointing, being neither attractive in her address nor in controversy. Her morose manner was probably the precursor of mental illness. She died in an asylum. But she possessed the crowning consolation of knowing that she had been the direct agent of bringing about a cessation of the horrors of slavery: all honour to her memory!

Miss Braddon's works have given me more pleasure than any other novelist's. I have read *Lady Audley's Secret* many times, and all her convincing stories. It has been a matter of regret that I never knew the author that has given me such great pleasure, though I met her son, Mr. W. B. Maxwell, and paid a visit to her house after her death. Mr. Maxwell has followed in his mother's footsteps, and inherited her talents as a novelist. Lord Lytton was responsible in helping her to decide which profession she should exploit. He told me she consulted him as to whether it should be the drama or literature. After reading one of her stories he advised her to develop the latter gift, adding, "Although your dramatic ability is good, your power with the pen is above the average: it is genius."

I have nothing but pleasant memories of Scotland, which we first visited as guests of the Virtues. The grandeur of the scenery and our first drive through the Pass leading to Glencoe made an impression I never forgot, not unmixed with alarm. Our host had a pair of horses which galloped at full speed along the rough road by the edge of the chasm, and

I feared lest the horses should slip, and the carriage and all of us be thrown down its steep side. It was a wet day, and the "Glen of Weeping" looked a fitting spot for the hateful tragedy of the past—the treacherous murder of the MacDonalds by the Campbell Clan. In my mind's eye I reconstructed the event, which Edward was already longing to put on canvas. He afterwards said certain scenes he saw would make fitting illustrations for Dante's *Inferno*.

We often travelled long distances by coach, when I was amused at the good-natured way our fellow-passengers looked after Edward's comfort. He was rather a helpless man in looking after himself, and his household were accustomed to do things for him ; and being a great favourite with ladies I used to see them handing him wraps on the coach, and other kindly attentions, whilst I contentedly took care of myself.

After leaving the Virtues we stayed at "Glen Urquhart," a house belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis, and our kind friends lent it to us for three delightful months. It was beautiful without and within, having been designed by John Phillips, the R.A. It stood on a site commanding a magnificent view of hills and valleys covered with large Scotch fir-trees. We lived very quietly, enjoying a complete rest, walking through exquisite country, painting landscapes, watching autumn sunsets with delight, marvelling at the brilliancy and purity of the colouring, seen through a luminous atmosphere which is a revelation to Londoners.

Lady Seafield lived at Castle Grant, close to "Glen Urquhart," and we were present at the coming-of-age ball given in honour of her eldest son. I recollect the curious custom he observed when making his speech ; he stood with one foot resting on the table.

In painting a landscape scene from the Lewis's grounds I caught a charming glimpse of nature study which interested me. Two little birds with red breasts, something like robins, used to come every afternoon at two o'clock to the minute, and forage busily amongst the rocks. Directly they appeared I knew it was time to leave my work and go home to luncheon, and I never found out why they always came at the same hour, unless in search for small fish, which congregated there at that time; if so, the latter's extreme punctuality proved their undoing.

We paid another visit near Manchester, where we were guests of Mr. Harrison, who lived with his sister at Salmesbury Hall, Preston. The house was a romantic building, half-timbered; the original place was of great antiquity, consisting of one storey and no staircase. About the fifteenth century it had been restored and enlarged, and I remember the hall had a Minstrels' Gallery, and in the gallery the Harrisons said "a ghost walked." When I asked for full particulars the family maintained a grave silence. Either they could not, or would not, reveal further. Mr. Harrison commissioned a picture, which I called "An Incident in the Childhood of Frederick the Great." It showed him having his horoscope cast, surrounded by his family. Carlyle was my authority; he tells the story in his famous life of *Frederick the Great*. The picture was hung at the Royal Academy.

Whilst staying with our friends we visited a friend of theirs, Mr. Murdel, a wealthy Manchester merchant, a great connoisseur of art. He invited us to see his collection, and one day when we were in Manchester we paid him a surprise visit at his office. As he was very busy at the moment, he suggested we should drive on in advance of him to his country house, a few miles from the city, and he would follow on in time for lunch. His wife met us at the door, and appeared to be expecting us, much to our surprise, till we were introduced to the telephone, a contrivance unknown to most people at the time. It was the first occasion I had even heard of it. Anything more beautiful than the contents of that house I have never seen: unique collections of first editions, rare carvings, priceless "old masters," stores of antiques, statuary, old china, and rare antique jewels. In the grounds was a winter garden, full of the choicest flowers, with a Victoria Regina lily floating in a marble fountain. With a smile and a sigh for the times of long ago I think of their warm-hearted welcome on our first meeting. People who are afflicted by the reverse temperament I have never cared to know—indeed, it is impossible to *know* them, though one might meet them for years. They retain an icy reserve, which chills friendship. Their acquaintances must of necessity be of the same calibre. When I was little more than a girl I had received a commission to paint a picture of Robert Burns, and whilst I was doing it the family, who lived in Portland Place, invited me to a luncheon party, where the hostess and guests belonged to the glacial order of beings. After enduring the restricted atmosphere and stilted conversation of "prunes and prisms" I made the excuse of getting away from their company in the drawing-room by saying, "Now I must depart to rub up the man's head!" The expression on the faces of the assembly was worth studying, as I escaped laughing into another room, where I set to work on the head of Burns, vigorously rubbing in some "medium" before going on with my work. I felt quite pleased to have roused the guests to some degree of animation.

To return to our friends the Harrisons of Salmesbury. Many years after this visit of ours, when I was living in Gerald Road, a curious-looking woman called to see me, and as I was away my daughter Beatrice saw her. She was dressed in a peculiar fashion, wearing long magenta gloves. She said she had met me at the Harrisons, and that I knew her, and after beating round the question she begged eagerly to be allowed to see my studio, which was at the back of the house. My daughter said that it was locked up, and that she could not see it till I returned. The woman left at once, seeming very disappointed, and we never heard any more of her. Soon after, an elderly woman came, who stated she was a writer, and she must see my studio. Again my daughter explained that it was not possible, and advised her to wait and see me. Exit the second visitor—who also laid claim to knowing me. A few days passed before a third woman appeared, and as she told the maid that she "knew Mrs. Ward," and had some time to wait before catching her train, my daughter found her in the drawing-room. She was a beautifully dressed woman, with nothing odd about her, and after declaring that I knew her she asked to see my studio before leaving. By this time Beatrice was getting rather suspicious of her unknown visitors, and gave the same excuse. As none of the three ever appeared again we came to the conclusion that it was a concocted plan to get in for some purpose of their own. Soon after, a fourth person appeared, a man from Italy, who wished to see me. He received a very cold reception, which was unfortunate, as it transpired he bore letters of introduction from well-accredited people, and was an important personage.

CHAPTER XV

A BURGLARY AT KENT VILLA

WHILST we were living at Kent Villa we lost a number of valuables through an enterprising boy burglar. One evening my eldest daughter, Alice, who was fourteen, was sent to the drawing-room to practise the piano. Candles were lighted and she was expected to stay there and work diligently for a stated time. Instead, she soon appeared saying she was frightened by a noise in the room, and she declined to return to her music. Unfortunately we never thought of exploring the drawing-room to find out the reason of her alarm; the next morning the housemaid appeared as we were at breakfast to say she had found the drawing-room in great confusion, and would I come and see it?

The floor was strewn with glass shades, the treasures beneath having been abstracted, and many valuable things were missing. As I stood making a list of the stolen articles, Edward called from his studio that several things of his were gone—amongst others, a red cloak with a fascinating hood that he was painting from, and his painting "Hogarth showing his Picture to Captain Coram." His paints and brushes were scattered all over the studio. We sent for the police, but before they arrived a cab drove up to the door, and to our astonishment out stepped my father, followed by a policeman and a youth. My father told us the policeman had called at his house whilst he was having breakfast, carrying a basket he recognised as mine, containing some valuable porcelain and the red cloak. Now this basket had been sent me from India when I was a child, by an old playmate named George Phillips, and I had kept it all those years, with the label addressed to "Miss Henrietta Ward, 31 Fitzroy Square." It appeared that the policeman, seeing a poorly-dressed boy laden with a heavy basket and many parcels, decided to follow him, and the lad not being able to give a satisfactory account of himself, the policeman examined the basket and found a valuable clue in my father's address. The lad when charged persisted in giving his name as "George Phillips," and his mother appeared who declared she was the widow of a man named Phillips, and that the boy was her only child. She overwhelmed me with so many protestations of grief and promises to send him out of the country that I let him off, he being such a young offender, but only part of the articles stolen were ever returned to me. Edward's picture of "Hogarth and Captain Coram" now hangs in the York Museum. The red cloak mentioned was all the rage at that time, for Mrs. Boucicault, the actress, wore it in that fascinating play *The Colleen Bawn*, after which everyone was wearing the "Colleen Bawn" cloak, with its pretty hood.

I had rather a peculiar loss soon after, through being too confiding. A lady staying with us possessed an extremely careless and happy-go-lucky temperament, and knowing this failing I should never have trusted her with what was very valuable to me. I had an anatomical human skeleton in my studio for the purpose of a thorough study of anatomy. When our friend was going home she asked if she might take a few bones to draw, as she was working hard at painting. The bones were articulated on wires, and could be unhooked, so I gave her a few, urging special caution not to let them out of her sight on the journey. Of course she managed to lose them. Having arrived at the station she entrusted a porter to carry the gruesome relics in a parcel tied up carelessly. The string broke, and right on the platform, before the horrified eyes of passengers and astonished officials, out tumbled the bones. A hand and arm was seen pointing reproachfully at our friend, who felt, with the onlookers, that she had committed some crime. After a hurried explanation, and largesse more than she could afford, she persuaded an intrepid porter to pick the bones up, but in her fear of subsequent detention and inquiries she made off with all possible speed, leaving them behind her. She sent two pictures to the Royal Academy which were accepted, but when it came to hanging them theyhad disappeared. Some years after they were brought to me by a dealer, who wanted me to purchase them. Curiously enough the frock of a child had been changed from pink to blue. Whilst staying with us my friend sat to my husband for the daughter of Marie Antoinette, and became so stiff from her novel occupation of kneeling that she had to be lifted up, and given a restorative. Sir Joseph Arden commissioned this picture.

Another happy-go-lucky person was my children's governess, a niece of Wilkie Collins, whose want of tact sometimes landed her in awkward situations. Being of a romantic nature, she was specially intrigued by Mrs. Henry Wood's long-winded stories, which she studied incessantly. She cherished the hope of one day meeting her favourite writer, and envied me because I knew her. I used to tell her she would only be disappointed. I knew Mrs. Henry Wood when in the full zenith of her fame as a novelist, but I never found any point of contact with her. She was a very nice woman, but hopelessly prosaic. Calling upon her one day when she was alone I hoped that perhaps she would reveal some hidden depth yet unseen. But alas! the topics she clung to and thoroughly explored were her servants' shortcomings, and a full account of the cold she had caught, she being one of those tiresome people who like to trace its career from infancy.

I gratified the governess's wish to meet Mrs. Henry Wood by taking her to a party at the Carter Halls', and she soon saw the heroine of her dreams surrounded by people. Friends claimed my attention, and the governess wandered off with another little circle of guests, where she electrified them all by a tactless question. "Who is that plain and commonplace lady, and why is everyone making such a fuss over her?" she asked. The silence that followed was so great that a pin could have been heard to drop. "That lady is my wife," said an elderly man, with a terrible grim intensity. It was Mr. Henry Wood! The governess fled hastily. I introduced her to Mrs. Henry Wood later, and left them together. She afterwards told me, "I was dreadfully disillusioned, for she would not talk about her books, but only about how a man had carted away the snow surrounding her house. She described with a peculiar passion for detail all the stages of the process; then followed domestic troubles of a most boring kind." Her daughter was equally mundane.

Edward and I had many invitations to stay with friends, but we were far too busily engaged at work to accept them as a rule. However, we snatched the time for occasional holidays, and some of my happiest memories are of visits to the Augustus Dubourgs, who were old and valued friends of ours.

Dubourg, playwright and author, collaborated with Tom Taylor in that delightful comedy *New Men and Old Acres* in which Mrs. Kendal (then Miss Madge

Robertson) made her debut. Mrs. Dubourg was a Miss Nightingale, related to Florence Nightingale. The Dubourgs lived near Salisbury, and Mr. Dubourg took me one day to see Salisbury Museum. After exploring the interesting treasures, especially the old china and ware, he asked an attendant for "the Doll." A drawer was opened, and a doll was pulled out roughly, dressed in the fashion worn in France about the time of the French Revolution. This I saw at a first glance; I had yet to learn what a precious relic it was, how pathetic were the memories that clung round those faded garments.

Mr. Dubourg told me the story. Marie Antoinette dressed it for her little daughter as she lingered day by day awaiting the sentence of death in the grim Conciergerie. The dethroned Queen gave it to a lady-in-waiting, who left it to her daughter, and she presented it to the Museum. Marie Antoinette was an accomplished hand at her needle, as the perfect little costume shows. Having dressed the doll, she wanted to pass the time by knitting a little pair of stockings, and asked for some fine knitting needles. Her captors were determined to make her as miserable as they could, and they refused the request. Whereupon she cleverly managed to knit those diminutive stockings with two pins. I imagined the sad scene, Marie Antoinette as the work progressed feeling that each hour that passed brought her nearer to her doom.

I complained to the authorities about the way this interesting relic was treated, and Mr. Dubourg supported me, and the next time I saw the doll it was in a glass case, where it should have been placed from the first.

I was glad when Sir Edward Lawson's daughter, Lady Hulse, who lived in the neighbourhood, at her father's death presented Edward's pictures "Marie

Antoinette Sleeping before her Execution" and "Charlotte Corday" to the Municipal Hall at Salisbury.

One of the church dignitaries of Salisbury told me a curious fact about the cathedral spire. I was first asked to regard the spire very closely, which I did, and could plainly see a box in the spire. The legend runs that it is said to contain a piece of the Virgin's robe. Having once had it pointed out, the box can be seen without a glass.

CHAPTER XVI

MY GREAT SORROW

WE had spent eighteen very happy years at Kensington, packed full of work and pleasure, surrounded by a circle of congenial spirits, and I had never pictured what leaving Kent Villa meant, nor would we have done so if a great shadow had not fallen across our threshold. My husband began to fail in vigour, at first so gradually that the change was almost imperceptible. He who had been ever full of life and high spirits, and an indomitable worker, began to complain of fatigue; invitations he would never have missed hitherto had now to be abandoned, and the work he loved to be set aside till he was able to do it. All of this filled me with an alarm I strove to conceal.

A specialist was consulted and he advised us to leave London at once and take up our abode in the country. I immediately transferred our lease of Kent Villa, and bought a house at Windsor. My reason for choosing Windsor was that many of our old friends were there, and my husband loved the locality where so many happy days had been spent.

I wanted him to have a complete rest and give up all work, but I soon found he would be miserable without his painting, into which he threw his failing energies once more.

The Duke of Albany had established some Tapestry Works at Windsor, to revive the Art and encourage it as an industry, and it prospered by leaps and bounds so long as he lived and continued to supervise it. The Duke, like his father the Prince Consort, took an intense interest in reviving artistic productions and making them a sound commercial success. Both possessed vision and good judgment in such matters. The Duke of Albany asked Edward to paint several designs for tapestry, and these proved a real joy to my husband. Accompanied by my dog "Sting," I used to go to the Tapestry Works to meet my husband, and on one occasion when the Duke advanced to meet me, "Sting," in an excess of zeal, rushed forward and threw him over. After doing this, "Sting" was promptly rewarded by the Duke with a pat of approval.

But "Sting" made amends a few years later when he was with me and a party of friends watching the future Duchess of Albany drive past on the way to St. George's Chapel to be married. "Sting" was ordered by me to salute, and he immediately stood on his hind legs and gave a series of short barks, much to the amusement of the onlookers. After luncheon we went over to the Tapestry Works to see the Royal Bride and Bridegroom drive to the station. The bride's beauty and grace won all hearts.

The Tapestry Works were closed soon after Prince Leopold's death, and Mr. Henry, the manager, died a few years ago. The buildings were converted into houses and still remain.

Some neighbours of ours, Lady Florence Dixie and her husband, she being a daughter of the seventh Marquis of Queensberry, lived at a lovely place called "The Fisheries." The tranquillity of Windsor was disturbed about this time by an alarming report that Lady Florence had been attacked by several ruffians with a view to taking her life. She said that an attempt was made to stab her. Many wild statements flew about, one being that she was connected with some political conspiracy, and several detectives came down at once, but failed to discover the culprits. It transpired later that she had not received any injury, and it was made quite evident that the whole thing was an hallucination emanating from an hysterical woman; but while the inquiry was on foot Queen Victoria heard about it and sent her trusted Highlander, John Brown, to make all inquiries and give any assistance he could. John Brown visited the spot on the Maidenhead Road, and spent some time investigating the matter, during which he contracted a violent chill, and when he returned to Windsor took to his bed, dying soon after.

Lady Florence Dixie, a sister of Lord Queensberry, was considered a "New Woman." She was certainly very eccentric, though she was also undoubtedly clever. For some years she edited *Vanity Fair*, and she wrote some brilliant books and articles. Her favourite headgear was a polo cap, and I have watched her at a respectful distance sporting on her lawn with a strange pet, a large jaguar, which thoroughly alarmed her household and myself, for it was always in evidence, indulging in clumsy gambols, whilst anxious faces would peer through her windows expecting a sudden catastrophe to happen. Finally, somebody persuaded her to send it to the Zoo.

Her husband, Sir Alexander Beaumont Dixie, was as unconventional as his wife. I once saw him dressed as a harlequin, reading a paper on his lawn. The gong sounded for dinner, and he sprang up just like a typical one, and leaped off to the house. Opposite to "The Fisheries" lived Mr. Davenant (afterwards Sir Henry Davenant) in an interesting old house called "The Hatch," which was reputed to be haunted. Edward and I once stayed there. After spending a very pleasant evening we retired to our room, but were unable to sleep, owing to a gruesome sound, which closely resembled groaning, constantly recurring. Edward got up, and investigated every corner of the room, then went down on his hands and knees, and with some difficulty raised a loose board in the flooring. It was a windy night and he found the noise was caused by the wind blowing through an aperture.

Mr. Davenant was a great friend of Edward's, and the latter often spent his Sunday evenings at "The Hatch." One spot on the Maidenhead Road near Windsor, where the river curves, Edward always objected to passing, though he was unable to account for his strong aversion to it. He told Mr. Davenant that he would suddenly become filled with horror and dread as he approached it, and though we never heard that any foul deed had been enacted at that time two people have since been murdered there. In the first crime a man was found on the road robbed and murdered; the second case was that of a girl whose body was seen lying among the weeds in the bend of the river, the spot Edward disliked so strongly. My husband, with a highly developed imagination, was intensely alive to psychic impressions, and perhaps his subconscious mind warned him of some evil influence lingering there and inciting others to deeds of violence. Anyone who knows the place with its sullen dark waters, its shadows and silence, surrounded by lonely meadows, can conceive that it might lend itself to one with a sinister design in view.

The change to Windsor for a time reacted on my husband, and I congratulated myself on the great improvement in his health and spirits. He accepted invitations to various parties, and was his own gay self, working at his commissions, and in his leisure enjoying the society he loved.

Lord and Lady Otho FitzGerald lived three miles from Windsor, and my husband and I attended a ball where we met two rival society beauties, Lady Dudley and lovely Lillie Langtry. On this occasion I was appealed to as an artist as to which I considered the more beautiful. Lord Otho merely said: "I have two great beauties here, and I want you to see them." I was introduced and studied them closely, and awarded the palm to Lady Dudley. Her Scottish type (she was one of the beautiful Moncrieffe sisters) was a perfect one; her lovely hair and her grace and charm made me long to paint her portrait. Mrs. Langtry, on the other hand, was extremely pretty, with almond-shaped blue eyes and a great charm of expression.

We had a funny experience when Edward and I and my daughter Eva were returning home from one of Lady Otho's balls. The carriage drive at our house at Windsor had a slight incline from the entrance to the house, and as we drove up, suddenly the back seat of the carriage, which my husband and I occupied, seemed to sink to the ground, whilst Eva, on the front seat, appeared to be towering above us. Greatly puzzled to know what had happened, we alighted with difficulty at that strange angle, and found that the wheels had disappeared altogether. The horse being taken out, the carriage was left in the drive till the next day, and some friends who saw it there declared that our combined weight had been the cause of the collapse. We had a lot of laughter over this strange accident.

I remember meeting the late Prince Imperial at the FitzGeralds' shortly before the Zulu War. Lady Otho said he endeared himself to everyone by his sunny good-nature; he was an adept at games and dancing, and was unselfish to a degree, ever seeking to give pleasure to others around him. My son, "Spy," preserved a letter, that I wrote him when I was in Paris, which mentioned the Prince Imperial. "I again saw the little baby Emperor: I should like to paint him." Leslie little thought then that he would ever meet him. At another dance he was introduced to the Prince Imperial by Lord and Lady Otho, at Oakley Court, under trying circumstances. Leslie was always unfortunate in arranging mundane matters, for which, like his father, he had a supreme disregard, trusting always to "chance" to make good his forgetfulness. In Edward's case I did the thinking, but poor Leslie was only a boy at this time, and had not a wife to look after him. He relates how he had left his dress clothes with his tailor, a class noted for not fulfilling their promises according to time. However, Leslie sent word that his apparel was to be sent on immediately, and went to Windsor to convey the news that it was doubtful if he could accompany his sisters to Lady Otho's dance. Edward and I were away from home and the girls were distracted at this piece of intelligence. They could not appear without their brother. Anxiously they waited for that doubly precious parcel—and it arrived. Loud rejoicings followed, and all repaired to their rooms to make themselves look as beautiful as was in their power. Alas! Leslie found the wrong suit had been sent! It would fit a person double his size. What was to be done? On the one hand were his sisters, Niobe-like in their grief, and on the other, his natural shyness and hurt vanity, should he appear like the man "who had not on a wedding garment." Poor Leslie! His good-nature triumphed. His sisters said: "You must go"—and he went.

He described the awful moment himself. "I had to swallow my pride and enter the ball-room, awkwardly enough, as I had buckled back my waistcoat as far as I could, but with the coat there was nothing to be done but take a lapel under each arm and do my best to conceal the ill-fitting garment, which I could have folded twice round my body, by holding it out of sight.

"I kept well in the background during the early part of the evening, but after supper I felt bolder, and decided to dance at any price. On asking one fair lady for a dance I noticed her furtive glance sweep over me. I hastened to explain the reason for my unfortunate plight, at which she took pity on me and gave me a dance.

"I was young then," added Leslie, "and took a pride in well-fitting clothes, yet it was under these most trying circumstances that, with both arms fully occupied, I was presented to the Prince Imperial. Pride of speech and ease of demeanour were far from me."

Poor good-natured Leslie! All his fears were groundless, as he afterwards found that the Prince Imperial thought little of dress, and when Leslie, on his way to Ascot, driving along the dusty road, passed the FitzGeralds' coach with the Prince on top, he was covered with dust and did not think the latter had seen him. But when they met by appointment at Charing Cross for Chislehurst, the Prince asked with a smile: "Why did you cut me the other day on the road to Ascot?" He never struck Leslie as being a smartly dressed man.

Leslie made a drawing of him at Chislehurst, and received an autograph photograph when his cartoon of the Prince appeared in *Vanity Fair*.

The Prince Imperial, light-hearted and gay, was full of mischief, and loved practical jokes. Whilst staying at Lord Otho's he yielded to the suggestion of Captain Bay Middleton to climb to the top of the tower of Oakley Court, and exchange a towel for the handsome flag that waved proudly from that flagstaff. They carried out the boyish prank in the early morning after a dance, and the Prince was delighted with the joke, which his host did not regard in the same light.

Up to this period of my life I had glided along without a real care in the world. Then came the great change. Edward again began to fail rapidly, and a feverish dread possessed me always, which I strove not to show. I consulted doctors and we moved from place to place as they advised, finally returning to our home at Windsor, for both Edward and I were aware that nothing could be done. The whole time was like an awful nightmare to me, and I dared not think of the approaching time when I should be left without my husband. The day he died two robins came in through the window, and seemed determined to stay in his room. I can remember this incident, and how I recalled the old superstition that it is unlucky to have them as visitors, as it is said to presage death. I caught them and put them outside, but they returned again and again. His brain was clouded during the last few days of his life, and when I was left alone in my bereavement my only solace lay in the fact that his long and severe suffering was ended. He was at peace.

I can hardly express the goodness and kindness of my friends at this time. On the day of Edward's funeral, the President, Sir Frederick Leighton, and nearly all the Royal Academicians stood by me, my father was with me, and such a crowd of people who had loved and respected my husband and were determined to do honour to his memory. There were students from the Royal Academy unknown to me, porters and models, and many others I had never seen, but to whom Edward had endeared himself by many acts of courtesy and kindness, as was his invariable rule. The blinds were drawn all over Windsor as a mark of respect. All this sympathy touched me deeply, and I was glad to remember it afterwards. Constant inquiries during Edward's long illness had come from many—Wilkie Collins, Tom Taylor, and William Powell Frith, among others.

"*January* 14, 1879.

"MY DEAR MRS. WARD,

"I have only this moment heard from Charles that Edward is seriously ill. Your residence in the country and my busy life in London have been great obstacles in the way of our meeting for too long a time. But I do not forget the old friends, and the old times, and I take this way, rather than no way, of assuring you of my sympathy and my most earnest hope for better news before long of the health of my old friend. At this time of anxiety pray don't think of answering my letter. If there is improvement, and if Alice will write just one line to say so, I shall be rejoiced to hear it.

"With love to you all.

"Yours always truly,
"WILKIE COLLINS."

After Edward's death Marcus Stone wrote from Melbury Road:

"MY DEAR MRS. WARD,

"The sad news of your bereavement has overwhelmed me with grief. How useless it is to offer you consolation and sympathy at such an hour! Time alone can soften the cruel suffering of to-day. The whole country is mourning the loss of one of the greatest men of the century, but I, in common with many others, have to mourn the loss of the noblest and kindest of friends. Pray believe in our warmest love and sympathy.

"Yours always,
"MARCUS STONE."

CHAPTER XVII

MY SCHOOL

A YEAR after Edward's death I had the additional sorrow of losing my father. There always had been a room reserved for him at our house, and he used to come whenever he felt disposed, whilst Sundays were always spent with us.

The only period of my life when I ceased to paint pictures was at this time. The artist must feel happy when producing creative work, and my mind was in a state of chaos. My friends saw that work was the best panacea for me; they rallied round and urged me to teach others how to produce art. I accepted the idea readily, being anxious to engage in any work that would occupy my time and thoughts. Accordingly I took a studio at 6 William Street, where I started my art classes with four pupils, and soon had more than I could possibly cope with. When I used to arrive in the morning from Windsor, I was soon accustomed to finding the hall full of parents and guardians, wishing to place their daughters under my charge. I was obliged to refuse many applicants, as well as offers of partnership in the school.

The academic outlook is very different to-day with art centres everywhere, with many teachers, and every facility for specialised subjects. The difficulty to-day is to find pupils, and certain painters have abandoned the idea, as it does not recompense them sufficiently.

My school was the only one of its kind in London, and I had the sole monopoly, I believe.

As patrons I had the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh.

Amongst the visiting professors were Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, R.A.; Briton Rivière, R.A.; John Horsley, R.A.; Marcus Stone, R.A.; Frank Dicksee, R.A.; and Sir Luke Fildes, R.A.; with, of course, dear William Powell Frith, R.A., whose devotion to the school and to his ideals of friendship led him to regard with indignation any defaulter who through pressure of work ever failed to attend regularly. When John Horsley resigned, he told me he had not the time to attend his own son's school, and was obliged unwillingly to relinquish his visits to my school, which of course I understood; but when Frith heard of it he replied with an indignant letter:

"My dear Mrs. Ward,

"I never read a more characteristic note than the enclosed, or more clearly reflecting the writer's character. I am quite sure you may take 'No' for an answer, and I am sure that anything I could say or do would have no effect.

"I have always maintained that there is human nature and R.A. nature, and here is a proof! Why not try Goodall? He is a very kind fellow, and would very likely spare the terrible loss of time that four hours in the year might imply?

"My wife joins me in kindest regards. Glad the young ladies are pleased.

"Ever faithfully yours,
"W. P. Frith."

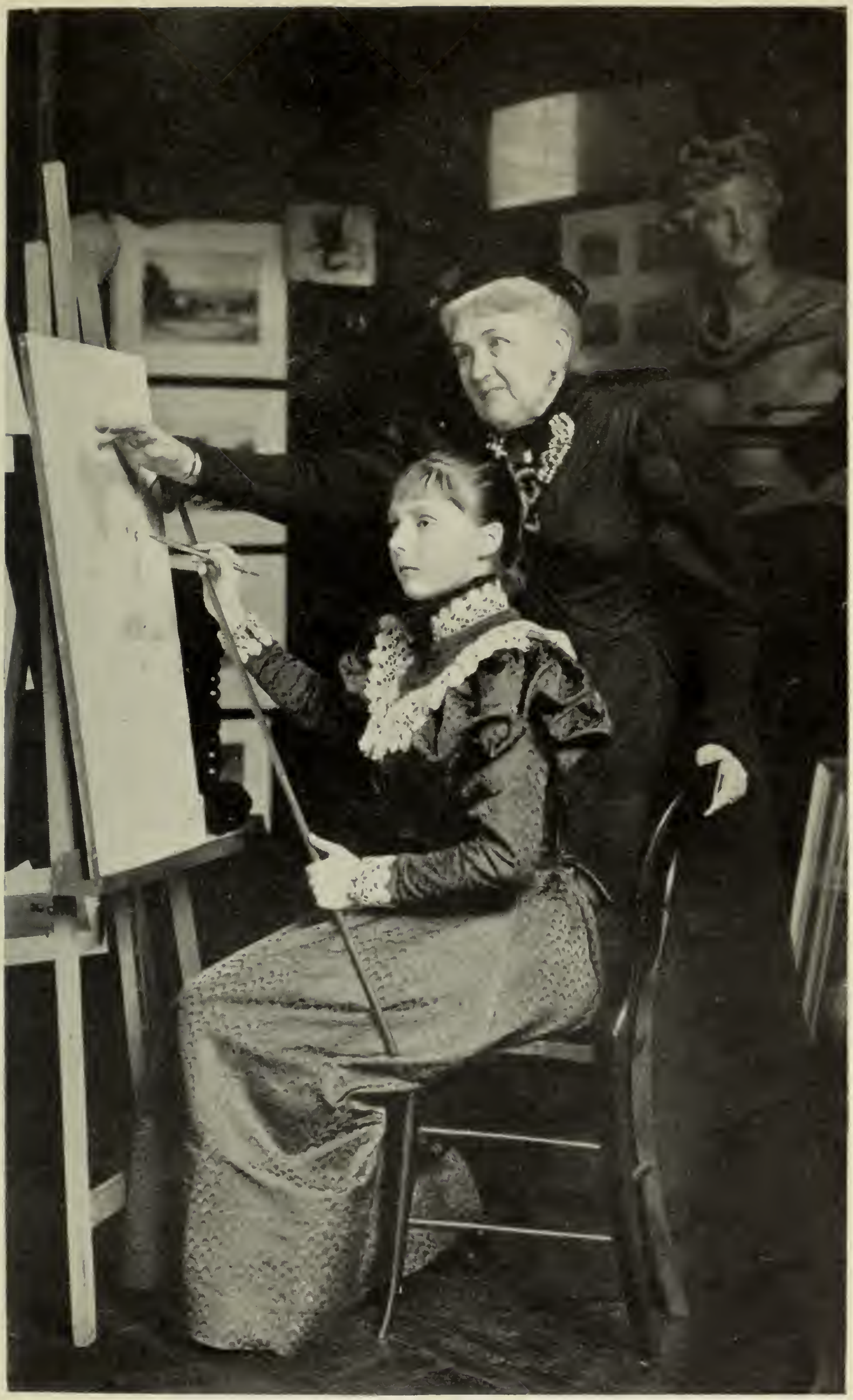
Thus earnestly working together I found my time fully occupied with teaching and my family, so that I had no time to dwell on my loss, yet through it all, the triumphs of success, and the difficulties which, in turn, were overcome, I missed the advice I valued so highly, and often found myself wondering what Edward would have done, what he would have thought of certain problems which I had to solve alone.

I had only one romance connected with my school. An American heiress, outwardly demure and sedate, had been my pupil for some time. When I saw her one afternoon walking with a man who had apparently met her on her way home, I thought nothing of the incident, but early next morning her father was waiting to see me, and announced that she had made a runaway marriage with a man who was a detrimental. It transpired that she had been corresponding with him and meeting him for some time. Perhaps my own romance made me feel more lenient towards the offenders, though I was annoyed that they had made my school a meeting spot. I never saw my pupil again, nor heard any more of the matter.

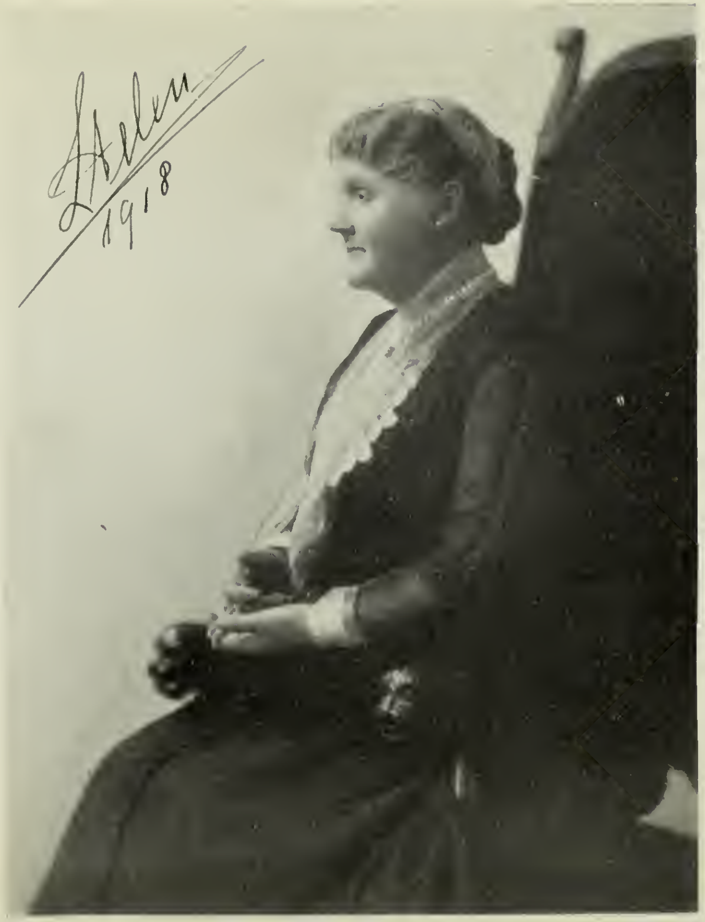
After three years' teaching at William Street I left Windsor, and took a house in Gerald Road, where I built a studio at the back, and transferred my pupils there.

I took members of the Royal Family as private pupils—Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany, and her daughter, Princess Alice of Albany, now the Countess of Athlone.

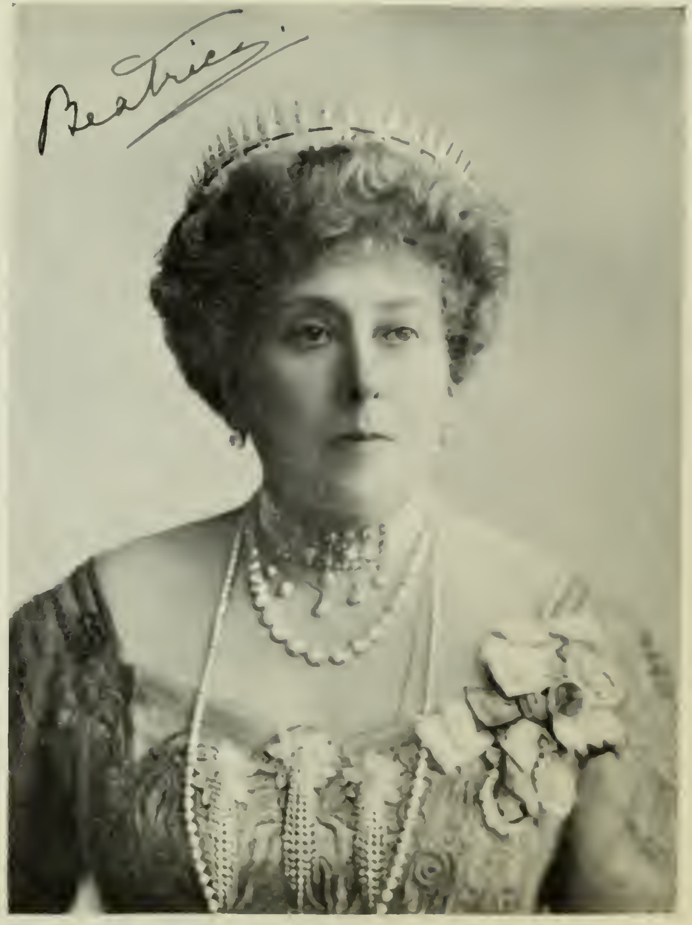
During the two years I went to Claremont, Esher, the Duchess of Albany's residence, to give her lessons in painting, she made rapid progress, and only abandoned her studies on account of numerous public engagements. Her daughter, the Princess Alice, came to my studio with her governess for four years. She was clever and industrious, and possessed such a sunshiny nature as to win my heart entirely. When she came for the first time, she was the prettiest little girl imaginable, with golden hair and blue eyes, a veritable fairy princess. Hanging on the walls were engravings of two of my pictures, "Elizabeth Fry"



MRS. E. M. WARD AND H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY IN THE STUDIO.



H.R.H. THE LATE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS BEATRICE.

and "God Save the Queen." "Why, we have those in our nursery," she said in surprise.

She and her brother used to take me round the lovely grounds of Claremont, and give me bouquets of flowers. The gardens of that Esher estate, with classical temples enriched by sculptured portraits of poor Princess Charlotte, possess an historic interest. Princess Charlotte lived at Claremont for a year, then came her tragic death. She endeared herself to the people by many acts of kindness, and was deeply mourned. I copied a portrait of her by Lawrence, and from this did the picture "Princess Charlotte in the Lanes at Windsor," which pleased Queen Victoria. In St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is a piece of sculpture by Wyatt, "Princess Charlotte ascending to Heaven with her Child."

When the Duchess of Albany left Claremont, The Clock House, Kensington Palace, became her residence. Only recently I have heard with sorrow of her death.

The Countess of Athlone, with dear children of her own, has developed into a fascinating woman. She still comes to see me, and on my eighty-sixth birthday appeared bearing a golden basket of orchids.

When King Edward died, she wrote from Windsor Castle in reply to my condolence:

"My dear Mrs. Ward,

"It was so very kind of you to think of writing to me on this terribly sad occasion, and to tell me of that sympathy which I was sure you would feel for us all. Indeed, you, too, have lost nearly as much as his family, for surely my dear Uncle's death is a national calamity, if ever there was one.

"With my love and grateful thanks,
"I remain,
"Yours affectionately,
"Alice."

During the intervals between teaching, my daughters often amused Princess Alice, and one day I found Enid and the little Princess on the ground watching the slow antics of our dear old tortoise, and to please the Princess Enid had placed a toy one beside it, to see if he would recognise his counterfeit brother. To our amazement a notice of this little incident appeared in a society paper, with the addition that Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, R.A., had seen them thus engaged, and that it suggested the subject for his picture "Lady Feeding the Goldfish." It required a big stretch of imagination to find any point of resemblance to truth in this statement. My daughter was grown up, and the Princess only a child: Sir Lawrence's picture was painted before the little incident took place, and of which he had never heard.

I taught Lady Olivia Taylour, now Lady Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, Lady Helen Grosvenor, and Mrs. Sandeman, whose ability John Horsley recognised. He advised her to send her picture "African Trophies" to the Royal Academy, and it was well hung.

Amongst my first pupils were the gifted daughters of Sir Robert Phillimore. One of the sisters survives, and is a writer as well as a painter. Her versatility extends from a treatise on Charles I to editing sermons. Many years ago I stayed at her villa in Rimini. I often visit her now at Shiplake House, Henley. Lady Randolph Churchill was a brilliant pupil, a musician as well as a painter. She brought her father, Mr. Jerome, to introduce to me, and her son, Winston, a small boy in knickerbockers. When I lunched with her I saw the new departure of offering cigarettes to ladies. I got used to the scent of tobacco at an early age, when my dear father used to take me to the

Chalcographic Society and other male meetings—I like the aroma.

Soon after my widowhood I received a letter from Sir Henry Irving, which touched me deeply. He said he greatly hoped I would accede to his request that I should visit his theatre, and he placed his private box at my disposal, asking me to use the private entrance and he would see that I avoided meeting friends in arriving and leaving the theatre. This gracious act showed his kindly heart, and I accepted the invitation. How wonderful the Lyceum was in those days, when Irving and Ellen Terry delighted huge audiences. I saw them act many times, and never tired of seeing these great artistes. I sent Irving a small picture of Fechter as "Hamlet," a study for a larger picture Edward intended to paint, and he replied in the following terms :

"LYCEUM THEATRE.

"DEAR MRS. WARD,

"Let me thank you most heartily for the delightful picture which you have sent me, which has, and will ever have, for me sweet memories of your dear husband. I hope I shall always have the pleasure of seeing you here—you will always be most welcome. I wonder have you seen *Much Ado* ? I think you will like our presentation of it. We are all very hard at work for its production.

"With every good wish for the New Year to you and yours,

"H. IRVING.

"*2nd Jan.*, 1891."

Through the kindness and active suggestions of Sir Edward Levy-Lawson, afterwards Lord Burnham, I received a Civil List Pension of £100 a year, with a letter signed by Lord Beaconsfield :

"10 Downing Street, Whitehall.
"15*th May*, 1879.

"Madam,

"I have the pleasure to inform you that the Queen has been graciously pleased to confer on you a pension of one hundred pounds a year from Her Majesty's Civil List, in consideration of the Services rendered to Art by your late husband.

"I have to request that you will furnish me with your names and address in full, together with the names and addresses of two gentlemen who would be willing to act as your Trustees in this matter.

"I have the honour to be,
"Yours faithfully,
"Beaconsfield."

By this time Leslie was firmly installed on the staff of *Vanity Fair*, making a big income, and my second daughter, Eva, who had received a thorough art training, had been exhibiting at the Royal Academy since 1875, when two of her pictures were hung—"The Bouquet Stall" and "Absent." She also designed pottery, and was accustomed to having her portrait painted, and to posing for me. Her beauty was unquestioned, and Edwin Long, R.A., wanted to paint her portrait. He began the work, then gave it up in despair, as he said he found it impossible to render her justice. Eva was named after Eva Garrick, an aunt of David Garrick's. I remember it was then considered a very uncommon name. She married Mr. Rice Lyster of Liverpool, and her daughter, Ina (Mrs. Bracegirdle), has inherited her mother's taste for art. My eldest daughter, Alice, married Mr. Grimble, and Flora became Mrs. Chappell. Flora exhibited at the Royal Academy several times.

My handsome son, Wriothesley, was a godson of Lord Wriothesley Russell, Chaplain to Queen Victoria. After leaving Eton he went on the Stock Exchange, then to California, where he married a Spanish lady, Miss Dolores Bandini. He met with his death in a train accident.

Stanhope, my youngest son, was named after his godfather, Earl Stanhope the historian. Stanhope, who was also at Eton, fought through the greater part of the South African War, in which he gained medals. He first joined the Bechuanaland Police and then the Rhodesian Horse. He died of enteric fever. He was considered a wonderful shot, and owing to his brilliant complexion he was called "Ruby Ward." Though he was not so handsome as Wriothesley, he was very good-looking.

My daughters Beatrice and Enid are fond of art; the former prefers water-colour portraitures, the latter has a gift for animal painting. They are both musical, fond of theatricals, and extremely devoted to animals.

CHAPTER XVIII

VISITS TO GERMANY AND IRELAND

AFTER a very severe illness my doctor ordered me to drink the famous waters of Carlsbad. Accordingly I set off on my long journey alone, and went to the English " Hauss," recommended by the James Virtues, who had just left Carlsbad. It was a fine house kept by two women proprietors. I was on a strict diet, and after a meagre supper of veal, retired early. Peeping out from my window next morning, I witnessed an unending procession of pilgrims, all imbued with a belief in the healing efficacy of the waters, wending their way to the magical spot. The little bags of various colours that they carried contained small rolls of bread. Each baker at Carlsbad had a different-coloured bag. At the pump-room I saw the wondrous sight of two really lovely German girls, who dispensed glasses of water to the sick and sorry, with beaming smiles, receiving all the time many compliments and presents of flowers from old and new stagers at Carlsbad. Evidently it was the rule to pay attention to these presiding goddesses, and as an artist I greatly admired them, and wondered—for a beautiful German woman is an anomaly to me.

Having sipped a glass of the noxious fluid, taking note meanwhile of my companions' wry faces, and secretly laughing over them, I had in half an hour to take another kind of water. Outside this room was a small conservatory, filled with people of every nationality, wearing the most picturesque dresses.

Breakfast at 8 a.m. consisted of a cup of coffee, a roll, and half a starved chicken, or two eggs. Lunch was not until 3 p.m., and so I went to explore some woods. But the trees were too small to give me any pleasure, and full of mosquitoes, who nearly devoured me, so I shunned the woods all the rest of my visit. I lunched on a small piece of veal and roll out of doors every day, surrounded by very tame birds, who would eat out of my hand.

Tea was a roll, and supper an egg with a roll. No butter was allowed, nor fruit. Girls bringing baskets of wild strawberries hovered in sight, looking very picturesque. But strawberries were " forbidden fruit " to the poor pilgrims, or martyrs as we felt ourselves, and I always went to bed at 8 p.m., tired out with walking and feeling half starved. During my three weeks at Carlsbad I consoled myself with seeing lovely scenery. I visited the famous china factory, and admired much of the art.

On the day of my emancipation from Carlsbad I purchased some delicious loaves of bread to take home, but found all the family away—only the servants were there. My doctor was very pleased when he saw me perfectly well, and I felt that all the severe discipline I had gone through had been worth while.

Being in the best of spirits, and finding my family happily employed elsewhere, I suddenly decided to take advantage of an invitation I had received from a pupil of mine, a talented Irish girl, who wrote urging me to come at once to Ireland. All I knew about the locality was that " Ardanatagh " was five miles from Limerick. Of course, being Irish, she had forgotten to give me any further instructions, and I fear I was just as careless in the happy-go-lucky way I set out on my quest.

Arriving at Euston that evening, I found none knew the name of Ardanatagh, so I booked to Limerick via Dublin, where I had to wait for a train to Limerick. On inquiring for my luggage, it had disappeared. It was 8 a.m., so I proceeded to an hotel, where the only person astir was a porter lazily sweeping the steps. At last he consented to arouse an attendant, who got me some tea. Returning to the station I found a handsome son of Erin, an Irish porter, and bade him take my address so that my missing luggage might be sent on. But he had no sooner heard my name than he threw up his hands in amazement, and cried in a shrill voice, " Ward, is it Ward then ? And for why should I write that name when it is written already on my heart ? Are not the Wards my dearest friends ? " I cut his eulogies short, and he finally agreed to forward my luggage if it ever came his way. And after searching for the least dirty railway carriage (for I soon perceived cleanliness was not a strong point with these engaging people) I started for Limerick. Here an antiquated-looking coachman met me, dressed in a fashion of long ago, who gave me a dignified yet easy-going welcome to the " ould country." " Do I not see Mrs. Ward ? " he asked with a low bow. " Faith, and I was right, for sure I should have known your ladyship anywhere."

He next told me his orders were to take me to an hotel for luncheon, and he was so persistent that I consented as meekly as when at Windsor Castle I was commanded to do things I did not wish, to please the Queen. Then only was I allowed to proceed to the carriage, and I arrived at my destination, where I received a wonderful welcome from my pupil and her family, who all embraced me. What a light-hearted, casual family they were! They dismissed my tale of my wanderings and real distress at not being able to locate any address, though one of them admitted it "might have been just as well if I had booked to Bird Hill Station, which was close to their house."

I had travelled in a circle, instead of directly, but, dear me, what did they care ? The main thing, they hastened to assure me, was that they had got me safe and sound, and we were all going to have a right down merry time.

All this while there was my missing luggage on my mind, but in reply to this every member of the family offered to supplement my restricted wardrobe, and this they did to my great amusement; as some of them were very much larger than I was, and others several sizes smaller, the effect can be imagined. Very soon came a letter from an uncle who had heard of my loss. Whilst offering me numerous condolences and assuring me of his services in finding my box, as a railway director, he added that he enclosed a toothbrush with his compliments. His niece explained that it was his habit when in England to buy a quantity of them, which supply no doubt he often digged into to give away to forlorn emigrants who had lost their luggage on his railway. I accepted all their little gifts with becoming gratitude, as well I might, and it was more than a week before my truant box turned up and I could appear in my own garments.

From the first hour of my arrival a feeling of festivity reigned wherever I went. The scenery was so exquisite in its colouring that I was enchanted. The blue skies, the purple hills, the tender green of the trees seemed fresher and more brilliant than those in England. I was struck with the treasures that I saw in Irish houses—old silver, priceless pictures, heirlooms. The conditions prevailing there to-day were smouldering, and breaking out into all kinds of violence here and there. The Irish are a strange blend of simplicity and light-hearted gaiety, mingled with treachery and irresponsibility, which makes them quite unreliable. It is like walking over a crater to live there, where the foulest deeds of ferocity are executed without a scruple. Their ignorance is difficult to imagine or gauge, their mentality is the strangest —their ethics and deeply rooted grievances are not only illogical and wild, but extend over hundreds of years. Their grudge against the "Black English" is rooted on the injustices and cruelties of ages when all races were steeped in ruthless violence and cruelty.

We visited a family who, while possessing what had once been a fine house, lived in a stable, for the former had been burnt down one night for no reason whatever but the imaginary grievance against a "landlord." The charred door and broken steps of a ruined house remained a standing monument to their unreasoning fury. These descendants of an ancient family who occupied the stable had made it very attractive, and they had neither the means nor the will to restore their house, knowing it would be again demolished. All their interests and small capital were centred in their native land, and it was impossible for them to leave Ireland. When our hostess entered the garden, two policemen followed us for protection. When she invited them to breakfast, they said they could not leave the garden till we were safely in the stable. I could not help thinking of the risks these police took so calmly; the fact of their being in the garden made them, as well as us, targets for assassins who, concealed by the bushes, could easily have murdered the whole party.

Guests arrived at this home at 6 a.m., and left after dark with two armed policemen on the box of the carriage. My friends, the Spraites, lived in a small town on the river Shannon, and for forty miles along the Shannon they had relatives occupying pretty residences, so that my time was filled up with frequent visits where all sorts of festivities were given in my honour. There is nowhere in the wide world a more hospitable and charming host than the Irish landed proprietor.

I believe my friends would have been thoroughly contented if I had arranged to spend the rest of my life in Ireland, merely visiting at their houses; always genuinely glad to see one, and never so happy as when entertaining guests who, from the first introduction, are never regarded as strangers.

And the peasants possessed a natural good breeding and a refinement and poetry of language that proved irresistible to me. One exception only I met with that was rather alarming. My pupil and I went out sketching, and I was seated on a wall, sketch-book and colour-box in hand, when a rough-looking man drove a cart up to where we were sitting, and jumping out asked me to shake hands with him. I excused myself on the plea that my hands were fully engaged on my work. This made him furious, and he began a loud abuse of England and of me as belonging to that country. Fortunately some members of the Irish Constabulary appeared by my side, and the man immediately leaped into his cart and was out of sight very swiftly, pursued by the police.

At the servants' ball given by my hostess I witnessed some beautiful dancing, and, dressed tastefully and simply, a village "belle" danced the Irish jig with spirit and grace. My friend asked her to repeat it in the hall for my special benefit, and her sister accompanied her on the concertina. I told her, in thanking her afterwards, how my English friends would enjoy hearing about Ireland and the wonderful way they could dance. This evidently pleased her. She shook my hand heartily, smiled, and retired gracefully.

The next evening I found waiting for me a most beautiful bouquet of forget-me-nots from this girl. She had waded into inaccessible places to find them. That she should have spent her time and given thought to one whom she had only just met once, touched me deeply. The innate good feeling and courtesy of these people, who had no advantages of education, seemed wonderful. There are no lower classes in Ireland, because of this fine trait in their character. And yet with a strange inconsistency they are quite capable, when roused, of doing deeds which are unequalled in ferocity, and they can be deeply revengeful and treacherous. To please for the moment they will sacrifice every vestige of truth.

A member of the family was taken very ill, and a specialist pronounced her case hopeless. She looked terribly ill when she drove up to my hostess's house, and the servant was well aware of her grave condition, but he only remarked in an innocent way: "I am pleased to see your ladyship looking so well, sure I never saw you look better in your life!" "Peter," said my hostess, "why did you tell that lady that she looked well, when you knew she would never be better?" "Sure," he replied, "she never would have liked to hear the truth!"

After I had left Ireland I became aware that at least one person credited me with having "the evil eye." Some people I met on my visit to Ireland were driving home from the station one evening, and the lady noticed the footman was peering about as if he expected to see someone on the road. Then, as a loud report of a gun sounded, her husband ordered the coachman to stop. He questioned the servants, who declared they had not heard it. Both husband and wife realised that their servants were lying, and ordered them to proceed home quickly. When they arrived one of the horses was covered with blood, and was badly wounded. But the bullet was missing and they knew that the coachman had extracted it. The poor horse, when it was well, was sent to be sold in Limerick, entrusted to the care of the coachman. He remained there three days, and returned home drunk, on which he was dismissed. In accounting for his conduct he declared that I had cast the "evil eye" when I called at his master's house, and thus I had blighted his projects. He argued thus: if I had never bestowed ill-luck on him, he would never have been sent with the horse, would never have given way to drink, and consequently not have lost his good billet.

What a strange illogical mind, and what ingratitude to a family he had served for many years! But that is Ireland all over.

CHAPTER XIX

FAMOUS SINGERS I HAVE KNOWN

I HAVE known a host of celebrated singers, musicians, and Society entertainers; and in the good old days when the Crystal Palace was at the height of its well-deserved popularity, I spent many happy hours catching the echo of their glad messages.

The glass building was the same that was erected in Hyde Park for the 1851 Exhibition. It was transferred later to Sydenham; the grounds were beautifully laid out by Sir Joseph Paxton, who, on a memorable day when I was present, opened the Crystal Palace to the public. Sir August Manns, then quite young, arranged the first concert held there. The attractions offered were numerous, from music and art to acting and acrobatic performances. Then the gardens were an endless source of pleasure. There was also an Art School of some renown, with well-qualified teachers and valuable casts. And an Art Gallery, to which I sent two pictures, and was awarded the gold and silver medals.

Grisi and Mario I knew very well, and I shall never forget Grisi's rendering of "The Minstrel Boy" at the Crystal Palace. She refused to sing again after three encores. The audience, who had listened to her singing spellbound, rose in a mass, and the applause was like thunder. It seemed as if the glass roof would shatter, it was so tremendous. Though some critics declared Grisi was no musician, I never agreed with this opinion. She was absolutely the Queen of Melody, possessed of a perfectly natural voice production, a perfect ear, and a soul for harmony. Made on grand lines, very powerfully built, she was physically intended for a singer, and she was an equally good actress. Her great part was *Norma*, when she moved huge audiences to laughter and tears. All too soon for me came the time when her voice began to wane, and a young rival, Patti, eclipsed her.

I witnessed Grisi's final farewell to the opera with sadness, and as I sat in the next box to hers, where she sat watching Mario's very ardent love-making to the new prima donna Patti, it was curious to note the expression on her face of extreme jealousy, which her passionate Southern nature could not conceal. She had been the greatest of singers for long, and it must have been gall and wormwood to find another had usurped her position.

And Patti, with youth and beauty, vivacity and charm, was no mean rival; she mesmerised everyone, whilst her cadenzas were of an exquisite quality, especially in the Jewel Song in *Faust*, when she was at her best. But in my opinion it was a slighter voice than Grisi's, and she never equalled her as an artist.

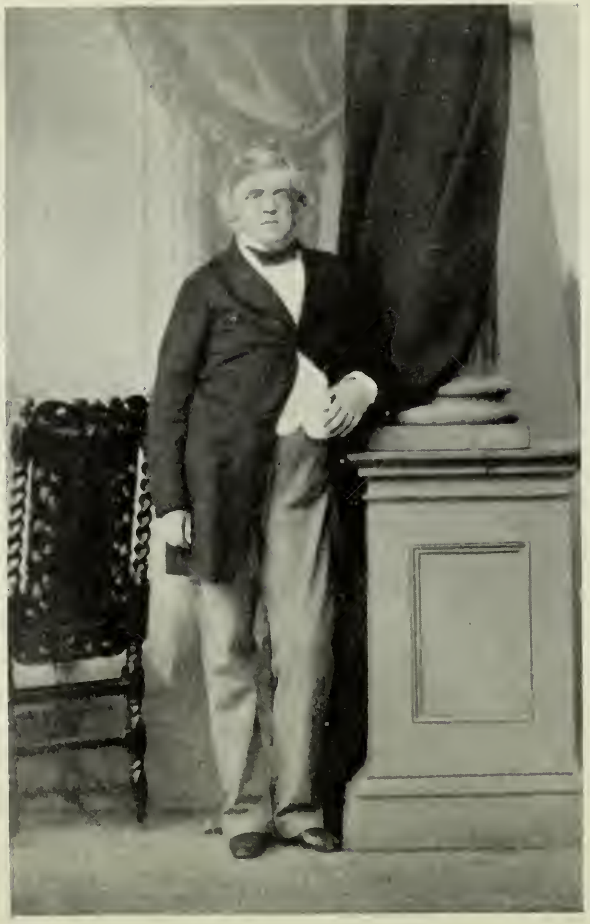
My first meeting with Patti was at a dinner party at the Levys, when Gounod was also present. We were going on to the Duke of Sutherland's reception at Stafford House, and Edward, resplendent for the occasion, found to his dismay that his shirt front, white, embroidered, with pink underneath (as was the fashion at that time), had a large brown stain as a decoration. Patti, his partner at dinner, declared she knew of a remedy, and she very quickly mixed some magic powder she sent for with water, and the stain disappeared. It was so prettily and gracefully done, and she was so amusing about it, that I took a great liking to her. Beautiful Patti gave me much pleasure by her song and her friendship. After her retirement a long time elapsed before I heard another singer who could satisfy me in the same way as Grisi and Patti.

Long before I met Madame Albani I heard about her from Sir Arthur Sullivan, who was not only enthusiastic respecting her gifts, but said she was the best woman he knew, her aim being to use her art to uplift mankind, and to show through song the perfection and beauty of art. I am glad I had the opportunity of hearing her performing in her principal part, Sullivan's cantata *The Golden Legend*. I was proud to receive her with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Gye (a daughter of James Sant, R.A.), in Gerald Road.

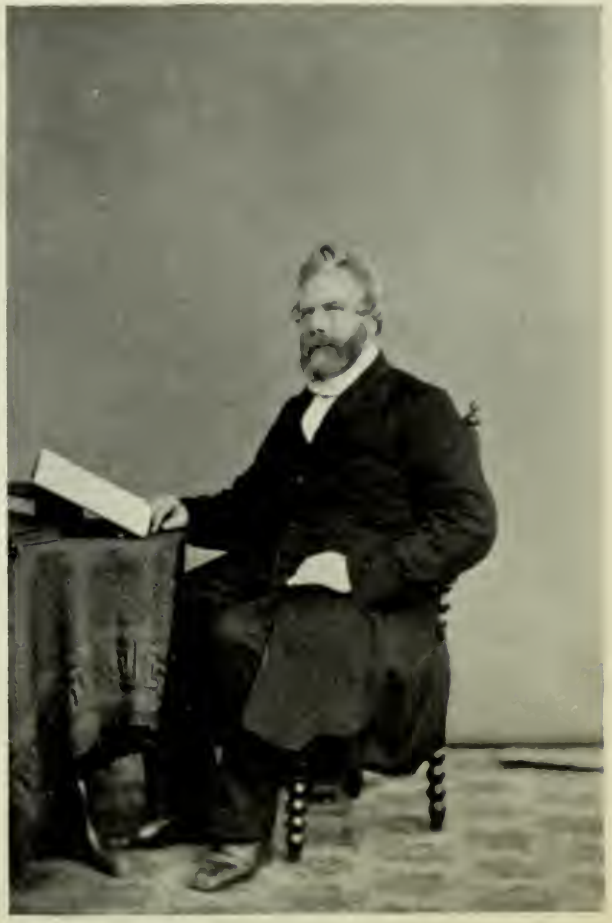
Madame Sherrington was another songstress at the Crystal Palace who gave me pleasure.

Madame Norman Neruda I first saw at a party given by the Rudolf Lehmanns, who lived in Berkeley Square. The Blue Hungarian Band, introduced by King Edward, then Prince of Wales, was playing, and among the many celebrities present was Hallé. Madame Neruda, piquant and very much alive, was intent on the music, beating time with her hand; then unable to resist it any longer, she vanished, and quickly returned carrying her violin. And as she joined in with the orchestra, she danced as she played, flashing, sparkling with ecstasy, till the music ended. Her musical fervour was so entirely spontaneous that it tended to enhance the enthusiasm we already felt over the Hungarian Band's playing. It only needed Neruda to complete it by her graceful act of becoming one of the orchestra. The guests assembled gave them a storm of applause.

In recalling these gifted beings who gave joy to the world, I am reminded of Robert Chambers, the



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



ROBERT CHAMBERS.

215]

founder of a brilliant and cultured family, and the larger circle gathered under his hospitable roof, the greatest in art, literature, and science. Robert Chambers and his wife were the ribbon that bound the posy together.

Robert Chambers was a great intellectual giant, who whilst possessing little or no educational advantages in his early years, yet rose to the position of an author, publisher, and man of letters. A native of Peebles, Scotland, born in 1802, he was the son of poor parents, and being lame as a child he devoted his time to study. His library consisted of an old edition of an Encyclopædia found in a chest in the attic, when he was eleven years of age. He used to say he plunged into it and roamed through it like a bee, and that it was more to him than the gift of a whole toy-shop to most children. He was educated at a local grammar school, and took lessons in Latin at a few shillings a quarter. When he was older he lived in Edinburgh with his brother William, and after gaining two posts as clerk he was discharged from both. He then started a small bookshop, and succeeded well enough to take a larger shop. Two books he wrote about this time interested Scott, whose acquaintance he made. He was a quick writer, and after *Fires in Edinburgh* came *Walks in Edinburgh*; *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*; history; biography; and *Scottish Jests and Anecdotes*; whilst *Chambers's Journal*, first published in 1832, had Robert and William Chambers as joint editors. But his most important book was *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, published anonymously in 1844, and severely criticised for its unorthodoxy. Great efforts were made to discover the author, and many writers in town were credited with it, including the most unlikely Great Personage possible, the Prince

Consort. Darwin, however, welcomed the book, as a means of paving the way for his still more advanced and unorthodox theories.

But Robert Chambers could hardly be called even unorthodox. He was a deeply religious thinker on broad lines, who happened to live in an age when the trend of Church teaching was exceedingly narrow. Research was his forte, and his honesty of mind made him give out what he had discovered to enrich the world. He was a witty writer, and generous in helping others towards success. When Leigh Hunt started *The London Journal,* Robert Chambers wrote to encourage him. He married twice, and his family of nine children consisted of three sons and six daughters. Mrs. Robert Chambers always dressed in white, which suggested the title of a now famous novel Wilkie Collins was writing—*The Woman in White.* One of Robert Chambers's daughters married Mr. Frederick Lehmann, and another daughter Mr. Rudolf Lehmann, the painter. I was present at both weddings. Miss Liza Lehmann, the singer and writer of songs, was a daughter of Rudolf Lehmann, and granddaughter of Robert Chambers. She married Herbert Bedford. Another daughter of the Chambers became the wife of Sir William Priestley, M.D. The other daughters married Barry Pain, Heron Allan, and Charles Goétz, noted for his wit, a cousin of Lord Burnham's. And the same genial and hospitable customs prevailed in the houses of Robert Chambers's daughters, with an ever-ready welcome for talent.

Mr. Frederick Lehmann was a partner of Mr. Benson, who lived in Palace Gardens, Kensington, where I often met Robert Browning, Sothern, Lord Leighton, Fechter, Dion Boucicault, Charles Reade, Lord Lytton, Joachim, Hallé, and many others. The

Bensons' only son made himself notorious rather than famous, and was known by the sobriquet "Jubilee Juggins."

When Charles François Gounod arrived in London he received a great ovation, and he and his wife (who was a daughter of Zimmermann, Gounod's teacher) were invited out and fêted by everybody.

Musical circles in England were eagerly discussing *Faust*, which had just received its first test with Parisian audiences at the Théâtre Lyrique. I remember asking Moscheles, the musical composer, what he thought of *Faust*, as he had just heard it in Paris. He said: "Perfection! But it will never suit the English taste!" The English publishers, being of the same opinion, refused to produce it for a long time. But their judgment was proved wrong, for when it appeared in London in 1863 audiences went wild over it, and Gounod was the greatest "lion" in London Society. He was a real genius and won the affection alike of friends and the public completely. We saw him often at our house; and the Albert Hall concerts given by him were red-letter days to the musical world.

Mr. Moscheles, the composer, had a son named Felix, after his old friend the great Felix Mendelssohn, who was the boy's godfather. I very often met Mr. and Mrs. Moscheles at evening parties given by Mr. and Mrs. Antonin Roche at their quaint house situated in the middle of Cadogan Gardens. It resembled a country grange or manor house in appearance, and has long since been swept away with other old landmarks of past years. Miss Marie Roche, their daughter, married Charles Dickens's youngest son, Henry Fielding Dickens, now a K.C. and Recorder of London.

Amongst Society entertainers of the best kind were the German Reeds, and I used often to enjoy witnessing their performances at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, in Waterloo Place, for many years. They were arranged on original lines, with a small cast generally consisting of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed (she was Priscilla Horton), their son Taff Reed, and Miss Fanny Holland (a niece of Mark Lemon's), John Parry, Corney Grain, and Arthur Cecil. There were separate entertainments there, musical sketches, after a play had been acted. Mrs. German Reed's daughters were charming girls; they married, and one lives at Folkestone.

At a big party the German Reeds gave, the entire theatrical profession was represented. The second George Grossmith and his wife were there, and he must have been amused at a little bit of unconscious comedy that took place. It had been considered the fashion amongst actors to kiss their friends instead of shaking hands, so when Arthur Cecil, who was quite a youth, arrived, he was just going to greet elderly Mrs. German Reed with a friendly kiss, when the lady to his surprise waved her hand in a theatrical manner and said reprovingly, "Not now, Arthur, not now." Whereupon Arthur retired bashfully, looking surprised. Mrs. German Reed was a very prim person, a great stickler for etiquette; she was looked upon as a mother by the members of her troupe, being kindness itself to all.

John Parry was the cleverest of any Society entertainers that I ever saw. His droll personality, refinement, and wit had a charm that proved irresistible. Whenever he dined with us he would keep us all in fits of laughter. He died comparatively early, greatly to our regret, and Corney Grain, who succeeded him, was a special friend of Leslie's.

One evening at the Beefsteak Club, Leslie saw

Corney Grain and the second George Grossmith standing side by side, and the latter was saying: "You're putting on weight, Dick." To which Corney Grain retorted smiling: "You little whipper-snapper, how dare you!" Leslie retired to a table and did a small pencil sketch of them both, and when he showed his work to Corney Grain the latter advised him to do it in colours for *Vanity Fair.* Mr. Gibson Bowles being absent, and a temporary editor in his place, it was not chosen, so Leslie was free to accept Mr. Rudolf Lehmann's offer for it, and as he brought it out in colours it proved exceedingly popular. Corney Grain of course decided he must give Leslie a "Roland for his Oliver," so he wrote "Lines on Leslie," illustrating his absent-mindedness, and he sent them to me on the back of a New Year's card. And so characteristic of Corney Grain is the rhythm of his verses, that I can almost hear the same kind of piano accompaniment that he used to produce in his loosely put-together snatches of songs.

If ever he manages to catch a train,
  It goes where he doesn't want to go;
It starts at three or thereabouts,
  But—really—he doesn't quite know.
If he's due down South, he's up in the North,
  Say—in—Scotland—eating porridge;
If he's bound for Chester, or Bangor—say,
  You'll find him safe in Norwich.
At junctions he's always left behind,
  For he quite forgets to change;
And he's shunted into sidings dark,
  I thought 'twas rather strange!

The refrain ran:

'Twill constant change afford
To travel with Leslie Ward;
Wherever he may roam, though he's quite at home,
He's always all abroad.

If he leaves the train for a cup of tea,
The train goes on without him :
He's left his ticket and purse in the rack,
And he hasn't a penny about him.
He forgets the name of his hotel,
Tho' he's often stayed there before,
He thinks it's the Lion or the Antelope
Or the something Horse—or Boar !
But he's sure it's the name of an animal
That you sometimes see at the Zoo,
Which gives you a pretty wide field of choice
From a Rat to a Kangaroo !

Refrain as before.

If he's due on a visit on Monday, say,
His coat is being repaired.
On Tuesday he's awfully sorry, you know,
But his shirts weren't properly aired.
On Wednesday he was going to start,
But he lost his brother's dog !
On Thursday he really meant to come,
But he lost his way—in a fog !
On Friday the cab was *at the door* !
But his boots would *not* come on.
But on Saturday he does arrive—
And finds—all the family gone !

Refrain as before.

R. CORNEY GRAIN.

Corney Grain was a very heavily-built man, and he sometimes made a joke of it in his amusing sketches. He used to relate that a boy at the seaside with a weighing machine said to him : "Try your weight, sir ?" To which he replied : "No, no, my boy, my weight *tries* me !" But when he got alarmingly stout he became very worried and sensitive, and disliked any allusions to it. Leslie and Corney Grain and a friend were dining together at the Beefsteak Club. Bicycles were all the rage just then for old and young; the friend ventured the rather tactless question as to why he and Grain did not cycle ? To which Corney Grain replied shortly, that he disliked it and it would take a very strong bicycle to carry him! Then Leslie chimed in with the unfortunate remark that he "had seen an elephant riding a bicycle at Sanger's Circus!" An eloquent silence fell over the trio, broken at last by Corney Grain: "Well, Leslie," he said, "you are the only person from whom I would stand that!"

He died soon afterwards quite suddenly, greatly to Leslie's grief.

Corney Grain was a member of a good old Norfolk family, educated for the Bar, for which he qualified, but never practised, as a barrister. His brother, Richard Grain, was the well-known K.C. Corney Grain's musical gifts were great, and he was always such a gentleman in all he said and did, that the story he told in his *Life* of a footman appearing to him with a message from a Society woman seems inexcusable. After asking his terms, she said if they were above the sum she named she did not want his services, as she would engage "a nigger minstrel troupe" for her evening party! He was a most kind-hearted and delightful man, with great humour, and his powers of observation were so keen that many people were a little afraid to pass before him, for fear of having their oddities registered in his active brain for a future public occasion. My daughters Bee and Enid, with their brother Stanhope, were crossing over to the Isle of Wight when they met Corney Grain. He afterwards produced one of his most funny sketches, which included the box of chocolates Enid carried, the flowers, her luggage, and her furs—to say nothing of the little pet dog Bee carried!

CHAPTER XX

BATH. ITALY. DINAN

WHILST staying at Claverton with the late Rector and family, I made several sketches of the beautiful country round. As we were sitting in the drawing-room one evening the children came rushing in from the garden, very excited :

" Come quickly, come quickly," was their urgent request. " The moon is wobbling ! "

The elder generation smiled indulgently, and replied :

" How can you be so foolish ? The moon cannot possibly wobble ! " And we refused to be drawn from our comfortable positions and conversation. But how sorry we felt next morning that we had been so incredulous of their statement. The morning papers were full of an account of the moon having " oscillated perceptibly," an unprecedented event, and one that has never occurred since, as far as I know.

I came across a truly gruesome building in my wanderings in that delightful country. At Waterhouse, about five miles from Bath, was a " lock-up " where criminals and thieves were literally " interred alive " in former days. The only aperture for air was a tiny grating, and a very ancient dame told me that when she was young she used to hold bottles of milk through the grating to the mouths of the wretched prisoners, who often went three days without food. In wondering how such a state of things could be permitted, and that no one protested, comes the thought that the human mind if *accustomed* to certain forms of cruelty, is only too prone to accept them as not being their responsibility. I see around me to-day many examples of this ugly principle which has survived "Since man first chained his fellow-men—like brutes within an iron den."

"Monkton Forley" is a marvellous and most beautifully picturesque house of the Tudor period, with the smallest chapel extant. It used to be the home of some of my dear friends, who lived and died there.

The first architect to discover some wonderfully sculptured Roman baths told me there were miles of them of a very much earlier date hidden away under the foundations of the city of Bath, but they could not destroy its known antiquities to reveal the unknown. He was a man of great intelligence and culture, and showed me many things discovered through excavation of the deepest interest, no longer seen by the public. He had the rails upon which the Romans placed their robes and towels, a massive gold ring—like a Papal one—priceless to the antiquarian, and a teal's egg, but when the two latter objects were sent to London to be examined by experts, the shell of the egg was broken and exposed the yolk. I believe they are now in the British Museum.

I saw, too, a wonderful fern, which was not known within many miles of Bath, and was only discovered when the baths were unearthed. It had lain hidden all through those long ages, but began to revive the moment the air surrounded it, and grew and flourished in all its native splendour.

On another visit to Bath, years later, I saw a very curious modern sight. A man with performing goldfishes had only to call them, and at the sound of his voice they responded at once by congregating together.

It was amazing to see them swim in a body to a little bell, when he commanded them to "sing for food," and *they actually rang the bell,* when they were fed directly. I never realised before that fishes had any special intelligence, but here was the proof. Bath is a perfectly entrancing city to-day, but what must it have been in the Roman times? And in the height of its eighteenth-century glories, when George III and his royal daughters were the centre of its gaieties?

Claverton was a most picturesque little village; in driving through it one might have fancied the scene to be an Italian one. The great owner of property there in the past had lived in Italy, and when he succeeded to his estate in Claverton did his best to make the village look as foreign as possible. I wish I could say as much for the taste of the present owner. He has done his utmost to destroy his predecessor's fine work; and the charms of this sweet little hamlet, which was one of the prettiest in England, with school-house on the hill, a waterfall fountain, and many other relics, were swept away, as I saw with regret on my last visit.

At a dinner party given in Bath, a man who sat next to me told me a remarkable story, which he vouched for as accurate. He said when quite a boy he dreamt that he went to a boating party, where he met with friends he never saw, or knew of, in real life. But the centre of attraction for him was a fascinating and pretty girl who charmed him completely. And so real was the dream that after he woke he remembered the conversation for a long time. Years after he was invited to join a river picnic; he accepted, and like a flash came the recollection of his dream directly he saw the lady of his vision, and was introduced to her amongst the guests. "And what was the result?" I asked.

" Look across the table, and you will see her," he said. And the pretty woman opposite to me was his wife. He occupied an important position in Bath, and I accepted his word for the story, though it appeared what the Americans call " a tall one " !

In 1892 Miss Phillimore took a villa at Rimini, Italy, called the Villa Piselli, situated on the Colle di Paradiso (Hill of Paradise), two miles from the town. Looking to the west it commanded the Montefeltro Mountains, their purple shadows deepening in the western sun ; the Adriatic with its blue-green waters was to be seen from the eastern side, looking through a vineyard leading down to the sea, bordered by a fringe of golden maize ripening under the heat of the August sun. On this side could also be seen the towers and church of Rimini, the Tempis Mala, the Arch of Augustus, the old Roman bridge over the Marecchia, as it throws itself into the sea. Miss Phillimore, accompanied by her friend, Miss Hervey, took up her residence in the villa early in July, and after I received her invitation to pay her a visit I soon found myself in Rimini, which I thoroughly explored, whilst Miss Phillimore was engaged writing her book, *Dante at Ravenna.* As it was not safe to sleep at Ravenna, owing to the danger of malarial fever, which emanated from the rice marshes, she used to go by day and return home in the evening.

Rimini, as is well known, is the scene of the famous and pathetic episode of Francesca da Rimini in the *Divina Commedia.* The old Castle of Malatesta still frowns upon the hill, and the portrait of the beautiful but hapless Francesca (a fresco) is still to be seen in the Church of Santa Maria in Portofuoni.

Very wonderful indeed is the little Republic of San Marino about fifteen miles from Rimini, standing upon the great Titan Rock, commanding the plains of

Rimini. It dates from the fourth century, when San Marino, a Christian hermit, fleeing before the persecutors in Dalmatia, established at San Marino a tiny community. His bed, hewn out of the rock, and his little garden, are still there. Afterwards the small religious community expanded into a republic, and has preserved its character all down the centuries.

It was so respected by Napoleon Bonaparte that, far from absorbing it into the Kingdom of Italy, he offered it an extension of territory, but this was declined by the inhabitants. The community continued to go on its peaceful way, always opening its arms to the oppressed, and Garibaldi, when hard pressed, owed his preservation to the hospitality of the gallant little republic.

It is governed by two captains elected every six months, and with such happy results that there has never been an execution, because the crime of murder is unknown. The army numbers about eight hundred men.

Directly I entered the San Marino territory, I was struck with the beautiful condition of the crops, all cultivated by hand, which gives the fields the appearance of carefully tended gardens. In the same way, by contrast with the average Italian town, the streets and public buildings are spotlessly clean.

On the summit of the great rock are three towers, and each separate tower has its ornament in the shape of a feather. And Three Mountains, Three Towers, Three Feathers (" Tre Monti," " Tre Torri," " Tre Penne ") represent the arms of the town, and are the mark of the coinage and postage stamps.

The view from the ramparts over the plains of Rimini right away to the Dalmatian coast is one of the finest in Italy.

Miss Phillimore, steeped in Italian lore and a versatile worker, wrote a fine poem, "The Legend of Il Cenacolo," the subject being the curious story which lingers round the picture by Leonardo da Vinci of "The Last Supper," painted on the walls of the Dominican Convent at Milan between 1494 and 1499. The portions which Leonardo was the most slow to complete were the heads of the Principal Figure and of Judas. He went about from day to day sketching the wickedest people he could find, without satisfying himself that he had found a fit model for Judas. The Prior of the convent, a bad man, and his enemy, accused him of purposely delaying, and of wasting the salary given to him, till the Duke of Milan, his patron, insisted that the picture should be finished and exhibited by the next Maundy Thursday, or else Leonardo should be dismissed. In a passion Leonardo went to the picture and filled in the head with the likeness of the Prior, whose expression intensified did indeed suit with the character of the traitor. He then turned to the dim, pale outline of the other Face, which remained to be done, only to find to his dismay that his indulgence in hatred had robbed him of the power to depict the Image of Love! And the legend says Leonardo's belief was that the heavenly beauty which ultimately adorned the Head of the Saviour was not owing to his work. In his humiliation Leonardo fell asleep and saw in a dream Verrocchio, his old master, long since dead, come to the painting and touch the imperfect work with his master hand. He then told Leonardo this favour had been granted him for his devotion and repentance, that one who had seen our Lord in glory, and whom death had freed from earthly taint, should come to perfect his work. But on account of his sin of passion and revenge his work should perish early, and though somewhat of its beauty should be preserved by endless copies, no one should ever bear away the expression of countenance traced by the hand from heaven.

When I left Rimini with a friend of Miss Phillimore's, we both proceeded to Venice.

In thinking of my impressions of Venice, words fail to describe in prose a city clothed in poetry. And even such painters in words as Ruskin and Walter Pater might feel their limitations in attempting to do it justice.

The recent discussion about building a modern bridge there, as a means of advancing commerce, is simply unthinkable; its waterway is one of its glories, with its ancient bridges, and both will surely be preserved from vandalism, even if every Venetian citizen has to raise a protest.

Venice was just the same when I saw it as when Rogers the poet wrote:

> There is a glorious City in the Sea.
> The Sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
> Ebbing and flowing; and the salt seaweed
> Clings to the marble of her Palaces.
> No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
> Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the Sea,
> Invisible; and from the land we went,
> As to a floating City—steering in,
> And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
> So smoothly, silently—by many a dome,
> Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
> The statues ranged along an azure sky;
> By many a pile in more than Eastern pride,
> Of old the residence of merchant-kings;
> The fronts of some, though Time had shattered them,
> Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
> As though the wealth within them had run o'er!

I went on to visit my former pupil and friend, Lady Alexander Gordon-Lennox, at her lovely place in Dinan. She was one of the kindest women I have known, and understood the art of entertaining to perfection. She introduced me as a temporary member to her club, where plays and concerts were constantly held. A pony and trap was always at her door for visitors' use, and though she was a Roman Catholic she would always drive me to the English church before going on to her own church. Her son, Cosmo, married Marie Tempest, but it did not turn out well, and they were separated.

Lady Alexander's town house had a private chapel attached. When some valuable diamonds of mine were stolen, Lady Alexander and some other friends subscribed together and presented me with a lovely diamond brooch and watch. She was one of my best friends, and I deeply regretted her death.

Whilst at Dinan I met a man we knew in London, who was a guest at Lady Alexander's house. He was paying rather marked attentions to one of three handsome girls who were spending the summer at Dinan with their mother. Soon I was approached by a lady who had been deputed by the mother to make inquiries about him. She was somewhat startled when informed that I attended his wedding in town, and Bee was a bridesmaid. His wife was in London at this time; she got a divorce later on, and he married again, but she had had enough of matrimony.

A girl who was staying in Dinan went off on an excursion with a man to an island for the day, but they were "marooned," and when they returned the next day there was so much talk about them that they got married, and they too were divorced before long.

Dinan is very lovely, and I carried away a vivid impression of the sea which encircled us so grandly, with such a depth of water. I used to watch with delight its ever-changing colours, blue merging into green, then pinky-pearly-greeny-grey, like a beautiful opal, and entrancing in its moonlight effects. I should like to go to Dinan again.

CHAPTER XXI

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

A PLAY called *Change Alley* was written on the subject of Edward's picture "The South Sea Bubble," and produced on April 25, 1899, at the Garrick Theatre, where it was well received. The prologue was given by Lady Beerbohm Tree, and the cast included Fred Terry, Eric Lewis, Robert Lorraine, J. H. Barnes, John Billington, Frank Emery, Julia Neilson, Mrs. Lewis Waller, and Lillah M'Carthy. The picture was painted when I was eleven, and I was one model; the central figure was my sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Ward, who stood for the lady in the red dress, and the dog was "Mac," my pet.

The question of the business side of art is often a problem to the artist. Having produced the work it is a relief to hand it over to some capable expert in the selling line, and have no more worry over it. My picture of "Mrs. Fry Visiting Newgate" proved, in some respects, an unlucky picture to me. When the picture was engraved Edward was most seriously ill, and I could not attend to any business, so trusted it to a man with very good recommendations—he had acted for Lady Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson) in regard to her famous picture "The Roll Call." I gave the man a list of subscribers to the engraving, which amounted to £500. Instead of pursuing the usual course, he called upon each subscriber, requesting the money, waiting in the hall till it was paid. He then took the picture and impressions, and pawned them for a similar amount, and I had to pay to recover them, through my good friend and solicitor, Sir Henry Davitt, of Windsor.

Though I found my picture of "Mrs. Fry Visiting Newgate" an unlucky venture, as far as money went, to me it proved useful in tableaux, and was reproduced in this way first at the Chelsea Town Hall, when Miss Adeline Edwards, Miss Leigh Pemberton, and Mr. Edward Byng took part. My husband's picture "King Louis XVI in the Temple" was arranged as a tableau at the same place. Lady Pontifex, who resembled Marie Antoinette, looked handsome as the ill-fated Queen. Mrs. Jopling Rowe's "Japanese Tea-party" made an effective picture. The picture by Val Prinsep, R.A., "The Children in the Wood," was well carried out, with other works by well-known artists.

On another occasion, "Mrs. Fry Visiting Newgate" was produced at the Imperial Theatre, lent by Mr. Lewis Waller, when Enid acted "Mrs. Fry," Beatrice was "Miss Sanderson," and Leslie was "Captain Brackenbury." Again, at the Albert Hall, "Mrs. Fry" was chosen for Lady Henry Somerset's entertainment for "Ragged Children," when my friend Mrs. Sartoris went as "Mrs. Fry," her daughter Beatrice as "Mary." At this time the Duchess of Rutland, with her gifted daughters, one being Lady Diana Manners, produced it again. The last time "Mrs. Fry" appeared in tableau was at the Covent Garden Opera House for Lady Henry Somerset's Charity, and this time Mrs. Trollope and her daughter took the chief parts, and Major Frank Knollys, Lady Wolseley's brother, also played. He met his death in the late War. Some splendid tableaux that night were arranged by Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., Mr. Solomon, R.A., and others.

When my daughter Bee was taking the part of the statue in *The Winter's Tale*, which Mr. F. Pegram, R.A., was producing, he said he would lend her a perfect Greek dress, but not a sign of any parcel had been seen, and she was a little dismayed when she received by post merely a moderate-sized envelope. "How could a *dress* be in an envelope ?" she thought, as she looked in and saw something that might be a fine silk handkerchief. But when it was shaken out it proved to be a full-sized dress of the finest, most delicate filmy silk, which, when worn, fell into lovely folds, and was a great success.

The Amateur Stage Club was founded by my daughter Enid, and she and Beatrice acted in it. For eight years it was carried on to benefit charities. Rehearsals were held in my studio, where performances were often given, and once a year they acted at the Court Theatre. During the winter they gave entertainments in the East End and suburbs. I recollect one play at which the Earl and Countess of Athlone (Princess Alice) were present, when Harry Paulton, actor and author, offered his services as producer. *Niobe* (all smiles) was the play, and Leslie, who was always interested in "make-up," went behind the scenes and told the actors that they all looked too pale! Whereupon there was a tremendous run on the rouge by the too obedient company, and Lord Athlone, observing their hectic appearances, said : "What a pity amateurs *are so fond of rouge* ! " At which, when the saying was faithfully repeated, the company was full of righteous indignation ! Princess Alice's message to Bee to say how becoming the golden wig was to "Niobe, and that she hoped *she would dye her hair* that colour," was extremely tactful. Miss de Rutzen (now Lady Newnes) was very active on that occasion on behalf of the Police Court Mission Charity.

The business manager said it had been "a record night," people were paying half-a-guinea for standing room in the Pit, and enthusiasm for the Cause ran high. When Bee, who was playing the part of the Statue-come-to-life, had glided round the stage in Grecian fashion, her sandal unfortunately broke, and to save herself from an ignominious fall the graceful goddess tore it off hastily and threw it under a sofa! This was mostly unobserved by the audience, but the Royal Box had a good view of it, and laughed!

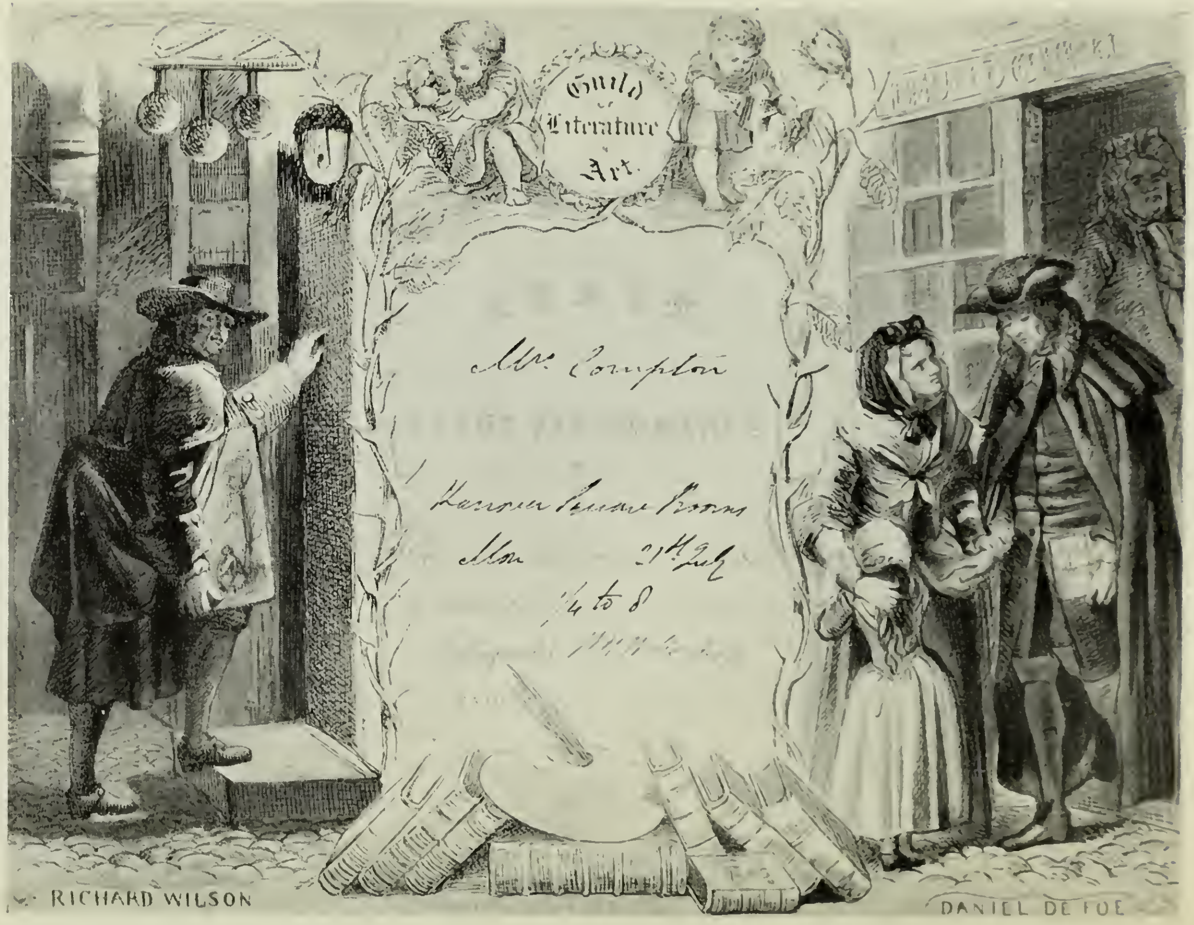
Throughout the whole period of the Amateur Stage Club's life, Miss Katherine Teniswood's (*nom de théâtre* "Miss K. Talbot") devoted services in the cause of Dramatic Art and friendship called forth our united gratitude and admiration, for she had been one of the principal actresses, and one ever to be relied upon. Miss Teniswood belongs to one of the oldest families in England, members of which held the ancient Barony of Scrope, of Bolton. With her invariable kindness she has greatly assisted me in connection with this book.

The Princess Beatrice was sitting in the Royal Box with her son, Prince Leopold, at one of the performances held at the Court Theatre, and the Amateur Stage Club had presented her with a bouquet, which fell on the bald head of an old gentleman in the stalls; he complained of a bad headache the next day! On another occasion I was taken to the Royal Box where Princess Beatrice was seated. She was interested when I told her that when I was painting her portrait she was put into my arms by Mrs. Thurston, her nurse; she afterwards sent me an autographed photograph, with a gracious message. I remember an incident when I was painting the infant princess. Queen Victoria stood watching her youngest child, with a mother's pride and joy. Her pink toes peeped out invitingly, and Queen Victoria stooped down and tickled them. Instantly Princess Beatrice gave an indignant little shriek, and Queen Victoria laughingly said to me: "I shall tickle those toes if I like!" And she did it again! We felt how kind it was of Princess Beatrice and other Royalties to give their support to our efforts in patronising the Amateur Stage Club, but they are all like that, and their perfect courtesy and unselfishness have become the hall-mark of the Royal Family.

Actors, as a class, are not devoid of jealousy, and most clubs are subjected at some period or other to friction. This element once showed itself rather strongly, and my daughters deemed it best to dissolve the club, and re-start it under new auspices. Hence a reformed club sprang up the next day, which worked harmoniously.

On one occasion we went to the Sailors' Home at Poplar to give a Variety Entertainment. Whilst Enid was waiting to take her part, an ex-sailor alarmed her by kicking her cloak and hat, which were lying in readiness for a "quick change." He appeared to be suffering from what the Devonshire folk aptly call "Bats in the Belfry." Muttering that he mistook the garments "for a dead man," he called loudly for her "to show him round the building." Meanwhile she summoned someone from the audience, upon which the man declared he "was an anarchist," and raising his hand she feared he would strike her. Two attendants appeared and took him to the cells, and she went on to the stage almost fainting.

When we were living at Upton Park a tableau was arranged at the house of Lady Caroline Burgess by my husband. The subject was "The Execution of Mary Queen of Scots." The Queen's part was represented by a very handsome girl, Lady Boston, who took the


Guild of Literature & Art
Mrs Compton
Hanover Square Rooms
Mon 21st July
¼ to 8
RICHARD WILSON
DANIEL DE FOE

CARD OF ADMISSION DESIGNED SPECIALLY FOR THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART BY E. M. WARD, R.A.

greatest pains to follow all my husband's directions. On the morning of the production Queen Victoria sent over one of her ladies to inquire if there were any programmes, as she had heard so much about the performance. It was most successful, so much so that many people who witnessed it were affected to tears.

Lord Lytton's comedy *Not so Bad as We Seem* was produced and acted, first on May 16, 1851, at Devonshire House, and afterwards at the Hanover Square Rooms and in provincial centres. These performances were in aid of the "Guild of Literature and Art," whose aims were "to encourage life assurance and other provident habits among artists and authors, to render such assistance to both as shall never compromise their independence, and to found a new institution where honourable rest from arduous labour shall still be associated with the discharge of convivial duties."

The ticket of admission for the performance was designed by Edward, and the card was extremely large, being seven by nine inches. On one side Richard Wilson was to be seen just entering a pawnshop, carrying under his cloak a picture he was obliged by necessity to part with. On the other side was Daniel Defoe, returning from the publisher's with his rejected book.

The cast was a very remarkable one, composed of amateur actors, and at the same time representative of the most famous men in the world of art and letters. For example: Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, John Tenniel, Frank Stone, A.R.A., Mark Lemon, John Forster, R. H. Horne, Charles Knight, Mrs. Compton, the famous actress, Peter Cunningham, Robert Bell, Augustus Egg, R.A., and Douglas Jerrold.

A specially constructed stage was made, which was first used at Devonshire House and afterwards in the provinces. Artists of note painted the scenery: Stanfield, David Roberts, R.A., Clarkson, Telbin, Pitt. The splendid "drop" scene was painted by David Roberts, R.A., and was a real work of art.

In 1921 *Not so Bad as We Seem* was revived again, some of the parts being played by relatives of the actors of 1851. Mr. H. C. Dickens, grandson of the great novelist, with Miss Rebecca West, Miss Tennyson Jesse, Mrs. Asquith, Mr. W. L. George, Mr. Neville Lytton (grandson of the author), Mr. Ivor Novello, Mr. Pett Ridge, Sir Gilbert Parker, and Mr. Harold Terry were in the cast.

CHAPTER XXII

THE LONDON OF MY YOUTH

OLD customs that have vanished return to my memory. I liked them well, and am sorry they have been swept aside. I used to look out for the postman on the first of May, when he arrived in his new scarlet coat and glossy silk hat. He was metamorphosed in a day, for on the 30th of April he wore his stained red garment and hat that had been buffeted by the snow and rain. He emerged as a new creature on "May Day," or "Sweeps' Day" as it was called. The sweeps celebrated their great holiday by washing their faces and attiring themselves in fantastic costumes. "Jack o' the Green" was a man encircled by a box he bore on his shoulders, decorated by green boughs and leaves. Men on stilts, wearing Pierrots' and Harlequins' costumes, came and peeped into the windows of the drawing-room in Fitzroy Square. The "Buy a Broom, Ladies" were a brigade of small children of about eight years of age, often seen in the streets, wearing white caps, and the dress of the Bavarian peasant; they chanted a ditty describing their wares; a bunch of broom cost a penny. The May Day dancing was one of the prettiest sights imaginable. A pole decked with leaves, flowers, and ribbons was erected with an evergreen canopy, and children dressed in white, wearing garlands and flowers, danced and sang round the "Queen of the May," the prettiest child being the little monarch. Tennyson immortalised the custom in song, and I painted a picture suggested by his poem.

Another good old custom was the "Grotto." About October boys used to build up tiny temples of oyster shells they had collected during the year, lighted by candles, and with shells in their hands to receive the coppers passers-by gave them, would recite the words: "Please to remember the grotto! It's only once a year! My father's gone to sea—My mother's gone to fetch him back—So please to remember me!" with a number of other verses. I don't know how the idea originated, and I never see the charming little grottoes now.

The fifth of November is still celebrated by fireworks, but not as it used to be in my young days. The dread of Papacy ever gaining a footing in England was largely at the back of our minds, and gave an impulse to our national demonstrations against it. I used to think how Roman Catholics must have disliked this festival, when effigies of Guy Fawkes and the Pope were carried about, then burnt in a bonfire amid great cheers of the crowd. Meanwhile crackers, squibs, and rockets flew up into the sky, and fell in a shower of golden stars.

Monasteries and nunneries were regarded with grave suspicion, but gradually the clergy ceased to speak about it, the people lost their fears, and now only a complete indifference exists about our neighbours' creeds. But I can recall how, when the black gown worn by the clergyman was discarded in favour of the white surplice, it was looked upon with horror, and considered another trick of the mysterious "Scarlet Woman" we were accustomed to hear of from the pulpit. "Hell-fire" was inseparable from Calvin's narrow and impossible doctrine of "Predestination" held in most of the churches.

The Irvingites came under great discussion when the sect was formed by a man named Edward Irving. I remember sitting at my grandfather's feet listening to him as he discoursed vigorously to my father about it. I tried hard to understand the subject.

Attendance at church was a family institution, and all the members were taken regularly, down to the tiniest toddlers, who had to listen to very long sermons patiently.

Children had very few toys to play with. I had different old relics given me from time to time, but the queerest was a number of very large pink glass icicles, pottle-shaped, filled with cotton-wool, which once adorned the front of those mysterious and cold-looking caves, reaching to the roof, of the dear old Colosseum in the Regent's Park. When the building was demolished my father bought the icicles for me, and they served in turn for building palaces, and as soldiers, dolls, and fairies. They reminded me of joyous hours spent at the Colosseum, where a spectacular entertainment was always taking place, such as "The Earthquake of Lisbon."

The Polytechnic in Regent Street soon opened, with the large round diving bell, where people sat inside, and then it was lowered by great chains into a tank, that stood in the centre of the building; it then descended into the base, a small pond, and remained there for five minutes. The ascent to the surface followed, where the bell remained till the next descent. Twice a day this journey was taken, but I was only an onlooker. Nothing could persuade me to trust myself, though I often saw my father enter the bell and return alive.

The divers in helmets and grim dresses were what no one had seen before at diving displays. And drops of ditch water tremendously magnified showed every conceivable form of hideous insect devouring each other. And I used to take a glass of water and show my father, and then drink it. Blown glass animals were made there for all to see, and there were electric shocks and electric floors introduced for the first time, but quite common now. There have been such great strides in scientific inventions that the latest wonder of "listening in," which is so far in advance of the modest discoveries I have mentioned, causes far less excitement than arose over the old Polytechnic wonders. The present building looks far too solemn and overwhelming for a mere woman to wish to enter its portals.

The modern dinner-party differs very greatly from Victorian times. Large joints of meat used to appear on the table with heavy silver covers, and the host would carve, sometimes boasting of his choosing the saddle of mutton himself, and his friendliness with the butcher. And the tradespeople always sent their customers a Christmas present; the butcher's would be some lamb's fry, or other delicacy. The grocer generally sent a box of dried fruits, sometimes a special chutney sauce from abroad, or a fascinating jar of preserved ginger from China.

I have already mentioned my one ride in the last hackney coach; then came the little yellow cabriolet, where one sat next to a very dirty, shabby driver. It had two seats for the "fares" and one for the driver. Then came the short omnibus with a door at the back. The first ones had no door, and proved a great favourite with many, who got in and out, going up hill without paying. The short omnibus was in use in the Isle of Wight till quite recently. The poor wretched horses were often covered with sores, which used to pain me terribly. There was no society for their protection. Omnibuses were next started, and soon after cabs were altered into the "growler" and the "hansom." The omnibuses were about half the size of present-day ones, with a door at the back, always opening and shutting of its own accord, and omnibuses and cabs were lined with straw.

It was considered perfectly dreadful for any woman to ride in a hansom. When my daughter Eva was a young girl, she arranged to meet us at the Royal Academy for the "Private View." She was returning from some engagement, and finding herself late for the appointment she stepped into a hansom, which brought her to the Royal Academy. Her father was extremely angry about it, I remember, and told her it must never happen again!

Regent's Park was simply fields, without any attempts at landscape gardening. There were no bands playing, an ancient farm adjoined it. In the National Gallery is a little picture by my grandfather, painted at the time when Regent's Park was being put into order.

There was a strange explosion of gas one day under Percy Street; pedestrians at the ends of it suddenly saw the centre of the street rise up in the air with a passing waggon and horses. There were several casualties, and it was an alarming sight even when I saw the spot afterwards.

Smoking, which has become so general with women as well as men, was never tolerated in anything but the smoking-room, and for ladies to enter that domain would have been considered a breach of etiquette. My father never smoked in my mother's presence, and my husband was a non-smoker.

When I was twelve my father took me to Vauxhall Gardens for my birthday treat. There were grassy walks and trees, and charming little bowers where people could take supper. In the centre was the band-stand where well-known singers rendered popular songs. "Pretty Polly Hopkins" was the rage in London; boys whistled the tune and barrel organs ground out the air in varying keys, but it was a stupid song and I never could see how it became a favourite one. Thackeray mentions Vauxhall Gardens in *Vanity Fair*; it was where "Jos" took Becky Sharp and Amelia.

Whilst public processions and carnivals have been national institutions on the Continent for hundreds of years, there were very few over here at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign. I have seen them grow in number and in size since then; the Lord Mayor's Show, which used to be thought such a fine sight, has been somewhat eclipsed by competition.

In the matter of the quality of food supplies, I consider that we have retrograded very greatly. There was, formerly, no foreign meat, condensed milk, or tinned food, no substitutes put on the market, and none of that preparation, Boric Acid, which is used far too much as a preservative of food.

Brompton was merely a village, with hedges, lanes, and fields. Nightingales used to nest there, and people walked there to hear their melodious songs. Augustus Egg, R.A., lived at Ivy House, Red Lion Lane, Brompton. I knew him in after years. Where Chester Square, Belgrave Street, and Eaton Square now stand, used to be strawberry fields, and Edward's father (who then lived in Adelphi Terrace, Strand) used to take his boys to these fields when the fruit was ripe. They spent their earliest days in an old-fashioned house in the Buckingham Palace Road, where only a few large houses stood. And there were only two houses in what is now Victoria Street. Gerald Road, S.W., was formerly called "Cottage Road," after a single cottage which was enlarged to a good-sized house. When my studio was erected there, many fruit-trees had to be sacrificed.

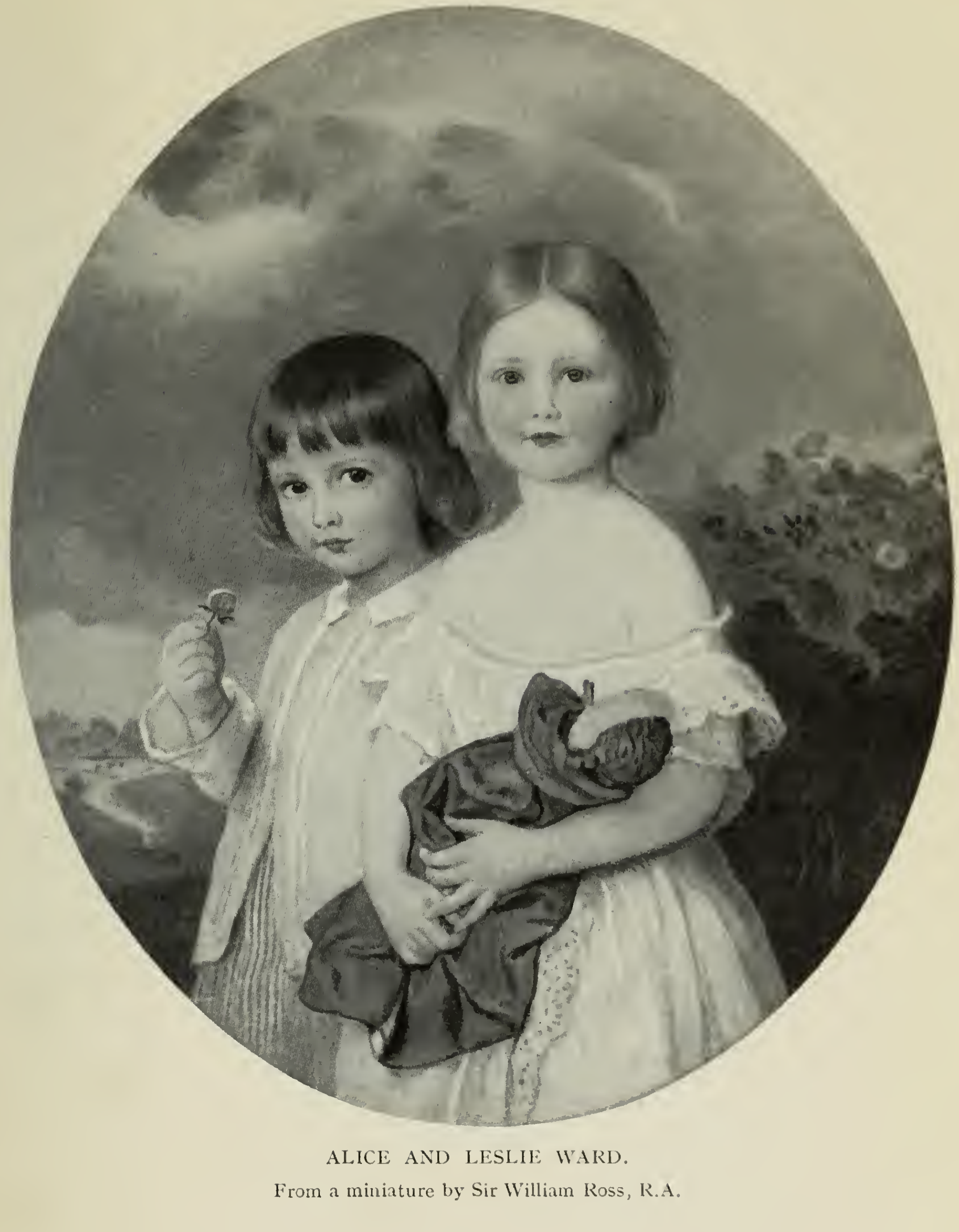
Chelsea was a lovely little village and the picturesque parish church was surrounded by fine old houses and fields, and I used to enjoy a day there, bringing back trophies of wild flowers which grew in the lanes in rich profusion.

A favourite place of mine was a dairy in the New Road, Marylebone, kept by a Mrs. Dawkins, a very good-looking woman, dressed in white muslin, where my father sometimes took me during our long walks together. There was a gateway, and, after ringing a bell, Mrs. Dawkins would appear, open the gate, and show us the cows in their stalls. They were lovely creatures, and it was quite a model dairy. Mrs. Dawkins would then order a glass of warm milk for me. I can recall visits to a favourite shop in Soho Square, where pink castor sugar was sold, which we used to have for parties, and oranges in syrup, and special Bath buns. How nice those buns tasted, and what a contrast to the poor substitute sold during the War, and even before the days of rationing!

Glass has come into fashion greatly of late. Hetley was the name of a famous glass-maker, and my father used to visit his shop in Soho Square for his picture glass.

When walking down Portland Place with my father he told me this true story. The Duchess of Richmond and Gordon lost her son in *The President*, which went down with all hands. The poor woman would never believe in his having died, and hoping against hope, when all knew there was no possible chance of his having been rescued, she took up her position in the hall, sitting in the porter's chair by day and sleeping there by night, lest in that glad moment (to her imagination so real) when his footstep crossed the threshold of his home, she should not be the first to welcome him. I was touched by the pathos of a mother's love—and never forgot the tragedy of it. She was a lovely woman, and I have a copy of Lawrence's portrait of her in my possession—the original was at Agnew's some years ago. My father parted with another copy to Lord George Gordon-Lennox.

Sir William Ross, R.A., miniature painter to Queen Victoria, lived at No. 38 Fitzroy Square. We knew him very well, a kind little man, who looked more like a doctor than a famous painter. He painted Alice and Leslie, and presented them each with a strawberry after each sitting. He has depicted Leslie with strawberry in hand. Sir William once stayed with us at Worthing, and my aunt having lent us her donkey for the children to ride, Sir William took a fancy to go for a ride one morning. We tried to dissuade him, knowing that the celebrated painter was no equestrian, and that the animal had a mind of its own. We saw him mount and ride away in high spirits, but alas! the donkey preferred the town to the country, and conveyed Sir William into the main street, where he backed into a shop, and refused to leave. Sir William finally had to lead him home in disgrace.



ALICE AND LESLIE WARD.

From a miniature by Sir William Ross, R.A.

CHAPTER XXIII

PAINTING

WHEN painting in old churchyards, I have sometimes found epitaphs on ancient tombstones that were worth preserving for their quaint humour. In the parish churchyard at Folkestone was one that appealed to me for its sedate and concise imagery :

> A house she has of such good fashion,
> The tenant ne'er shall pay for reparation.
> Nor will her landlord ever raise her rent
> Nor turn her out of doors for non-payment.
> From " chimney money," too, this cell is free :
> Of such a house who would not tenant be ?

In moving from Gerald Road to Chelsea, I not only found myself near an ideal church, but also gained a compensation in the friendship of the Rector of St. Luke's parish, Archdeacon Bevan, who is so clever, cheery, and kind, besides being an eloquent preacher. When his charming wife, Mrs. Bevan, first called upon me my daughter introduced her, but being deaf I failed to catch her name. In the course of a little chat she wanted to know how I liked Chelsea.

" I hate it," I replied frankly, " but one thing I appreciate is the church. The services are so well conducted, the music is good, and the sermons I hear are excellent ! "

Mrs. Bevan said she was very glad, and when she had taken her leave I asked my daughter her name. I then learnt to my consternation that I had been all the while talking to the Rector's wife, and unconsciously giving the Archdeacon an unsolicited testimonial. We all laughed at my mistake!

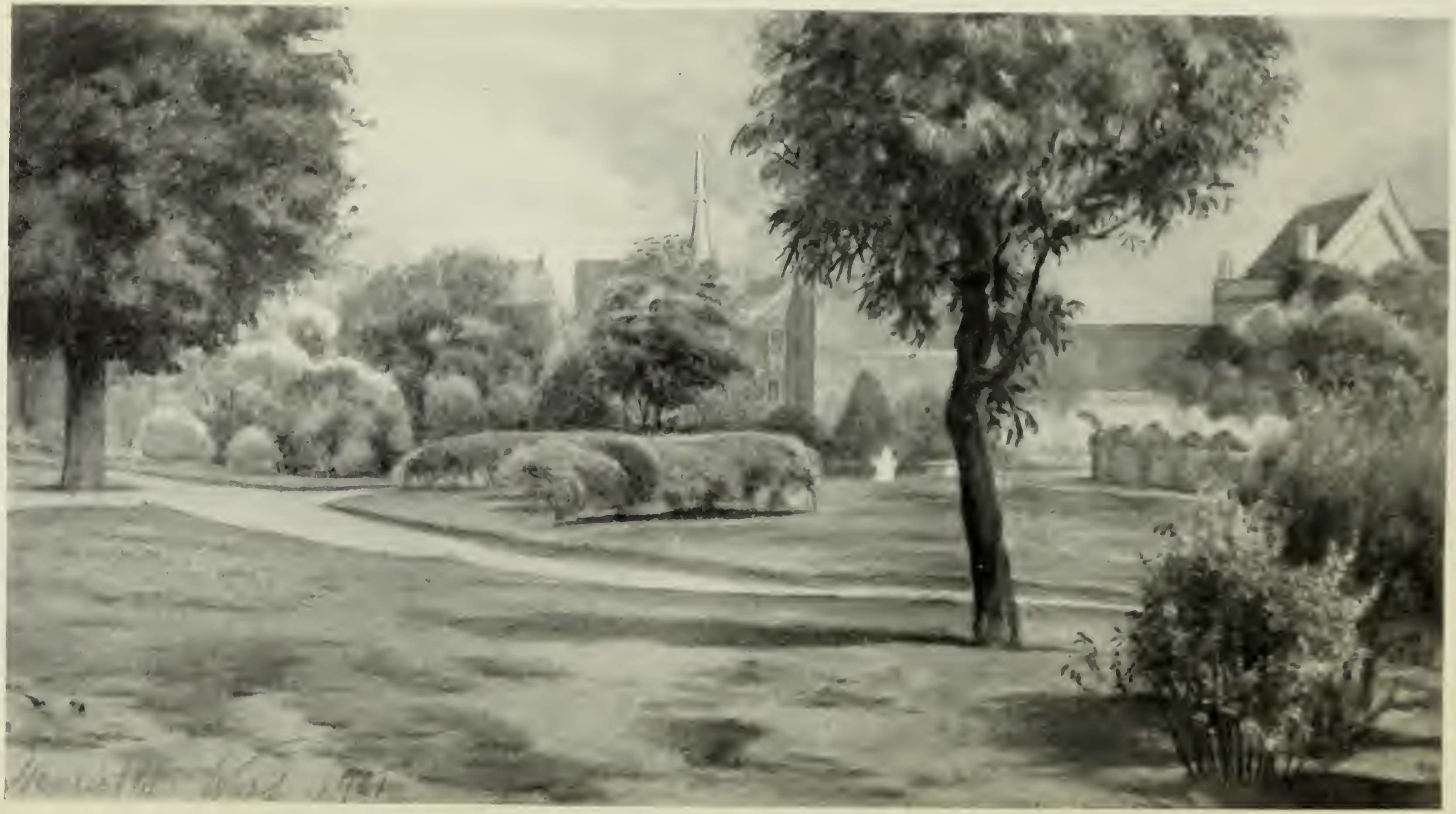
I made some water-colour sketches in St. Luke's "Church Gardens," Chelsea, during the glorious summer of 1921.

One of the porch and its surroundings was in memory of my dear friend Charles Dickens, whose marriage to Kate Hogarth, over eighty years ago, was celebrated at St. Luke's Church. I often picture the bridal party entering the church, stepping upon the very stones I tread when I attend the services there. The picture was sold almost immediately, so now I must make another.

It is a pretty spot, that Church Garden, but in common with all places where the public are admitted the lowest specimens of slum children rub shoulders with the highly respectable element.

I made friends with some of the people who congregate there daily for recreation. One woman especially, who was very good to me, responded to my conversation eloquently, and I found her acquainted with the writings of Dickens, Byron, Milton, and other poets, and we discussed Thackeray and Lytton. She was also well read in modern literature. She told me her great trouble was failing sight, which deprived her from reading much. She carried my painting materials, saw that my spectacles were not left behind, which I am always forgetting, and understanding the unruly children, she kept them at bay as I worked.

Her account of the slum children was a very serious one. They are real hooligans; one of their hobbies, I noticed, was walking from seat to seat, and politely putting their tongues out at passers-by. She told me their remarks were too dreadful to repeat. Fortunately I did not hear them, being deaf. It is



CHELSEA CHURCH GARDENS.

From a water-colour drawing by Mrs. E. M. Ward. Exhibited at the R.A. in 1922.

certainly a disgrace to civilisation and modern education that any children should be like this, and it is no good to soften facts; a colony of potential Bolsheviks has already been founded. They played their whole bag of tricks on me, being fair sport seated at work, the cynosure of every furtive and cunning eye.

If Wordsworth the poet, who was given to meditating in churchyards, were permitted to return to earth to-day, he would find no replica of the "little cottage maid" left; and if he only blandly asked questions as to the number of her family, what a surprise he would get!

The children of the working classes are changed beyond recognition, and many from the slum quarter in Chelsea have criminal faces, receding foreheads, uncanny eyes, and evil expressions. One of the forms of torture they devised for me was to stand and shake my seat, to interrupt my work. Hurling stones at my back, whilst they stood at a safe distance, and took an accurate aim, was another of their sports; and their crowning gift was intended to spoil my finished water-colour drawing. Several shabby boys advanced in a squadron bearing a large parcel of dust collected from the road, wrapped in brown paper. They threw the contents all over my work. (This picture was hung on the line at the R.A. of 1922.)

As can be seen, it became impossible to work alone. There were, however, men, women, and children who came very politely every morning to see how the picture was progressing.

A nice little girl arrived one morning carrying a baby. Without being pretty it was a splendid, attractive infant, the kind of fat happy thing to make one laugh whenever one looked at it. At last the little girl said, "Please, lady, mother says will you 'take' baby?"

This was a new departure. I had never expected a commission in the Church Gardens. I think they imagined I was taking photographs, and did not understand drawings.

It reminded me of a story Millais told at a Royal Academy banquet. When he was engaged on a landscape in the country, a rustic approached and stared at him and at the canvas.

Then the rustic said: "Ever tried yer hand at 'fertography'?" "No," said Millais shortly. "It's quicker," urged the rustic, "and much more like!"

I always enjoyed painting tiny children, and generally managed to spare time from more serious work to paint either a group, or single figure in miniature, for Edward's birthday. The secrecy surrounding the proceedings appealed to the children, as their father was not to know till he stood in the dining-room after breakfast, every July 14, to receive his gifts. I often think what extreme happiness these small examples of art gave him. The youngest child used to present the miniature with one hand, and ask for it back with the other.

Queen Victoria called one day when one of the youngest children had just been painted, seated on a rocking-horse, wearing a blue dress. Her Majesty desired me to paint the Princess Beatrice, and gave me a second commission afterwards.

My own friends would often come to the Chelsea Church Gardens, and watch me as I painted. Mr. Walter Frith, the writer, arrived one day, and we had a long chat over past days. His sister, Fanny Frith, is the youngest daughter of a talented family; she is a dear friend who has given me a great deal of pleasure. She invited me on one occasion to see Hogarth's House at Chiswick, and Stewart Ellis accompanied me.

What a peaceful place that old-world garden was! —old turf, old trees, flowers and birds, and the silent house, umber and grey, touched by sunlight, and fraught with memories of the man who dwelt there, and his vital art.

We climbed the stairs leading to oak-panelled attics, and took tea in Hogarth's best parlour, a lovely eighteenth-century room, with a big bay window disclosing a fine view of his garden flooded with light, for it faced west. Later we saw the sunset in full splendour. I could picture Hogarth watching the changing hues and enjoying the companionship of such men as his favourite cronies—David Garrick, Fielding, and Townley.

The house was offered for sale with the intention of pulling it down and building over it, when Colonel Shipway of Grove House, Chiswick, generously saved it from destruction by purchasing it in 1904, and after restoring it admirably he presented the house and grounds to the Public, thereby establishing a lasting memorial to the memory of the genius who lived and worked for others within those walls. Some large vases which formerly stood on the walls of the garden proved to be valuable castings in lead, that had been plastered over; they are now placed in the house.

A famous mulberry-tree in the garden still yields an abundance of fruit, which, in the great master's time, was irresistibly attractive to the local children; he used to welcome them in, and dispense the mulberries.

There used to be a little monument in the garden to his favourite bullfinch with two crossbones of birds, and a heart, carved on the rough stone by his hand: "Alas! poor Dick," is his inscription.

Hogarth was passionately fond of birds and animals; the barbarity with which they were treated induced him to publish a set of prints called "Four Steps of Cruelty," and he circulated them at a merely nominal price.

It is curious to note that Hogarth encountered a similar opposition to becoming a painter (after having first specialised as an engraver) to that my grandfather experienced.

A tapestry-maker named Morris commissioned a design from him, and then actually declined to accept it when finished, solely on account of the spiteful remarks of those who were jealous of his superior skill. But Hogarth sued Morris and obtained the money. His appointment as Sergeant Painter to the King was rewarded by the magnificent sum of £10 a year.

As a moralist and satirist Hogarth stands unrivalled, and since the man who reveals others' weaknesses is never allowed a peaceful life Hogarth's latter years were embittered by many enemies and quarrels. Perpetual vexation of spirit accelerated a heart malady, and hastened his end.

Every summer I look forward to my tea-party in Hogarth's house when the mulberries are ripe, for Miss Frith's delightful entertainment there has become an annual event when circumstances permit.

Another expedition with Miss Frith was to see once more the old house in Dean Street, Soho Square, that once belonged to the Thornhill family; and Hogarth, who was Sir James Thornhill's son-in-law, painted portraits of the family on the walls.

I once attended a ball given there, which is so long ago that I don't remember the name of the hostess who gave it. It was when I was about fourteen. I think the beautiful house has been pulled down.

We have also visited Dr. Johnson's old house in Gough Square, which was bought by Mr. Cecil Harmsworth and given to the nation. It contains many memorials of the great philosopher-lexicographer, who was another example of an ill-requited life of patient toil. "Of whom the world was not worthy," might well be his epitaph.

On another occasion Miss Frith entertained the same party of friends at the "George" Inn, Southwark—one of the few remaining hostelries of the Shakespearean and Dickensian kind, with its open wooden galleries.

CHAPTER XXIV

"MY FRIENDS IN VELVET"

IN Samuel Rogers's *Italy* he says: "I dined with the good old Cardinal, and I should add, *with his cats*, for they always sit at his table, and are much the gravest of his company."

This description of the Cardinal intrigues me; it forms a mental picture of a benign character, and I have an ardent desire to present the subject in terms of paint.

I have always differentiated between lovers of animals and those who don't care for "my friends in velvet." I never feel I want to meet the latter class of people again.

The love of animals is traditional in my family. I was surrounded by them from childhood, and now, from a selfish point of view alone, I should find life had lost its chief charm without their sympathy and affection and their amusing traits.

My dear little black cat "Mother," perched on the back of my chair, prevents me from ever feeling lonely. Her sharp orange-coloured eyes watch my every movement with brush or pen, and her sole request is to be allowed as near me as possible.

Her handsome son "Jos" sits on my lap, and people tell me he would make an ideal advertisement picture for "Black and White" whisky, for his sleek coat is so jet black and the patches of white are such a sharp contrast that his "ensemble" makes a startling picture. And "Jos's" eyes are jewels—green cat's eyes. His character is the gentlest and sweetest imaginable. We long ago gave up trying to count the number of "Mother's" large families; many of her sons and daughters have been given to friends, and are prized. In one household which my daughters went to see, before parting with a kitten, they found fine glass toys, of bright colours, and jingling music whenever they were touched, arranged on the stair rails, for "the cats" to play with. Bee and Enid were delighted with this home.

I am sometimes told cats are stupid animals. People make a great mistake who say so. Pierre Loti, the great advocate for the feline race, had a different opinion, and the late Mr. Walter Winans, an exceedingly gifted man, animal sculptor and writer, I am told had eight cats in his studio, and was always their companion and friend. They are extremely clever, full of sly calculation, with a great sense of fun, and deep gratitude for kindness. During the many hours I have watched them, I have learnt many things about their dispositions, and a great deal from them.

Cats can only be taught by being gently treated. They are so highly nervous when roughly handled that they lose their heads entirely, and refuse to obey, because they don't grasp what is wanted of them.

I painted a picture suggested by an amusing incident that happened when I lived in Gerald Road. My daughters were taking friends to the theatre, and gave orders that a special supper should await them when they returned. Accordingly the servants placed it on the dining-room table, and retired to bed, leaving our two dogs in the room.

The young people came in hungry and in high spirits with their friends, and were looking forward to a nice supper. Alas, they found the table in strange disorder, the remains of a lobster on the floor, the hearthrug decorated with red fragments, two chickens mutilated and partly devoured, and even the custards had been tasted, and tarts nibbled daintily! As a matter of fact it was the dogs who gave the supper party that night, not my girls.

There were loud lamentations over it, and a hastily arranged meal was all they got. And it was perhaps characteristic of the House of Ward that not a word of reproach was given to the dogs for behaving in such a cruel way to my daughters, who accepted the misfortune meekly, and we all agreed the dogs were not to blame, but those who had left the tempting dishes within their reach.

I painted my picture called "No Cat's averse to Fish," with the cat on the table just dragging the lobster from the dish, and as I included the interior of my favourite room, just as it used to look, I refused a good offer when it hung on the R.A. walls.

When I painted the "Siege of Lathom House" I wanted a model of a dog, and applied to a man named Bill George, who kept a famous "Zoo" at Hammersmith where many artists sent for animal models. George, who happened to have a hound ready, brought him round to my studio, and as I wanted my model to be happy I provided a sheep's head and other dainties. He was docile as long as George was there to keep him in hand, and the sitting being ended I ordered him for the next day. Whilst the bell was being rung his master unleashed him, and he was off in a flash, and never stopped till he arrived at his house, where he awaited George. I finally got a dog of lethargic temperament who obliged me by getting into the right position, and he never stirred till his portrait was finished. The picture shows a Royalist's house, and Lady Derby, in her husband's absence, sitting at the table, watching one of Cromwell's soldiers, with a pistol by her side. The dog under the table is guarding her and her children, one of whom is so well trained that she does not flinch, though a shell is burning in the room.

Many of the greatest writers and painters have been fond of cats. Charles Dickens had a favourite one that used to be with him as he wrote in his study at Gad's Hill. Cowper, the poet, kept several. Also Sir Joshua Reynolds and Landseer. A story is told of Sir Joshua Reynolds who came into his studio and found his cat had completely destroyed a picture he had left to dry, by walking over the wet paint. He only said, "Alas, poor pussy, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

But artists as a body have too much imagination to inflict pain at any time, and if they should do so unwittingly their own suffering would probably be proportionate.

A very clever young painter I heard of, who took the Gold Medal and Creswick Prize at the Royal Academy Schools, having afterwards started a studio was troubled by a colony of mice that caused havoc there. After weeks of indecision and much coercion from his family he decided a trap must be set. The trap worried him all night, and early in the morning he nerved himself to enter the studio, and he saw a poor frightened mouse between the bars of its cage. It was a slim young mouse, and as its bright eyes looked pitifully into his compassionate ones, he said he knew he could never kill "such a jolly little prisoner." A brilliant idea came to him. Taking the trap he walked into the garden and emptied the mouse into his neighbour's garden. He was then able to tell his family that he had "set a trap, and caught a mouse." But they, knowing his temperament, never believed he had killed it. His cats were too well fed, and so gentle that the mice used to run over them when they were asleep; and the story goes that one mouse often found a cosy nest for slumber in the long hair of an ancient dog he kept.

When we lived at Windsor we found some boys setting nets in our garden to catch our beautiful sparrows and robins. They received a salutary lesson for their cruelty.

I notice that whereas formerly the "Commandments" were hung in every church in the land, they have disappeared from many of the churches to-day, which I greatly regret. We need to keep them before us "Lest we forget." It has just occurred to me that the fourth Commandment has something to do with the question I am writing about: it enjoins consideration for animals. Alas! how they have been exploited for gain by man since the beginning of time!

In recalling the things throughout my life that have made the deepest impression, one was a simple Temperance Service for youths I attended at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and I even remember the date—November 7th, 1887. Thirty-seven years ago, and the gist of the whole thing is with me to-day. It was an impressive sight to see those boys singing with an energy and enthusiasm that seemed inspired. And this was followed by a sermon such as one seldom hears. I was greatly touched, and I wished that the clergy would introduce a similar crusade, as spiritual and as vigorous, amongst young people, enlisting them to fight for the rights of God's wonderful Dumb Creation. It is amazing that the Church should never have troubled to take up this great question. I would like to see special services held in all churches on certain days in the year.

There are two kinds of cruelty to animals. The first is deliberate enjoyment of inflicting pain, and it proceeds from the lowest type of humanity, the criminal brain. No punishment can be too severe for such conduct, in my opinion. The laws are too lenient, and the magistrates seldom enforce a severe penalty when they are enabled to do it. I often wonder how magistrates can inflict a fine, or dismiss the wretches who come up frequently on such charges of cruelty that if I hear or read about them cause me the greatest mental suffering and many sleepless nights.

The second kind of cruelty arises from an absence of imagination, an undeveloped and poor brain, and selfishness. This class of creature goes away for holidays leaving the cat or dog without food, shut up in the house, completely forgotten, or the animal is put into the street, to starve, and be maltreated by fiendish boys. The same class leave their pets to servants to feed, and they are habitually under-fed, or left without water to drink, and they are never allowed upstairs. Whilst occasionally a servant may be fond of animals, a great many are actively cruel, or stupidly so, having never been taught their value. How is it that if given a free choice animals will seldom stay in the kitchen? They might be expected to appreciate that domain, the food emporium. Cats are not greedy creatures, but very dainty eaters, and they do not eat much at a time. They are epicures in food, and they love cleanliness, light, warmth, and bright colours. They enjoy being talked to and played with, and become very human when treated with kindness. The Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty are all too tentative, and I sometimes think that cruelty will need far stronger measures than they employ before it is stamped out.

I don't see why a society should not be formed of strong young men, fond of adventure, to put down cruelty *by force.* When an offender leaves the Court after paying his fine, let the members of this band wait on him and give him a sound thrashing. Systematically carried out, cases of cruelty would become rarer and rarer in every town and village. Such a society would have my support and sympathy.

I have always been very disgusted with all forms of "sport"—shooting, hunting, coursing hares, and the like. It is not the poorer classes who are offenders in this respect, for only the wealthy can afford the form of cruelty called hunting. The dreadful spectacle of a number of grown-up people torturing a beautiful little fox by chasing it to its death; or if it happens to escape being torn to pieces by hounds, trained by savages, it has another run for its life, again and again, till it meets its doom—this simply appals me. It is a cowardly and degrading thing to take pleasure in inflicting pain: the fox loves life, and puts up a hard fight for it, and its agony of fear, its overstrained heart, and consuming thirst before it is flayed alive, ought to excite the deepest pity and indignation. Instead of this, to be "in at the death" is a coveted honour. What *can* one think of women as well as men who calmly watch the hounds wrangling over a piece of mutilated flesh and fur, which a few hours before, in some sunny and peaceful spot, was the living embodiment of joyous and radiant beauty? If foxes do the harm to crops by depredations that farmers and sportsmen aver (which I very much doubt), wild animals surely have a right to their share of the "kindly fruits of the earth," and farmers can protect their poultry if they want to.

Ruskin used to declare that in proportion to the pitch that civilisation had reached, with the accumulated knowledge of all the centuries, the nineteenth century was the most barbarous of any.

A story has been given me by a friend of a wonderful seal, which was bought by the owner of a fine garden with an ornamental lake. The seal proved very gentle and intelligent, and became much attached to the gardener, who was his greatest friend. The difficulty arose about getting it to eat, for it even refused fish, its natural food. There was a goldfish pond in the garden, and one day the owner discovered that the pond was empty, not one goldfish had been spared by the seal! They decided to offer the seal herrings, and an expensive diet it proved; he ate forty herrings a day!

As a recreation, the seal would set off for the gardener's cottage, and tap on the door with his fins till he gained admission. Then he discovered a short cut to the cottage when the snow lay thick everywhere. He would be seen making for the cottage in the most businesslike way, and took to sliding down a drain pipe, snow covered, and right over the cottage roof. He met with his sad end in this way; in sliding over the roof too quickly he fell on his head, and died.

The sequel to the tale is sordid to a degree, and unthinkable. His friend the gardener, without any scruples, ate the seal!

A fascinating word-picture of Mussolini, the great Italian Patriot and Leader, was recently given by a writer, who wanted to gain an impression of him, unobserved. Mussolini, riding on a splendid black charger, met his automobile which was waiting to convey him elsewhere. Dismounting, he entered the car, and instantly his horse walked to the window and put his head in. Whereupon his master stepped out, patted his horse, searched in his pocket, and rewarded him with sugar. The observer, greatly satisfied, said that a man who was kind to his horse, would be certain to care for the needs of the people.

CHAPTER XXV

A MEMORABLE VISIT TO LIVERPOOL

THE Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, was opened by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort; and Mr. Gaskell and his family, who lived at Woolton, near Liverpool, invited us to stay there to be present at the ceremony. Our visit was a memorable one. The royal party, with the ladies-in-waiting, and the inhabitants of Liverpool wearing beautiful attire, made the huge Art Gallery look very gay. Our host took us to lunch at a celebrated restaurant, where we partook of a new dish to us—called "Lancashire." It was one of the principal dainties of the house, consisting of veal, kidneys, mushrooms, tomatoes, and asparagus, amongst other things, admirably flavoured. Though I have since had it made by good cooks, it has never been the same, and I concluded only Lancashire can make it.

We returned to the Walker Gallery, where Edward's picture "The Death of Charles the Second" now hangs. The following day Mr. Gaskell drove us to a village called Speke, about ten miles from Liverpool, to see Speke Hall, the property of Miss Watt. I knew it in the time of her grandfather and father. The front entrance is exceedingly beautiful: the back of the house faces the sea edged with its shingle carpet. It is a glorious old mansion, and I advise people who go to Liverpool to see it, and to visit the old cottage, "Hale" by name, close by. There is a large picture of the "Giant of Hale," and through the ceiling of the cottage the cavity remains which was cut out to enable him to stand upright. The Giant was attached to the Court of James I. His staff of office and court dress are shown, the latter being magnificent, and his tomb is in the churchyard. The village of Hale is a mile beyond Speke.

The buildings in Liverpool are well worth visiting, being splendid examples of architecture, especially St. George's Hall and the Jewish Synagogue. The story connected with the latter is a sad one. The architect, having finished the building, found it brought no further commissions. He went to America, and being unlucky there, committed suicide. And St. George's Hall has a pathetic history attached to the sculptured panels in relief which adorn the walls. When the building was finished, the Liverpool Council offered a prize in open competition for the best designs for sculptured decorations. A young sculptor, named Thomas Stirling Lee, was chosen to do the work. His idea was to illustrate in symbolism by a series of panels, the one bearing upon the other to continue the story. He produced some of the panels, and was paid for them, but was told the Council could not afford to allow him to do the rest. Sir Philip Rathbone, Mayor of Liverpool, however, stepped in, and offered to defray the cost, and the artist proceeded with his work. Then, with several blank spaces left on the wall, they broke his agreement, and refused to allow him to finish his great life's work. There was nothing to be done, and he saw the years flow by, with his life's work uncompleted. He was a fine character, very much liked by everyone. He did a great deal of sculpture for churches, and decorated a part of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Westminster. He fell down dead when hurrying to catch a train in South Kensington. A sculptor's life is a hard one. It is very tiring, entailing much standing, and since the opportunities for displaying it in England are small it means that to many an artist "the rapture of pursuing" is the sole reward.

When we were returning home we lost our daughter Eva who was with us during our visit. She had missed her way at the docks, and, as my husband and Mr. Gaskell searched for her, I was alone and staring about me. A little ragged urchin at one of the running pipes was washing his feet and whistling all the time. He was shoe-and-stockingless, with an old blue ragged knickerbocker suit, and through the rents peeped his shirt. By the time my daughter was found, I had all I wanted in a sketch for a picture, which I sold after it had appeared at the Academy.

My grandfather, who had lived at Cheshunt for many years, was very ill, and he asked me to go and see him. Alas, it was for the last time. The Smiths (the publishers), who were great friends of my grandfather's and father's, offered to take us in their carriage and pair of aged horses: their old coachman on the box had been twenty years in their service. Edward and I had a pleasant journey down, and a lovely time with my dear old grandfather. We tried to cheer him up by talking of his successes and his past work.

Having never looked out of the window, we were unaware, till the time of our departure, that a dense fog had arisen. We started for London, and in driving along noticed the curious effect fog produces in perspective. All the market carts seemed to pass very close to the carriage. Suddenly came a tremendous jolt, and we were all on a slant. The coachman gave a series of shrieks, and climbed down from the box. The door was opened with difficulty, and when we got out we were surrounded by a fog so thick that we had no idea where we had got to. Mr. Smith said I must scream as loudly as possible, as a woman's voice would be more penetrating than a man's. One horse was in a ditch with half the carriage. A man, hearing my voice, at last loomed through the fog to us. In reply to our questions he said we were in a by-road leading to London. We had wanted to know if we were near any town with an hotel, or inn where we could stay the night, though this was Hobson's choice. We had intended to start for Paris that night. The Governor of the "Invalides" was giving a dinner the next day. The man said he could take us to an inn, which turned out to be a little wayside one with a kind landlady, who lent me a skirt whilst mine was dried. We decided to telegraph to Paris the next morning, when the coachman came and told us he could manage to take us on if we went at once, but if the horses waited till morning they would be too stiff to move for two days. So off we started, led by link boys through the dark lanes, and it was not till we found ourselves in the Tottenham Court Road, which was well lighted, that we could drive at a good pace straight to the railway station *en route* for Paris.

Mr. Charles Dickens found us a flat in Paris which we took for three months. Edward painted the pictures commissioned by Queen Victoria, "The Investiture of Napoleon the Third with the Garter," and "Queen Victoria Visiting the Tomb of Napoleon the First" in the small chapel under the majestic dome of the "Invalides," Paris. I had a sketch Edward made of the chapel framed and presented to King Edward VII, who expressed himself as being very pleased to have it.

In driving with Mrs. Dickens one day from the Bois we saw a large crowd surrounding the royal carriage in which the Empress Eugénie was seated. We then heard that a soldier had fainted, and the Empress got out of the carriage with her ladies-in-waiting, and had the man put into the royal carriage and taken to the barracks. She continued her drive in one of the carriages which some of the gentlemen of the Court vacated for her. This was one of the many acts of kindness which endeared her to the people at that time.

I had several friends living in Kensington Palace Gardens, amongst whom were Mr. and Mrs. Pilgrim. The former, though he had lost his sight, used to ride round and round the field at the back of his house. A tragedy happened at their house. A young girl, a friend, was on a visit to them, and she was rather delicate. One day she rushed into the dining-room, as Mr. and Mrs. Pilgrim were sitting down to lunch, saying, " I have killed myself ! " They were horrified to discover she had taken poison instead of her medicine. All efforts to save her proved useless. She collapsed on the floor, and died soon after the doctor arrived. Mr. Pilgrim sent for her relations, and gave up the house to them till after the funeral ; he then sold it, as he and his wife never liked the place afterwards.

At a house two doors away I drove up one day to leave my card. I thought the place looked very forlorn and deserted, and the girl who opened the door said the family had gone away, without leaving their address with her. And they disappeared completely. They were extremely nice people, and had a house filled with beautiful furniture, pictures, and old plate. I have often wondered what was the reason of their sudden flight, and that I never saw or heard of them again.

One of my most intimate friends was Lady Perry, widow of Sir Erskine Perry, a daughter of Lord

Abergavenny. I used to drive with her behind a horse that had contracted the unpleasant habit of suddenly standing straight up on his hind legs whenever he saw a man. The coachman and horse then engaged in a heated argument of whip, words, and clatter, during which I felt very nervous, though, luckily, we never had an accident. When my old friend died the coachman was dismissed, and the horse was sold to a big owner, who had my best wishes.

Amongst my musical friends was Charles Hallé; he was a great artist, and had a keen sense of humour. He once told me of an amusing experience when I met him at a mutual friend's house—Mr. Harrison—in Cheshire. He was, one night, engaged to play at an important concert, and feeling entire confidence in his valet's packing everything he required in his suit-case, he went to dress for dinner. To his horror, he found that somehow he had put in a pair of trousers that would fit an elephant—they were much too big for him. He was in despair for a few minutes, when an idea seized him. He rushed off and got them shortened at the ankles, and still he was festooned in unwanted material. But he played! and his ingenuity might be commended. He arranged several bits of furniture on the platform—a sofa and armchairs in front of the piano—to conceal his entrance and exit!

For some years I had, as tenant in my upper studio, Mr. Danreuther, the famous musician and teacher. Wagner was one of his friends. Pianos were on raised dais in his music room, which was beautifully furnished in old oak. He married Miss Goncitur, who was a friend of mine. Enid was a favourite pupil of his for some years. Danreuther was, with Franklin Taylor, a head teacher of the piano at the Royal College of Music.

Douglas Jerrold was one of our literary friends, whom I always found most genial and kind, though he had the reputation for saying many bitter things at times. A man much given to boasting about his smart friends, and being a worshipper of titles, told him that he was dining with his friend, a well-known peer, the other night, and it was very odd—there was no fish. "Oh," said Jerrold, "I suppose they had eaten it upstairs!"

Talking of fish and boasting, reminds me of another story. An American millionaire was entertaining a man to lunch at an hotel, and after expatiating on his wealth, he began to describe his "Home" in "N'York." He gave the exact proportions of his dining-room, then said the ceiling had a colossal span, and looked to see if his friend were impressed. The other replied slowly that it was very different to his tiny cottage in the country, "where, if you will believe me, the ceiling is so low that we are always obliged to have flat fish for dinner!" I had an amusing little experience of my own, and all owing to wanting fish for lunch.

I went recently with my daughters to dine at a restaurant in the neighbourhood. I chose fish from the menu, but was told there was none left. I said I would not have anything. Then the waiter appeared again, bearing some fish he had discovered was there after all. Suddenly there was a terrific noise, followed by shouts, smashing of glass, etc.; the electric light went out, and we were in total darkness. Presently the waiter came in to say his brother-in-law had demanded some fish, and because it had been given to me he started smashing the glass and crockery and furniture, and damaging the electric light. We left as soon as possible, glad to escape, but not before receiving profuse apologies from the manager.

We had a funny parlour-maid who aimed at being a poet. She came to Bee one evening to say that a woman in white had appeared opposite the pantry, waving her arms. We assembled silently on the balcony, in the dark, and, as we watched, saw a woman dressed in white, with keys in her hand, let herself in the studio adjoining mine, which I let to a man who was away at the time. As she remained there some time and did not reappear, we sent for the police, who watched on our balcony, but no one came out, and the police, who evidently regarded my parlour-maid and my daughters as hysterical subjects, assured them that "it was not a ghost," and decided to question the parlour-maid. At that moment our cook, who was elderly and fat, appeared in the garden in a very airy garment, and catching sight of the police gave a loud scream of alarm and fled! We got no nearer to the solution of the "Woman in White"! The next day an American lady, Mrs. Sartoris, a tall, stately woman, dressed in white, happened to call and got nearly arrested for being in our garden; we returned home after being out all day, just in time.

Meanwhile the parlour-maid sat down and wrote several verses which she had printed in a little cream-coloured book, emblazoned with gold stars. She presented us each with a copy. I quote two verses:

THE WOMAN IN WHITE

The young ladies quickly went down to see
This woman in white standing 'neath the tree.
But, alas, she had gone! O hark!
Footsteps they hear, coming near in the dark.
'Twas the woman in white, with keys in her hand,
And on to the studio door she banged;
What a curious thing for a woman to do
At that time of night! What could she mean?
She was evidently not afraid to be seen.

The police we informed, tho' really no help.
" A bogey," they said, I had played by myself.
At this I got angry and treated them cool,
And told the Inspector I thought him a fool.
Had they seen they would have believed,
But seeing it first thought I was deceived.
How this individual got the keys is a great mystery,
We should like to catch her and find out her history.

It was signed *Miss* Minnie Laffling. We laughed over this poetic effusion, and admired the rare courage she must have had to enable her to have it printed !

My picture, "Chatterton," was considered by *The Art Journal* to be the best I had done. It certainly gave me more pleasure to paint than any other work. I chose a scene in Chatterton's life described in Daniel Wilson's *Biography* :

"Each Saturday he (Chatterton) returned from Cosston (the Bristol Blue Coat School) and hastened home to the happy solitude of the attic he had appropriated as his study under his mother's roof. . . . His delight was to lock himself in this little garret with his books, papers, and drawing materials."

He is found with his parchments, a great piece of ochre in a brown pan, bags full of charcoal dust, and also a bottle of black-lead powder.

Mrs. Edkins, his foster-mother, said : "When she could get into the room she would." Once he put his foot on the parchment on the floor to prevent her taking it up, saying : "You are too curious and clear-sighted. I wish you would bide out of this room. It is my room."

My son, Wrio, was model for Chatterton. He was quite accustomed to posing for some of my other pictures.

Mr. Sholto V. Hare wrote to me that a son of Chatterton's foster-mother was still living, and I asked him to see the picture when finished. It interested and pleased me greatly to hear that my model resembled his mother, and that the subject was strictly in accordance with his remembrance of her and her surroundings. Mr. Gaskell purchased "Chatterton," and at his death it was sold at Christie's to Mr. Quick for the Bristol New Art Gallery, where it is now.

Historical subjects require a very great deal of thought and research, which, perhaps, accounts for their having almost disappeared in present days. I have always considered that the art that can conjure up past events and make them a living reality is something of an achievement, well worth all the pains bestowed upon it.

CHAPTER XXVI

SOME GHOST STORIES AND CRIMINALS

SOME years ago increasing deafness caused me to consider a very plausible advertisement of "How to be Cured from Deafness." I at once wrote to "Messrs. Crippen," who sent me a prospectus, with a large number of testimonials from grateful patients who declared themselves immune from this tiresome disability through following the remedies prescribed.

As I was busy getting a picture ready for the Academy I did not go any further into the matter. Then came the news of a dreadful murder, and I found that the quack practitioner and the murderer who had disappeared were one and the same man. Everyone remembers his dramatic escape with his companion-secretary, Ethel Le Neve, on a liner to America, where the grim network of detectives followed them, and all unknown to them wireless messages flew backwards and forwards across the Atlantic. Crippen was arrested when the ship landed, and was brought back to England. When his case came up for trial I was most anxious to see him, and having obtained a ticket I went to the Court, and sat just behind a bench where his poor wife's clothes were placed. There was a tattered ermine cape—a pathetic memento of the unlucky woman. I saw a little man run briskly up the steps into the witness-box, looking like an active boy of fourteen or fifteen, spritely and dapper in appearance. He delivered his replies boldly and deliberately, but I knew in the end he would be condemned, which happened the next day.

A friend of mine thought of taking Crippen's house, as it had a large room attached which would make a studio, or even a ball-room, but he was dissuaded from it by his friends.

I remember the notorious criminals Mr. and Mrs. Manning, who murdered a man (a former admirer of Mrs. Manning) for his money, and burnt the body under the hearthstone in the kitchen. It was only the irregularities in the stone that enabled the police to discover the crime. Mrs. Manning had been maid to the Duchess of Sutherland, who thought highly of her, and when she was condemned the Duchess wrote to the Governor of the prison asking him if Mrs. Manning might be hanged in a black satin dress and black silk stockings. Black satin went out of fashion after this event for many years.

An interesting circumstance occurred many years ago which remains an unfathomed mystery. My notice was first attracted to an advertisement that appeared in one of the leading papers, asking if any light could be thrown on the following story:

A man was admitted into a workhouse, and after a little while he requested to be allowed to see the chaplain, as he had a confession to make. This was granted at once, and the man told the clergyman that he had actually been concerned in the death of Shelley. It was known that the poet was carrying his companion's money, and this man with others conspired to wait for him and take his life. Having rifled his pockets, they threw the dead body out to sea. I was keenly interested to hear more about it, but apparently it was never proved to be true.

Another gruesome incident was published at the time when the great window at Whitehall was repaired, the same from which King Charles I was led to the scaffold for execution. When the wainscoting and shutters were repaired two hundred and fifty years later, it was discovered that the interstices were filled with the sawdust used for the execution.

N.B.—Ghost stories have always had a fascination for me, which with my disbelief in spiritualism may appear as inconsistent a statement as that of the woman who did not "believe in ghosts, but was frightened of them."

My position is simply this: I cannot discredit the testimonials of truthful and sane people, who assert that they have seen apparitions; but I draw a distinction between them and the class of people who spend their time making a business of it, who claim to be able to get in touch with departed spirits with the same ease that one can ring up a number and converse with a living friend on the telephone.

I can recall a story told me by a very reliable woman who, with her young daughter, took a flat in Victoria Street, situated on the site of an old house I had known all my life.

After they had been there a little while, she said the place was uncanny. She and her daughter had constantly seen the figure of a woman in their flat, who always turned away her head, so that they never saw her face. One evening when they were going out, her daughter went to her room to search for a cloak, and on opening the door saw the mystical being—very plainly. It startled her greatly, and they gave up their tenancy at once, without giving the landlord any explanation, as they did not wish the matter discussed.

There were only two houses in Victoria Street when I was young. Mr. Carter Hall lived in one of them, a friend of my father's. I do not know who owned the other house. The grounds of both houses included beautifully laid out gardens.

For a long time a high hoarding concealed the property, and as I passed I sometimes peeped through the cracks in the boards to see the luxuriant wilderness within, giant dock-leaves, splendid weeds, and ferns growing in wild profusion, which I thought would make a study for my brush some day. Later on, when the ground was cleared to develop the property, the skeleton of a woman was disclosed, which must have lain concealed there in the undergrowth for many years. Her identity was never discovered.

My daughter Enid stayed some years ago at Ardendreske, in a house belonging to Mrs. Deane Morgan, mother of Lord Muskerry. She occupied a small pink room with bow windows, and was awakened the first night by a loud knock at the door. She concluded it was only a dream, and went to sleep again. In the morning when asked how she had slept, she told her hostess about hearing the knock, on which Miss Kitty Frazer, now the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Bampfylde, hastily signalled to her to drop the subject. She afterwards told Enid that an ancestress of Mrs. Deane Morgan's was said to haunt the house, and several others had been startled by the same loud knock at that door in the dead of night. The family did not like any reference made to it.

My daughter Bee often visited an old friend near Holyfoot, Miss Langworth, whose house was reported to be haunted, though it was a hazy ghost, and no one ever quite believed in it. On one occasion, the house being full of guests, Bee found herself in a part of the house she did not know. She was told it was a wing built on at a much later date, for her friend's grandparents. On one side of her room a door led into a conservatory, and on the other side was a dressing-room. She did not feel nervous at being there until she noticed that the door handle of the dressing-room was moving. She saw it turned several times, and passed a disturbed night in alarm. Her hostess next morning asked if she would like to change her room, but as she was soon leaving she remained where she had been put. On a later visit she accidentally heard some guests discussing this same room, and one man said that when he occupied it he saw a figure pass through the bedroom, dressing-room, and conservatory. He vowed that nothing would induce him to repeat the experience of a night in that haunted room. Part of the house dated from Henry VIII's period, and the wing, instead of being of a more recent date, was actually the oldest part of the house, before the Tudor period, which Bee discovered by asking Miss Langworth's companion, as she did not like to question her hostess.

Bee and Enid went together on another visit there, and wanted to see the haunted room by daylight. It looked very free from psychic influences as they viewed it one morning, but Enid saw the dressing-room door handle turned, quite distinctly.

A relative from Australia was the next occupant, and he heard the sound of falling glass, followed by voices raised in argument. He thought it must be workmen engaged in repairing the conservatory roof, but when he inquired he was reminded that no workmen were there, it being Sunday morning.

When my daughters were staying at Lord and Lady Teynham's, and had rooms adjoining, Bee heard a sound in the night like a huge log falling with a crash in the hall. At breakfast she told Lady Teynham, who turned to the butler and inquired what it was.

His answer was enigmatical. "It must have been the stable door, my lady." Nothing more was said, and Enid only heard the meaning later on, when staying with Lady Teynham's mother. She said an ancestress had become a nun, and her portrait had been relegated to the stable when the Teynhams abandoned the Romish faith. An apparition of a nun had been seen by several of the family, generally kneeling in an attitude of prayer by their bedside. The sound of the stable door being thrown open roughly was the precursor of her nocturnal visits. The house lent itself to imaginative tales, being very eerie inside, with many low passages where the nun was reported to walk.

On one occasion the house party were taking part in theatricals, giving a village concert. The Rev. John Corbett was one of the performers in the play they were rehearsing, and as they all sat in a room, which was formerly a chapel, they were waiting for him. Presently everyone heard the carriage arrive, and his footsteps ascending the stairs. " Here he is—at last," was the unspoken thought, as all eyes were turned towards the door to see him enter. But he had not arrived ; and he did not come till later.

Lord Lytton told me the following story when we were at Knebworth. He had often heard a coach drive up, the steps let down, and the sound of footsteps alighting, steps which seemed to enter the hall. In each case when he made inquiries he found that no one had arrived. It was generally a warning of a death in the Lytton family.

I must say I like a ghost story which leads to some logical ending, such as the following one I heard :

An intrepid lady once stayed with a clergyman's family in the country when the snow lay thick on the ground. It was a rambling old house of great antiquity, and the family boasted of the haunted room, which was their guest's chamber. They laughingly tried to frighten her with many accounts of the ghost when they wished her good-night.

Having a placid disposition and very little imagination she soon went to sleep, but was awakened suddenly by heavy footsteps outside her door. The handle turned and a tall figure entered, who with one sweep snatched the eiderdown quilt from her bed and the thick quilt under it. This sudden act on the part of a ghost took her by surprise, but she determined to retain the blankets, which she held on to like grim death. A short sharp tussle, and away went the top blanket. "Well, there are *two* still left," thought the lady. "It shan't have these," and she silently clung to them. The ghost gave one hard tug at the top one, then seemed to consider, and swaying under its burden it vanished with its ill-gotten gains. "What an interesting experience to tell the family to-morrow! I have actually encountered the ghost," said the lady, as she arose and searched for her fur coat, and soon she was asleep again.

At breakfast the family began chaffing her. Had she seen the ghost? Was she frightened during the night? She replied by relating the whole story. Meanwhile, the youth sitting opposite to her was getting pinker and pinker, and then he made a confession.

He was a studious youth and a very absent-minded one. He had arrived home later, when all the family were in bed, and had quite forgotten that a guest was in the spare room. He always helped himself to extra blankets from the spare room, and feeling cold had done so again on this occasion, little thinking that he was depriving a guest of warmth.

There are ghosts of another kind, which encircle certain people's darkened vision perpetually, and I have seen in my experience the sad decline of mental power in certain friends, beginning with obsessions and culminating in madness. Shakespeare has well defined it as "sweet bells jangled out of tune." A painful case was that of a very charming lady we knew, who shone in society and was extremely popular, having a large circle of friends. She became imbued with the belief that she was surrounded by enemies, she dropped out of society, and as a rule only went out after dark, closely veiled. Her town house was closed, her three clubs given up, and like some poor fugitive she wandered about in boarding-houses and lodgings, using *noms de plume* for her letters, always changing her addresses. She would suddenly appear and ask me for a night's shelter from "the enemies," which I always gave her, but after a while she suspected Enid of having joined them, and she would disappear at once if she heard Enid was at home. She made many "wills" and added many codicils; she promised to leave me her collection of old china, but of course no will she made would have held good. Canon Fleming did his utmost to ease her distracted mind, but in time she thought he was an enemy too.

This lady always carried a bag of typewritten letters about with her, and I never knew how they came to be written in the first instance. I suppose she must have been the author of them herself; all the names mentioned were birds. Miss Finch-White, Mr. Starling, and Mr. Heron were the chief conspirators in a plot to end her life by stabbing her.

One Sunday she fainted away in church, and my son Leslie, who was seated behind her pew, gallantly came to her assistance. Seeing a large scent-bottle she was carrying, he sprinkled the contents over her face to restore her. It did, but a strong aroma of brandy was observed by all.

The poor lady got worse and worse, and ultimately died raving mad. Her next of kin inherited the property.

In cases of this kind their extreme egotism has always struck me as very strange. If only one could persuade them that they were of little or no consequence to others, it might do them good. But this truth the victims can never grasp.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND PAINTERS I HAVE KNOWN

I DON'T suppose that there is anyone living who has attended so many Royal Academy "Private Views" as I, dating from the time when it was held at the National Gallery and Sir Martin Archer Shee, who succeeded Sir Thomas Lawrence, was President. Sir Martin Archer Shee was followed by Sir Charles Eastlake. Then came Sir Francis Grant's term of office—followed by Lord Leighton, Millais, and Sir Edward Poynter. I have seen the little coteries spring up and diminish, as one member after another has dropped out, and some favourite school been replaced by another, totally different. As an example one can see how the rather frigid classical school of David affected a great proportion of the early Victorian work. Then Ruskin as a prophet had a large following in Art, and his teaching reacted on certain minds, producing very microscopic details.

Sir John and Lady Pender, who lived in Arlington Street, used always to entertain a number of friends on Private View day. After lunch we would return in a body to the Academy.

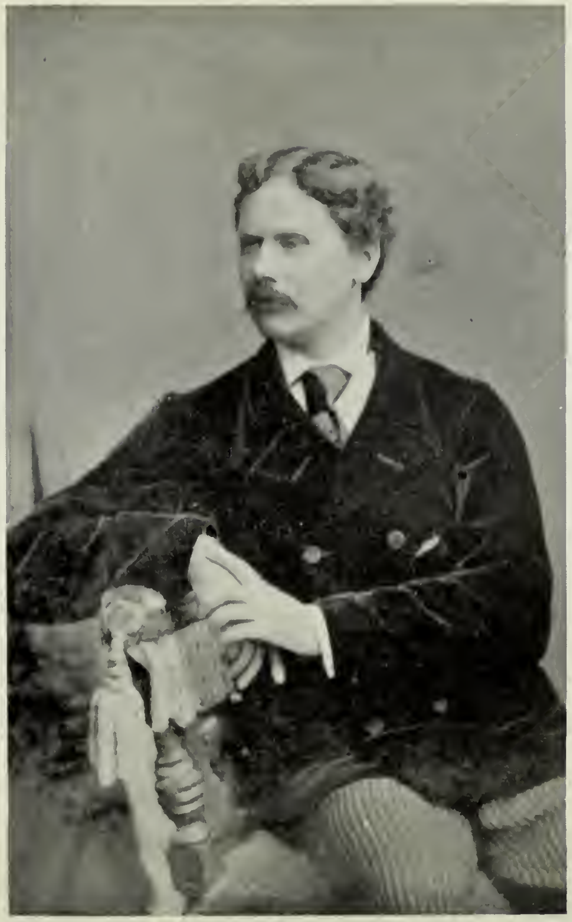
I have enjoyed Private Views so much, and recollect many happy hours spent on one of those comfortable seats the Academy provides, with all my friends round me. I remember, on an occasion there, a few years ago, a friend who was with me was highly amused at being on what she called "the veterans'" bench. My friends Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., Mr. Frank

Dicksee, R.A., and Mr. Storey, R.A., were there, and Mr. Storey justified his name by making us laugh heartily over memories of the clever Landseer brothers, who, when I first attended Private Views, were always well in evidence.

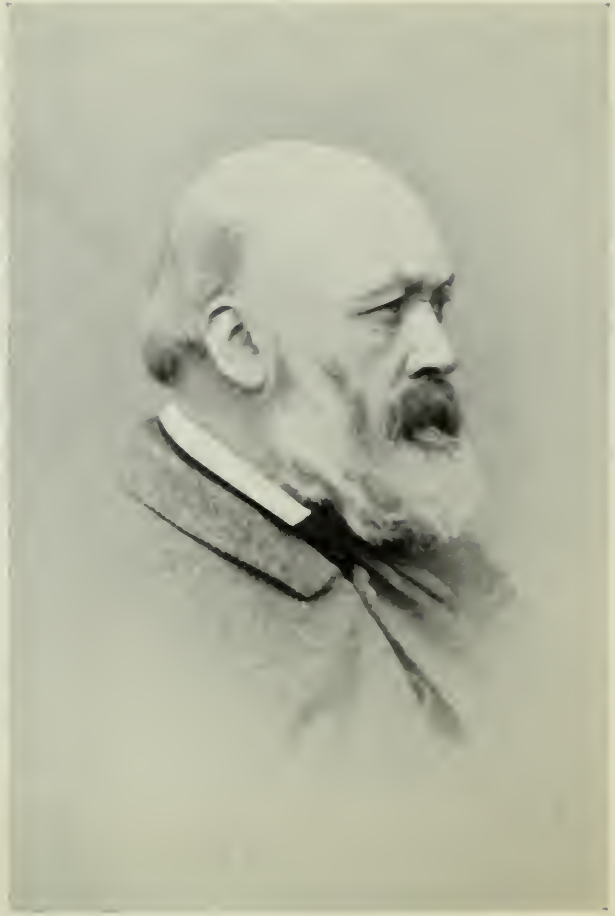
Edwin Landseer once told the following story of himself. " I was in the company of some ladies at a conversazione at the South Kensington Museum. In making the round of the pictures we came to my ' Shepherd's Last Morning,' and leaning over the rail in front of it to explain some of its details I must have come very near it with my finger. Suddenly the stentorian voice of a policeman called out from the end of the room : ' Don't you touch that picture ! ' I said meekly : ' I'm afraid I have touched it before.' ' More shame to you,' was his angry retort. ' You might know better at your age.' "

Not long after I was married we attended the first soirée given by the Royal Academy. The time and style of the gathering were totally different to those of the present day. It has gradually become what it now is—a brilliant and fashionable assembly of the élite, and the cream of the professional world.

The Stones, father and son, I knew very well. The former, Frank Stone, once asked if he might paint a favourite dog of mine, when I was a child, to introduce it into his picture. His son, Marcus, I first saw as a little boy running about in a black velvet suit. In after years, when I was married, we became friends. One Sunday, when visitors often came in to see us, my parlour-maid announced him as the " Marquis of Stone," and soon after, when Vicat Cole arrived, to the great amusement of everyone, she announced " Viscount Cole," and I had to tell her I would not keep a maid with such aristocratic proclivities !



MARCUS STONE, R.A.



JOHN PHILLIP, R.A.

Marcus Stone, R.A., lived in Melbury Road, and was one of the most popular painters with the public, who found a charm in the sentimental subjects he chose, with exquisite gardens and backgrounds. His pictures have been reproduced all over the world. Marcus Stone never married; he died a few years ago.

An artist of my youthful days was Penry Williams. A few years ago his pictures were sold at Christie's. He fell in love with an aunt of mine, and after she had refused him three times he declared he would never marry nor see England again. He settled in Rome, where he was well-known. My aunt was an accomplished musician and linguist, but she was no favourite of mine, and when I heard Penry Williams's romance discussed I only thought him an extremely lucky man not to have been accepted. I have a beautiful drawing of his, a broken vase and butterflies, which recalls him to my memory.

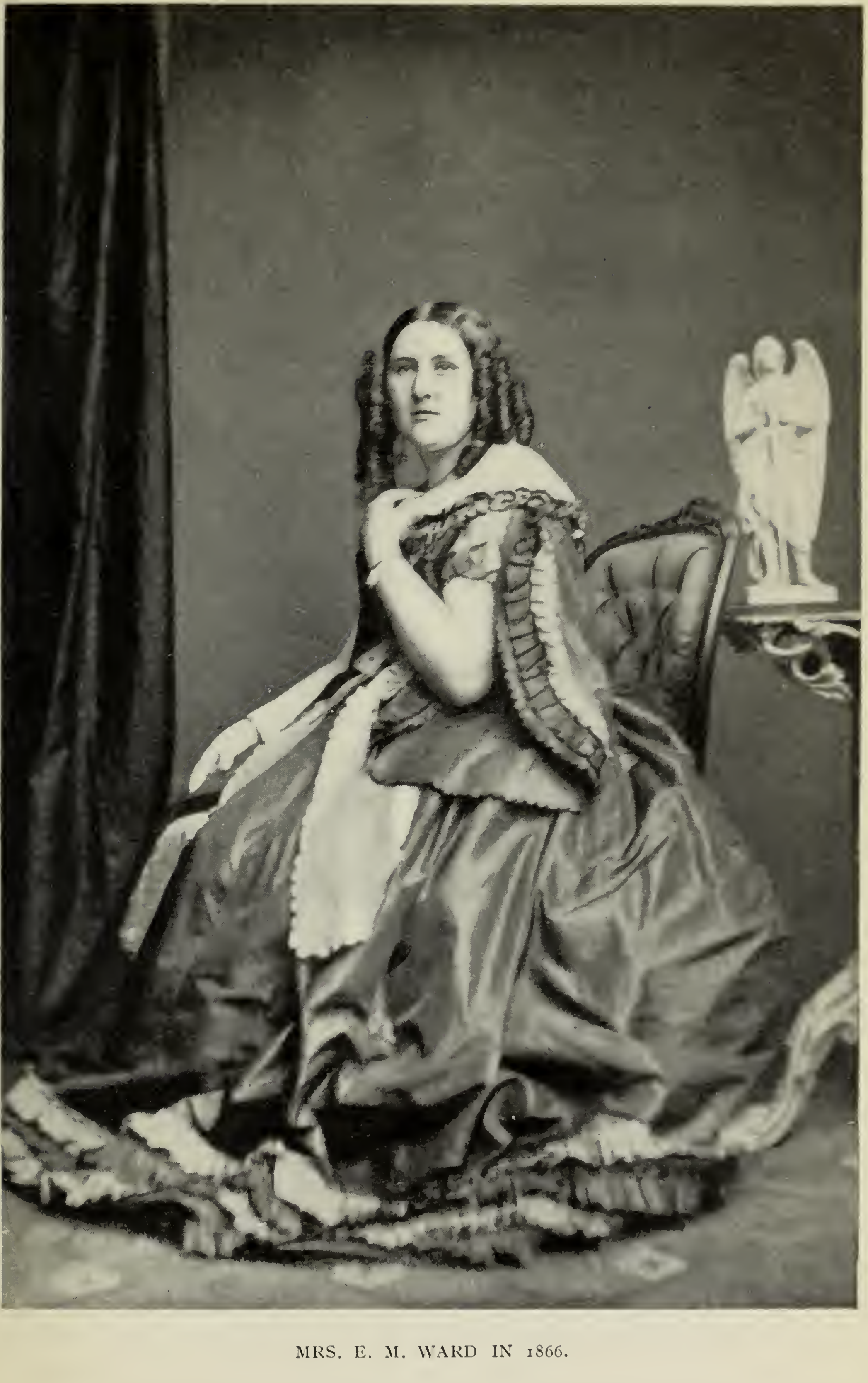
Another artist who lived and died in Rome was my godfather, Behnes the sculptor. Three of his most famous works were "Eve," "Innocence," and "Purity."

Mr. S. Hart, R.A., I had known since I was a baby. He was of Jewish origin, and remained in the Faith all his life. When he arrived suddenly whilst we were having lunch, a ham, which stood on the table, was hastily removed, and some one not knowing how to spirit it away in time, put it under the table. I was afraid all the time that some pair of feet would come in contact with it, and it should be discovered. He was very kind to me, and hung my first picture at the Royal Academy.

Mr. Frederick Goodall, the R.A., was a great friend. He lived at St. John's Wood, in a beautiful house of Moorish design and artistic carvings. His studio, also, was well worth seeing. He married twice, and I remember he gave his daughter a piano, when she was a child, decorated by his own hand. Two of his sons went to Italy to study art, and when they returned to London I invited them to a dinner I was giving. As I never received any answer I was surprised, till I read in the paper, two days after, that one brother had shot the other, by accident, by pointing a pistol at him, whilst playing and laughing together. They were nice boys, devoted to each other; the shock was so great to the surviving brother that he never recovered, and died some years after in a mental hospital. This fatal accident resembled poor young Fechter's tragic end.

Frederick Walker was a young genius whose early death was to be deplored. He painted that exquisite picture now in the Tate Gallery, "The Haven of Rest," his poetical vision placing him upon a high plane in his fellow-painters' estimation. He had a highly-strung, exceedingly nervous temperament, and a delicate constitution. Du Maurier was considered to have chosen him for his character in *Trilby*, "Little Billee." Frederick Walker was a student in Paris, and Du Maurier in his early years shared a studio with Poynter, Armstrong, and Lamont. Sir Edward Poynter once said that Trilby was only a creature of Du Maurier's imagination.

Mr. James Sant, R.A., I remember since I was quite young. One evening at a dinner party I was having an argument with him on the subject of early marriages. He did not approve of them, and we had a little friendly altercation over it. Soon three women were seated on a sofa—Mrs. Hepworth Dixon, Mrs. Gambart, and myself, and Mr. Sant drew near. I called out, "Now, Mr. Sant, you must be very careful what you say, for we three were all married before we



MRS. E. M. WARD IN 1866.

were sixteen!" Mr. Sant, pretending to be alarmed at the overwhelming majority, said, "Then I had better make myself scarce!" and he did.

My daughter Flora was very shy by disposition, and as Mr. Sant said he was the same, they used to hobnob together and were good friends over their mutual misfortune. But a story told of James Sant receiving in his studio a lady, who wanted him to paint her portrait, hardly bears out his testimony to shyness. When the day came the lady arrived, thickly covered with powder and rouge. "I see we both paint," was his only remark.

Fred William Topham, R.A., was a friend of my father's who, when he came to our house, always made much of me, and called me "Dearie." He was a very good artist in water-colours. His son's work was also delightful; he painted somewhat in the style of Birket Foster.

I knew Birket Foster well, and regarded him as a true and original exponent of water-colour drawing, an exquisite artist. John Pickersgill, R.A., was another friend, who had a valuable collection of old lace in an antique oak chest. He lent my mother some lace for my dress when she painted a miniature of me at the age of eleven, holding my guinea-pig, Bunny. F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., junior, was, I believe, a nephew of his. He painted historical subjects, and his work was known as the "red-legged school," as he was fond of putting models into red stockings.

William Mulready, R.A., had a gentle and attractive personality which invited others to make him their confidant in difficulties, when he invariably gave good advice and assistance. He managed to steer his way through life without making an enemy in the world. He was friendly with the Dickens family, and I thought, at one time, that he and Miss Hogarth would marry. However, Mulready remained an old bachelor and Miss Hogarth a spinster.

Mulready's pictures were thought highly of in those days; his worship of the beautiful made it impossible for him to choose an ugly subject or to paint it. When he was painting "The Toy Seller" he requisitioned as a model my son Wrio—who was a very pretty child. I find nowadays that most people hardly know Mulready by name, though stamp collectors are aware of him from the fact that he designed a famous envelope that is now eagerly sought after. Such is the irony of fame.

Amongst the models who posed for the draped figures in my pictures, were four who married Royal Academicians. The first was a pretty and round-faced girl, fair and delicate, who figured as one of the prisoners in "Mrs. Fry Visiting Newgate." The second, a handsome dark woman, with splendid almond-shaped eyes, Egyptian in type. Another, an American, whose husband left her a large fortune, and she entertained in regal style for many years. The last of the quartette of fortunate models was a very kind selfless being, the daughter of a railway guard, who was struck blind suddenly, and to support her father she tried to make a living by teaching music at half a crown a lesson. Her knowledge of music was limited, and she was advised to take up model work instead. She went to dear old William Mulready as a model, and he being an extremely kind man gave her the wisest counsel and helped her to get suitable employment.

The chain of circumstances that led her across my path and altered her destiny was peculiar. I lunched with a former pupil of Mulready, the aunt of Algernon Swinburne, who lived in Lowndes Square, and saw there a number of Mulready's fine studies. I noticed the model's likeness to Queen Victoria, and remembering that Edward was painting a picture with the Queen in it I inquired her name, and ultimately engaged her. We liked her so much that we often employed her to paint her hands, or to wear a special dress, as artists sometimes require a model for one particular thing only, and we always found her willing, and interested in doing her utmost for the success of the picture; therefore I happened to mention my model's good qualities to a lady I met, saying what a fine character she possessed, and that she was a dutiful daughter. This led to Miss Swinburne seeing her and to giving her presents. When the girl arrived one day she said the lady was ill, but she did not like to inquire for her. I urged her to do so, and she went. When her friend died, greatly to her surprise and my delight, and the relatives' anger, this girl found herself with an annuity for life. She afterwards married an R.A.

To return to her first friend, Mulready. His picture at South Kensington, "The Wedding Gown," is wonderfully painted. Few know it now, I find, but it is well worth the student's attention, for the technique is perfect—a velvet touch almost equal to Hogarth's skill.

In the seventies there was a little revolution in Art, which affected no one but amateurs, called the "Æsthetics," headed by Oscar Wilde. They carried sunflowers and arum lilies, called everything they liked "too utterly utter" or "too-too sweet," and those who did not belong to their band were dubbed Philistines. *Punch* and Gilbert in *Patience* held them up to ridicule, and they fizzled out ignominiously.

Modern futurism, cubism, post-impressionism, and neo-idiocy belong to the same family as "Æsthetics." Without either capacity or vision, they are out for notoriety, and remind me of my old nursery bogey, "Spring-heeled Jack," a crazy man, leaping in the dark, to astonish and frighten the public.

A clergyman, speaking to my daughter about the strange cult for ugliness in art, said that people told him of this class of picture: "Oh, they are so clever, they must be good." His answer was: "So is the Devil, and he is not good."

What has always puzzled me is the way imitators spring up around a man who has made his name. Whistler was a success, and directly he became so a thousand understudies arose who were merely a bad copy of him. Orpen paints a black background. Immediately he does so everybody must have the same. And these imitators never attain to any degree of perfection unless they shake off the influence of another's inspiration. One thing an artist should preserve is his own individuality. He must be himself, not his gifted neighbour.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ODD MEMORIES OF FRIENDS PAST AND PRESENT

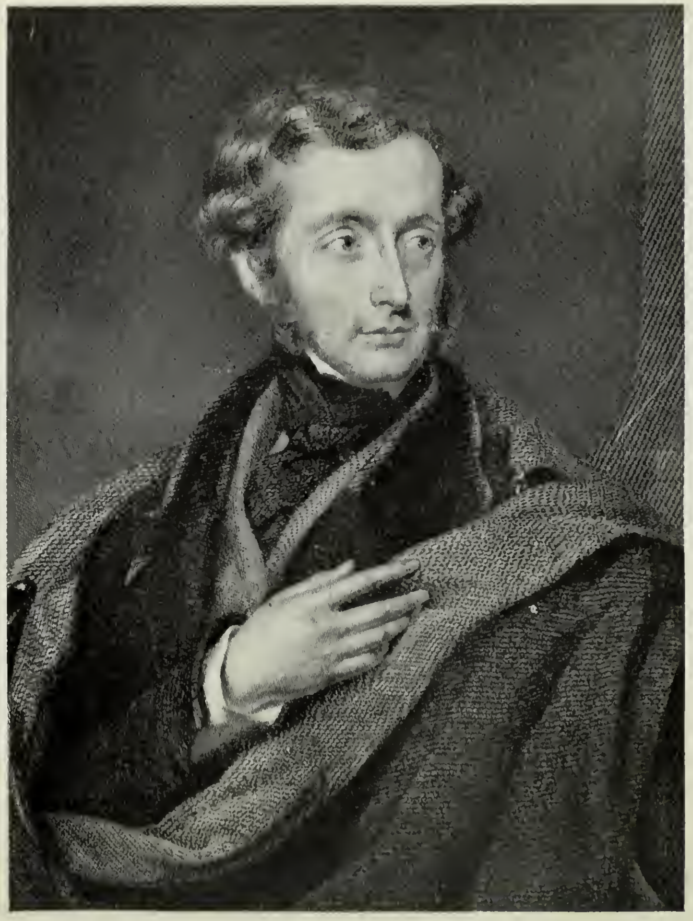
I HAVE lately derived much pleasure in reading *The Sands of Time*, by Mr. Walter Sichel. It recalls old scenes and people now long gone. Mr. Sichel is a great raconteur, and another with the same gift is my dear old friend Henry Stanhope, who comes to see me often, and always amuses me with his excellent stories. He remembers the Duke of Wellington, who talked to him when he was young.

Louis Blanc visited at our home, though I never knew him well. He was leader of the Revolutionary Party when Napoleon was President of France, I think about 1850. Louis Blanc visited England later in 1852 or 1853, and was accorded a great welcome in London. The play of *The Corsican Brothers* was said to have been based upon incidents in the lives of Louis Blanc and his twin brother. The play had one of the longest runs of any at that period, and was again deservedly popular when Irving revived it so successfully at the Lyceum, years later.

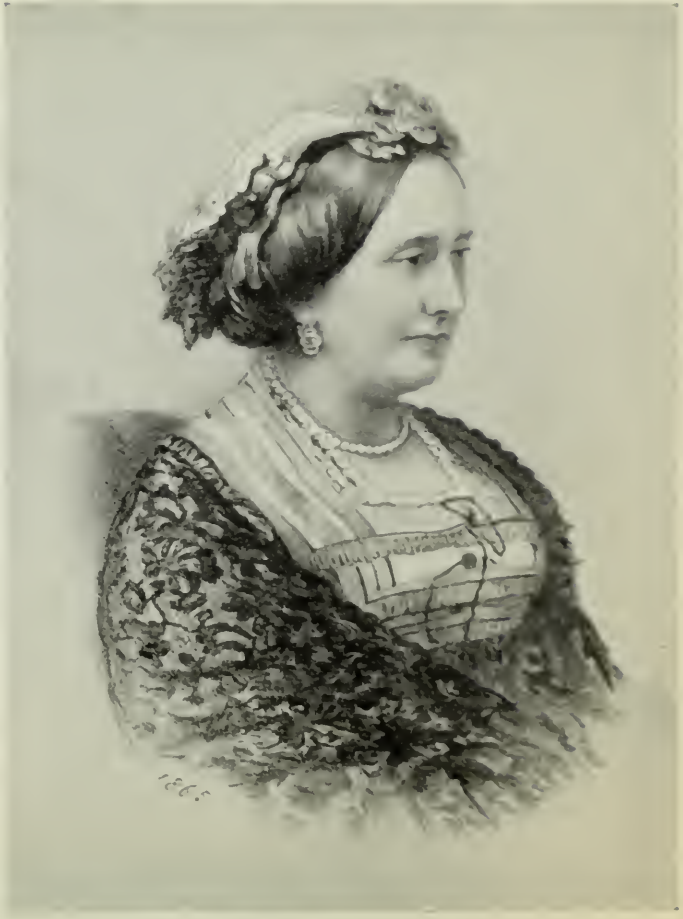
I have mentioned our good friend Dr. Doran, but nothing short of a volume could do justice to his wonderfully full life, his versatility, and great wit. His home was his "golden milestone," and he shone as a father and husband, unlike some clever men, who show their best side to the world. He gained many degrees and honours. In one of their many walks in antiquarian research, he and Edward discovered Sterne's grave in an old churchyard in Bayswater. The stone had crumbled away, the lettering was nearly obliterated, thorns and brambles grew over it. Though Edward's comment was "That it was only what Sterne deserved," yet on account of his intellectual gifts he restored the tomb at his own expense, as well as Gainsborough's last resting-place, in Kew churchyard. A new railing was erected, and a memorial tablet placed inside Kew Church.

Dr. Doran was playwright, editor, orator, and biographer by turns. He produced his first play at the Surrey Theatre at the early age of fifteen, and his experiences gained him an insight into stage life, so that *Their Majesties' Servants* is a standard work. Two later books were *Monarchs Retired from Business* and *Court Fools.* He was editor of *Notes and Queries,* and the author of many essays and other writings.

His son Alban early showed his extreme aptitude for science and research, and whilst my boy Leslie was drawing caricatures in all his odd moments, Alban was busy peering through microscopes and collecting the naturalist's specimens. He distinguished himself as a brilliant surgeon, and did invaluable work as joint compiler with Sir James Paget and Dr. Goodhart of the current editions of the Catalogues of the Pathological Series in the Museum of the College of Surgeons. He leads a busy life and has many hobbies. I have known Alban since he was a child, and I well recollect a little incident that occurred when he and Leslie were children. Alban, in his clear-sighted way, had finished explaining some knotty point to Leslie, who, after listening with the deepest attention, turned to me and said admiringly: "He does say such noble words." Alban was always a very fluent speaker. I have found him an unfailing friend in my later years.



EARL STANHOPE.



COUNTESS STANHOPE.

Amongst my oldest friends were Lord and Lady Stanhope, and we often stayed with them at their beautiful estate Chevening, near Sevenoaks. As we used to walk in the grounds after dinner by moonlight, the effect of a lake near the house like a shield of silver added a glamour to the whole fairy-like scene.

Lord Stanhope, formerly Lord Mahon, was Under-Secretary for State when the first Peel Ministry was formed in 1834. After years of political life he devoted himself to history, and wrote the *War of the Succession in Spain.* He was godfather to my son Stanhope. Lady Stanhope was an intellectual woman, and a great wood-carver. She decorated one room at Chevening entirely with her own work. The walls were hung with a Chinese wallpaper made in one piece, which came from China, and cost an enormous sum. She was a noted hostess, and at one of her parties introduced Disraeli to the lady he married. As it proved a happy partnership, Disraeli had good reason to be grateful to her.

I met Gladstone and Disraeli once at a party given by Sir Richard Wallace at Hertford House. I thought what an extraordinary contrast they made, both in appearance and in mentality. Gladstone, who resembled some old lion, with his strongly marked features, grim mouth, and carelessly ruffled locks of silvery hair, his plain old-fashioned attire surmounted by the peculiar collar he wore, was British to the backbone, and he looked anything but pleased to see his rival Disraeli. The latter's bizarre taste in dress was very pronounced. His hair was worn in black ringlets, his velvet coat was lined with white satin. He wore white kid gloves, and carried an ivory cane, inlaid with gold, and adorned by a black silk tassel. His gaudy taste in dress and jewellery, Oriental, reminiscent of D'Orsay, only accentuated his grotesquely clever features, "the nose, the lips, and hanging curl"!

If only Leslie could have been there to make a memory drawing of these two great men, as they eyed each other with antagonism! Politicians have greatly changed to-day, when opposite Leaders, after abusing each other in public, will go off arm-in-arm for a friendly game of golf.

A story was told of Gladstone and Palmerston. The latter was greatly opposed to the extension of the Franchise: he distrusted Gladstone as a politician. He was therefore anxious that he should confine his activities to Oxford. "He is a dangerous man," he said to Lord Shaftesbury; "keep him in Oxford and he is partially muzzled, send him elsewhere and he will run wild." Gladstone heard of this after he was defeated at Oxford in 1865, and he started his campaign in South Lancashire by addressing his electors thus: "At last, my friends, I have come among you. I have come among you—unmuzzled."

It makes amusing reading now to think that Gladstone's moderate measures for what he deemed progress should have alarmed Palmerston. What would Palmerston have said if a forecast could have been given him of the changes that were to take place under the flag of old England? "The Franchise for Women," "Women Members in Parliament," "A Labour Government," and "The Great War of 1914."

In Arthur Mee's *Wonderful Day* he says: "In fifty years to come our tragic Present will have taken its place in the incredible Past, and the Story of our Slums will read like the Story of the Children in the Mills. The Story of the Drink Trade will read like the Story of the Slave Trade, the Story of the Great War will read like another 'Fall of Man.'"

In the early stage of our acquaintance with Millais he invited us to meet his parents at his studio. His mother had an unbounded admiration for her son, and did not hesitate to declare him to be the greatest artist in England. At that time the Pre-Raphaelite craze had not broken out, to become the one topic in all artistic circles. Later on, Millais, with Holman Hunt, Rossetti, Luard, Stephens, and others, became ardent exponents of this remarkable " cult," and they found patrons of their own—amongst others, Mr. Comb of Oxford, who was one of the first to encourage them all the way along.

Charlie Collins was chosen to air their views at Oxford, where his works of art can still be seen. It was a youthful movement, Millais being little more than a boy when it began. They wrote P.R.B. after their names, for were they not the " Pre-Raphaelite Brothers " ? For several years the members adhered to their principles. Gradually the Brotherhood dissolved

In 1854 my grandfather wrote to a friend : " Can you tell me how it comes that Millais, a Pre-Raphaelite, has been elected an A.R.A. ? I am told, too, that the young gentleman is not more than two or three and twenty at the most."

Millais once came to my studio to give instruction to my classes, and I showed him a drawing he did some years previously, a pencil portrait of Wilkie Collins's niece. He looked at it attentively, and said " I have done some very bad things, and this is one of them." I replied, " No. It is beautifully drawn ; it is only in the manner that you have altered to a great extent." He then said, " My work has brought forth good work, but what they are doing now will lead to nothing." Which proved only too true.

One of the beauty spots of Kent is " Ightham

Moat," and I had often heard of this splendid old house from Mr. Calderon, Mr. Storey, and others, who had stayed there, and I have visited it several times. Mr. Luard, the Pre-Raphaelite Brother, who died early, was a nephew of the owner, and it eventually passed to General Luard, whose wife was found shot dead in a summer-house a few years ago. As the valuable diamond rings she was wearing had not been removed, it was concluded that the motive for the murder was not plunder. There was a tremendous outcry all over the country, horror at the deed, and a widespread feeling of sympathy was felt for General Luard, and many of his friends invited him to stay at their houses. His son, who was in India, came home at once on learning of his mother's dreadful fate, but before he could meet his father General Luard took his own life by throwing himself under a train. It then transpired through a letter he wrote that he was unable to face his son, and being evidently out of his mind he took the line of least resistance.

Amongst the friends of long ago was Albert Smith, who was more than a "Society Entertainer," being a clever writer of amusing books and an explorer. He was the first Englishman to climb Mont Blanc, and when he returned to London large audiences listened spellbound to his graphic accounts of hair-breadth adventures. The Gallery of the Egyptian Hall was covered with scenes of snow-clad mountains, and Albert Smith had some large bloodhounds on the platform who, having followed his party through dangers and saved some lives, now shared in his triumphs. Albert Smith was a most attractive and clever entertainer, and always secured highly appreciative audiences. He was a constant visitor at our house and a general favourite.

Many years ago Edward and I witnessed a play

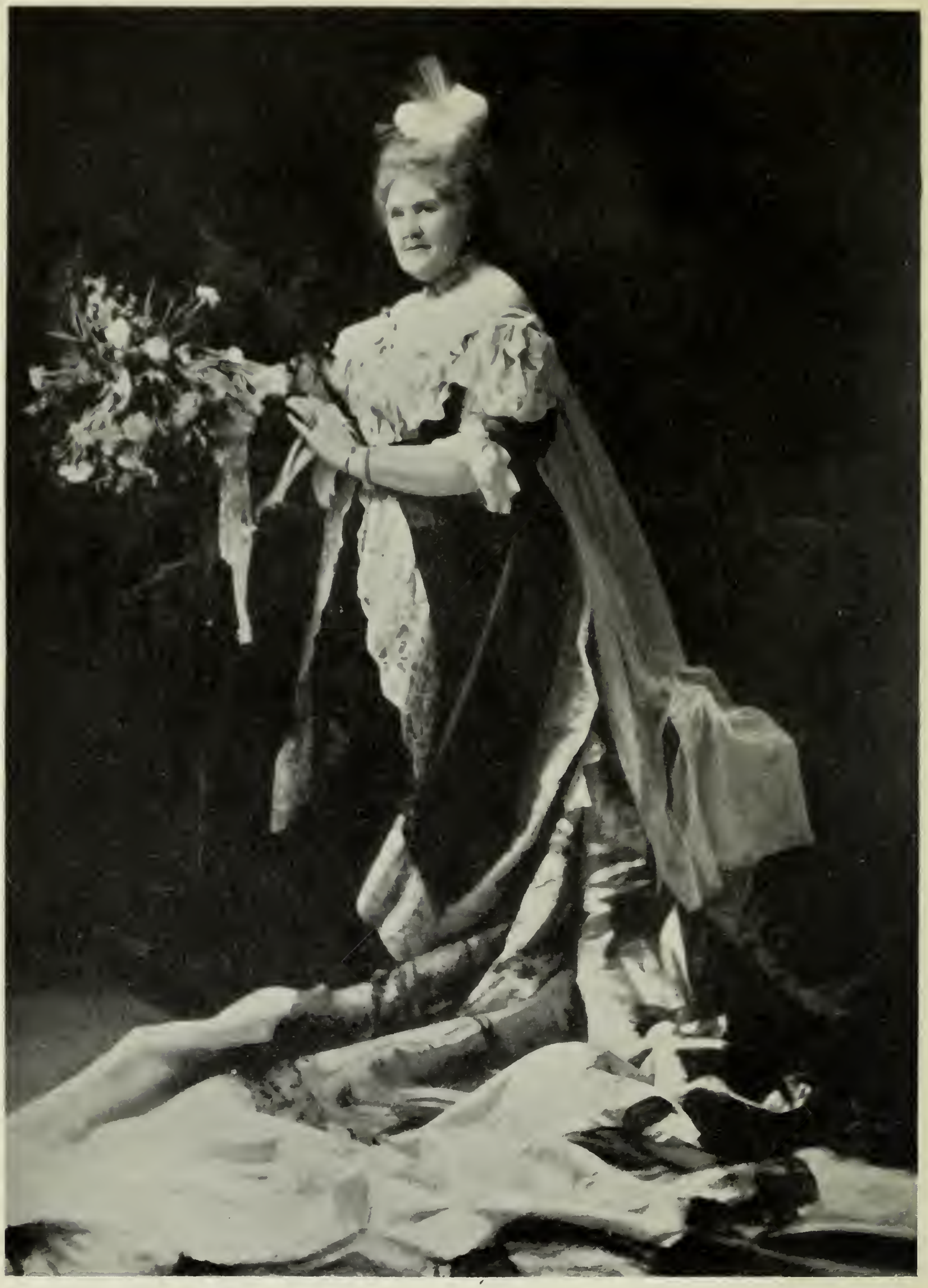


Photo by Arthur Rouselle.

MRS. E. M. WARD, IN PRESENTATION DRESS.

in which we first saw Madge Robertson act. She was very pretty, with a perfect figure, and she is as graceful to-day as ever. She married Mr. Kendal when she was quite young, and " Mr. and Mrs. Kendal " became household words, as they always acted together. Amongst her many successes was her part in *The Elder Miss Blossom,* in my opinion her greatest achievement. In recalling hours of delight I think gratefully of this friend of mine. She acted in several plays written by her brother, Tom Robertson, who was popular and talented, and the stage-world sustained a loss at his early death.

I can recall an afternoon party I gave in 1908 when I was living at 3 Chester Houses, Gerald Road. The Duchess of Albany came with Princess Alexander of Teck, and after seeing a collection of pictures in my studio we had tea in the garden. Katherine Duchess of Westminster was there on that occasion, as were also the Countess Bathurst, Lady Henry Bentinck, Lady O'Hagan, the Earl and Countess of Halsbury, the Earl of Camperdown, and Leslie and his wife.

Leslie's portrait of the Duchess of Albany's son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg as a tiny boy, wearing the uniform of the Seaforth Highlanders, was on view. It was quite a red-letter day to me.

For many years I enjoyed the friendship of Mrs. Oliphant, who lived at Windsor on account of her two sons being at Eton. She possessed a rarely beautiful personality, and was a clever woman in every direction. I often attended her *recherché* little dinners, when one would be certain to meet interesting people. She used to wait till everyone had retired for the night before beginning to write, and she only paused at daybreak. The Oliphants went to Italy in later years, and I never saw them again. She returned to Windsor, where she died.

An expedition to Stonehenge with Lady Ashburton was a memorable day to me. I was staying with her at Melchet Abbey when she suddenly told me we should set off the next morning to see the " Druids' Commemoration." We started at 5 a.m. (she was always noted for her strange hours), and we drove all the way on that lovely early summer morning, changing horses midway. We breakfasted at a farmhouse; Lady Ashburton had brought a hamper full of delicacies as well, and we arrived at our destination in time to see everyone appear. The " Druids " held their Festival at Stonehenge regularly until it was discontinued a few years ago. Stonehenge is one of the unsolved riddles of the world, but I think the mystery that surrounds those awe-inspiring great blocks of granite is one of its chief attractions. Salisbury Plain was covered with many soldiers and camps. We ended a long and glorious day by arriving home at some unearthly hour in the morning, but Lady Ashburton, dear soul, erratic in all her movements, and thoroughly original in her methods of carrying them out, would not have enjoyed a conventional party at all.

During this visit a lady came to try to impress her with the teachings of " Christian Science." She said that Our Lord had said certain things, and after she had discoursed for some time Lady Ashburton spoke : " I can learn much more from Our Lord's words than I can from yours, therefore there is no more to be said."

She was very clever at designing rooms, and I painted three pictures of them, which were exhibited at the Royal Academy. In her last illness she had them so placed that she could see them.

CHAPTER XXIX

FROM MY POSTBAG

I HAVE a large number of letters which breathe of the past. Here is one from Mrs. Fox's daughter, dated May 18, 1876.

"LINDEN, WELLINGTON,
SOMERSET.

"DEAR MADAM,

"In visiting the Academy this year my sister and I have looked with peculiar interest at your picture of Newgate in 1817, as the 'Mary Sanderson' of the picture was our mother. As no likeness of her in the early days exists, we know that her figure must be an ideal one, and possibly the reality, had you known it, might not have suited so well the composition of your picture. The real Mary Sanderson had a dark but brilliant complexion, black hair, and her black eyes were wonderfully brilliant and soulful. We drove to your old address in Kensington, wishing to ask if you had any small slight sketch of a scene so interesting to us, which you might be willing to part with.

"Yours very truly,
"MARY FOX."

In another letter she says:

"A gentleman who knew my mother very well says that it is the best painting of a 'Friend' that he ever saw. I wish you could see the interest that is excited here by our account of it, especially among the old people who knew and loved my mother, when she came to Wellington as Mrs. Sylvanus Fox."

Another Quaker writes :

"3 Manston Terrace,
Exeter.
6th of 6. month, 1876.

"Esteemed Friend,

"I have recently seen and admired thy powerful picture of 'Elizabeth Fry in Newgate.'

"Excuse my pointing out a small but very natural error in E. F.'s costume. Thou hast, I think, given her a wedding ring. In accordance with what was, in her day (but not now), the practice of 'Friends,' she never wore one. I am not old enough to remember Elizabeth Fry at the date which the picture represents, and I have therefore made enquiry amongst those who knew her well in her prime, and they are agreed that she never at any time in her life wore a wedding ring.

"Possibly thou mayest have evidence to the contrary, but as I know the anxiety of artists generally to be accurate in matters of costume I have taken the liberty of thus writing to thee. I am aware that it is an extremely small criticism, but the ring strikes a 'Friend' as a mistake, and I thought thou wouldest not object to my mentioning it.

"Thy friend,
"Jas. W. Dymond."

Another "Friend" writes quaintly :

"Parkford, Upper Clapton.
June 6, 1876.

"Respected Friend,

"I saw thy picture in the Exhibition, and was rather amused at the dimensions of Mary Sanderson's bonnet ! I wish thou had had my dear wife's pretty one as a model. I knew Mrs. Fry and often heard her beautiful voice in our meetings when I was young —a real Christian was she. We hardly have such a preacher now amongst us.

"Yours respectfully,
"Stafford Allen."

And Mrs. Fry's daughter writes :

"King's Lynn.
December 4, 1876.

"My dear Mrs. Ward,

"On my return home out of Norfolk I shall have great pleasure in sending you a lock of my dear mother's hair. She always wore it cut short, so that there was but little of it, and consequently little preserved.

"Yours very truly,
"Katharine Fry."

And again she wrote that she had seen my picture for the first time :

"It is indeed a beautiful and most interesting picture, full of thought and feeling. As a work of art I am not competent to judge of it, but it seems to me perfect. It has made quite a sensation in our large family connection, in which there are so many still living who intimately knew my dear mother and loved her much. This, I fear, makes us all rather critical about the likeness of the face, and with this I grieve to say we are not satisfied, which I deeply deplore.

"But to the public, and the next generation of her family, your beautiful picture is, and must remain, a delightful delineation of a wonderful scene. Would it be possible before engraving to modify the face? The figure and pose are so very good. I trust, my dear Mrs. Ward, you will not be offended with my candour. My sister, Mrs. Foster Reynolds, is now for a short time in London on a visit to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Gurney, 20 Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park.

"I enclose a list of names to whom, *from yourself*, a prospectus of engraving might be sent, but my name must not appear, as many of them are personally unknown to me. Of this number are the Frys of

Bristol; we are distantly related, but communication died out with the last generation. They are a wealthy and highly respectable family.

"With warm congratulations on the success that has attended your beautiful work,

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Ward,
"Yours very truly,
"KATHARINE FRY."

I was in a large china shop at Windsor one day, and was much surprised by my hand being suddenly seized by a total stranger, who said: "Do let me shake the hand of the 'great' woman who has painted the picture of Elizabeth Fry!" Whilst it was most kind, it rather startled me.

A letter of James Sant, R.A., in his old age says:

"I like your kind letter so much. Thank you much. Do come in to our afternoon tea, 5 o'clock. I get back in time for that. I remember the 'old times'; let us talk about them when you come. Alas! how old I am!!

"Your affectionate Friend,
"JAMES SANT."

N.B.—He lived to the age of ninety-eight, and during the last year of his life exhibited a portrait of himself at the Royal Academy. And he came to the "Private View" as usual that year. His art reflected his own character fully, being invested with a refinement, spirituality, and beauty that was very marked. Dear James Sant!

My old friend George Augustus Sala writes very fully:

"Dear Mrs. Ward,

"I much wish you and all your entourage were here *chez* Lord Clarence Paget's *vis-à-vis*, at this moment. I see the entire range of the Carnarvon Hills, with Snowdon, in one continuous clear outline. With the solitary exception of yesterday's Scotch mist, drizzling rain, *all* day, I have not been once cheated of exercise and bright sunny days. Twice, when at a relative's (Midlands), near Loughborough, ten days it was raining in London, but not where I was located. Very kindly Juno's tears were shed during the night. Since my hurried departure from Mr. Ward, I have been three days at Leamington, driving over to Warwick Castle. The *chefs d'œuvre* of your art, within, are really splendid—not many, but very choice. *Cromwell*, who beggared the Ella's and battered their dwelling, was clearly prevented from serving the Warwicks the same trick by Peeping Tom's folks' lending sacks of wool to protect the noble towers.

"Mine host at Leamington, a friend R.A., is exceptionally a linguist, well educated, genial, brother of your sister art, and also a clever composer. Not only in art and temperament did we agree, but in our choice of literary authors—Bible, Shakespeare, Burton (Byron's favourite, and of whom Old Ben said 'He got out of bed, depriving himself of two hours' sleep to read'), Montaigne (my very great apostle on friendship, who says, 'L'amitié est plus durable que l'amour' (thereby hangs a long tale to tell), thin, old, cruel, Nero's master, Seneca! These books are a library of themselves, and I add three unique: *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, and *Dr. Syntax*, the latter my companion this holiday. Its fun I laughed at fifty years ago, its merits I only now appreciate!

"In music entirely, *we* agreed! Do two painters entirely agree, as to choice of models, or in criticism? Unhappily I know so few of the sister artists in England, and can form no opinion. I only regret not having known before the creator of those historical tableaux and interesting 'composites' signed 'WARD,' especially engaging works of art to me, more enjoyable than acres of canvas with Aldermen, Mayors, and Nobodies in full rig!

"*Sept.* 10, 7 *a.m.*—Yesterday, when I began this missive, it was scorching hot; tempted by the prospect of a fair sunset Lord C. P. and I steamed through the Straits to Carnarvon. Three-quarters easy going, our little craft can equal the perilous pace of the *Albert.* The ruins of the castle your husband has seen, in stone and mortar, or engraved? Warwick's more perfect, but Carnarvon more interesting, commanding the Irish Channel, where now lies the *Vanguard.*

"Before coming to this lovely spot, I was ten days at a farmhouse, where a relative third cousin has some pretty daughters, one, heiress to what *may* remain of my wrecked independence. Here I witnessed a scene that has haunted me, and filled me with the idea of its being well suited to your gifted pencil to illustrate? *La voici.*

"Going through a picturesque churchyard, with my pretty fourteen-year-old, Ella Harley, we observed a robust, tall, six-feet-two individual, half kneeling and sitting, weeping, and placing three bouquets on the tombs of three lovely pets, five, seven, and nine, buried together, destroyed at one fell swoop by scarlet fever, dead and buried here, within three days! The mother now is unwilling to pass the tomb, her mind so affected by this cruel affliction. Well, in church we went, and presently the stalwart father joined us, with the tears still trickling down his face and beard. I was moved to grief, and have never ceased to thank God that I have been spared such an affliction—the father was my cousin! That day a year ago, strange to say, I saw in the little churchyard of Hemel-Hempstead, the Hostess of the fine house where I was on a visit (Abbot's Hill), Mrs. Dickinson, strewing flowers all over the tomb of a pet boy, eight, deceased—and the day my cousin was thus occupied, this lady lay under the bouquets she had only a week before strewn over the sward !

" Enough of sad scenes, but in the midst of gaieties and health there are terrors more powerful than the Greek Skeleton ! The villa of Lord C. P. is between his father's monument and the Tubular Bridge ; from my window I command the view of all you see engraved.

" Now excuse this long letter, but I have very vivid remembrances of all my gaddings this vacation, and had I not been dragged here last Friday I should have accepted a third lodging with my *vis-à-vis*, Victoria Square, Baker, now Esculapius of ' Guards ' in Windsor, in Clarence Crescent, instead of being idle in Clarence Villa ! I am invited to visit the Hon. E. Parsons, and am anxious to know if ' Winkfield Place ' was the residence of the Van de Weyers, as I was told that it was ! But has Lady Augusta Cadogan, here, given another name to J. ? If you see the ' Bella ' of ' Winchester Tower,' perhaps she will spare you the trouble of writing, but a few lines would much gratify me from your pencil. Lord C. P. desires me to say he would be happy if, as I *wish*, you and Marie joined us, but I told him, a thoroughly genial soul, ladies *poco presto*. You are too happy at Windsor surrounded by a family, and were I the same it would not be fishing, dining out, and becoming lazy, lounging, so far from home.

" To Paris I hope to go end of the month, as Paganini told me to hear music, and military and other bands. The fresh beauties of Nature here without genial companionship make me melancholy, and to ' Burton ' I fly to read a cure. Or to *Syntax* for true philosophy, but give me Art, Artists, and Travelling. Happily, I bring work, and in the score of Beethoven's *Fidelis* find more charms than in the magnificent panorama I now view.

" 8 *a.m.*—All the bright orb shedding its golden hues on the ' Menai ' and Snowdon, and the endless objects of Nature—precious to you ? Yes, daily am

I arranging *Fidelis* for you to hear in my little den. A Musician, a Model, as a Painter, a 'Michael' (not *Costa* but Angelo!). Now adieu! Excuse—pardon? To all near and dear and self,

"Il cuivi nuo sincera,
"J. SALA."

From Canon Teignmouth-Shore:

"I had the great pleasure of meeting your daughter the other day, and learning from her that it would be possible for me to see you if I called to-day. I was indeed looking forward to enjoying a chat over 'the days that are no more.' But I met with an accident yesterday that makes it impossible for me to go out this afternoon.

"I was at the Windsor Garden Party, and some of us who were returning by an early train found to our dismay that there had been 'Races' at Windsor, and the platform was crowded with hundreds of the most awful roughs. When the train drew up they swept us all aside, knocking some down, including two ladies. I was one of the victims, and was thrown down, and might have been seriously injured, and even trampled to death, but for some police, who came to the rescue. My coat was torn in pieces, and my left side bruised. I feel to-day really unable to give myself the pleasure I had anticipated of seeing you. I hope to do so next Sunday. It will be very enjoyable indeed."

From the Tyrol is a letter from the Countess of Athlone, dated November 13, 1910:

"MY DEAR MRS. WARD,

"All right about my most uninteresting letters. Which I herewith return. They followed me here, and up to a little log hut in the mountains where we were stalking chamois up in the snow regions, very lonely, and cold. I tried to sketch, but the weather was too deplorable for words, and we get wet through, twice a day regularly!

"To-morrow we go on to the Lake of Constance for a few days.

"Affectionately yours,
"ALICE."

A letter from William Powell Frith, R.A.:

"ASHENHURST,
7 SYDENHAM RISE, S.E.
Feb. 21, 1896.

"MY DEAR MRS. WARD,

"I hope I am right in thinking from your letter that next Friday will do for my visit as well as this day, which was rendered impossible from a sudden attack of what poor Leighton used to call 'a vulgar internal disturbance.' I am sure you are pleased to know of Millais's unanimous election last night!

"With kindest regards and regret that I am unable to see you to-day,

"Most sincerely yours,
"WILLIAM P. FRITH."

In another letter he says:

"*May* 8, 1907.

"I am very pleased to find that the R.A. has treated you so well. I missed your picture when I went to the Show the other day. Perhaps I was not in a good judicial humour, anyway I thought the Exhibition one of the worst I ever saw. I hope to go again soon, and then make the acquaintance of the *Cowper* works you speak so well of. The name reminds me of a dear old friend and fellow-pupil, Douglas Cowper, whose early death, 'too short for friendship, not for fame,' took place many years ago."

On my husband's death came a kind letter from Colonel Francis Grant, son of the late President of the Royal Academy.

"THE LODGE,
MELTON MOWBRAY.
March 12, 1879.

"I cannot resist writing to say how very sincerely Mrs. Grant and myself sympathise with you in your irreparable loss, which we were grieved to see in the newspapers. I trust it will please God to support you under this, the heaviest trial that can befall a man, happy and attached as you were in your married life. I shall shortly be in London."

From our old friend Tom Taylor:

"LAVENDER SWEEP.

"DEAR MRS. WARD,

"God help and comfort you all under your great and terrible bereavement. We are feeling most deeply with you and for you. If it should be any comfort to you that I should follow him to his grave let me know, that I may gladly pay him the last tribute of my regard.

"With Louisa's deep love and sympathy,

"I am always,
"Your affectionate Friend,
"TOM TAYLOR."

Mrs. Carter Hall writes:

"AVENUE VILLA,
50 HOLLAND STREET, KENSINGTON.
Christmas Eve, 1879.

"MY DEAREST MRS. WARD,

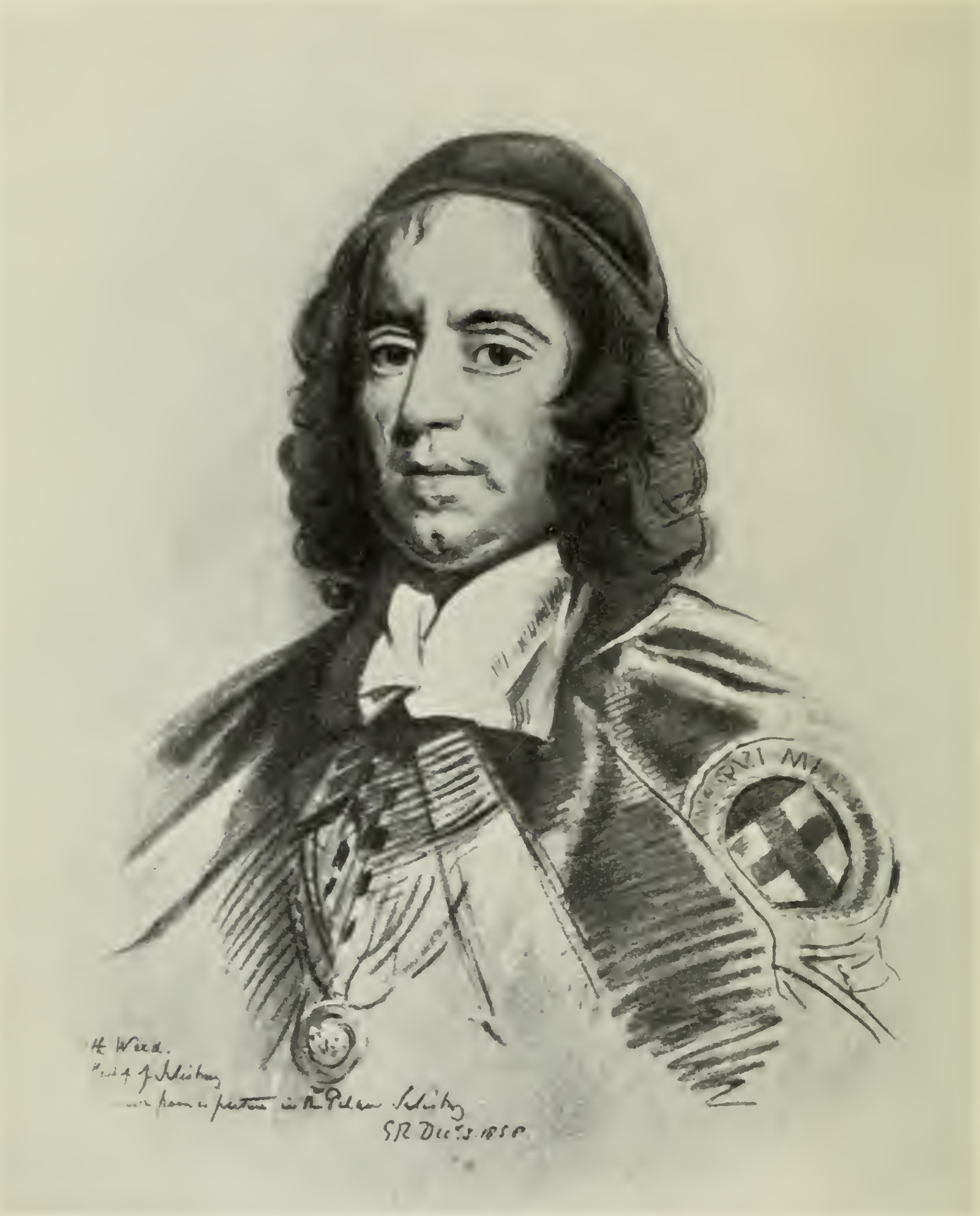
"I know how you must have suffered from that new sorrow, and I would have written to you immediately, but my hand is still suffering. But I hope you will see that the Night time has come.

"God bless you all. May the heaviest Christmas of your life be vanished!

"Time will diminish sorrow, even though we do not see it at the time.

"God bless you all.

"Your affectionate,
"A. M. H."


Sth Ward.
Bish of Salisbury
from a picture in the Palace Salisbury
GR Dec 3 1858

SETH WARD, BISHOP OF SALISBURY, IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.
From a drawing by George Richmond, R.A., after a Portrait at Salisbury.

From George Richmond, R.A., to my husband:

"10 York Street.
Dec. 23, 1858.

"My dear Ward,

"A few weeks back I was at Salisbury, where I often met an old friend of yours in Mr. Tooke. He told me that Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, was an ancestor of yours, and as there was a picture, though an old and hard copy, of this venerable prelate in the Bishop's Palace, I thought it might gratify you to have even a rough sketch of it. So about 11 o'clock or later on the last night of my stay, I got the picture into my bedroom, and by levying contributions on all the candles I could find, I made the sketch which I have now the pleasure to send you, before I went to bed, and I can only hope you will not think I had better have left it alone. For in the Town Hall on the following morning, just before I left, I saw the original picture by Green Hill (from which that in the Palace was made), a native painter of Salisbury, a pupil of Sir Peter Lely, and judging from this picture only—for I do not remember to have seen any other by his hand—very little if at all inferior to his master and when he was at his best. It is a half length seated and in the robes of the Order of the Garter. The colouring is really fine, the drawing excellent, and I fancy I see some points of resemblance to yourself in the head of the bishop. I have been at home now nearly three weeks, and in bed most of the time, or I should have called to see you and introduce you to your relation, but instead I now send him with this, and with every hearty good wish of the season to you and Mrs. Ward and to yours,

"Believe me,
"Very truly yours,
"G. E. O. Richmond."

CHAPTER XXX

REVIEWING THE PAST

IN reviewing the past, and comparing it with the present, I see great changes have taken place in national characteristics. Long before the terrible War the spirit of unrest began to permeate all classes. It appears to me that in former days the nation was infinitely more contented, and had a much greater capacity for enjoyment.

I remember railways in their infancy, for the first steam railway (for carrying goods only) started from Stockton to Darlington on September 27th, 1825, and it was only seven years my senior. In the same year the company ran a gallant little passenger carriage called "The Experiment," and by 1840 "railway passenger traffic" was becoming general. What was known as the "Railway Craze" began in the 'forties, being speculations in railway stock, when some people made vast fortunes, and many were ruined.

The first time I travelled by train my father brought me from Sydenham in a third-class carriage, as he wanted me to see what it was like. It resembled a cattle truck more than anything else. I was much impressed by the strange experience of looking down into the streets below the line, and told my old aunt, Mrs. Chalon, that it was like viewing objects "from the top of a house." Like many others of that time she never entered a train.

Life was less complex before the vast network of railways was established, when telegraphy, telephones, bicycles, motors, cinemas, aeroplanes, submarines, and other innovations were unknown.

Science was in its infancy; electricity had not been adapted to practical uses, radium was undiscovered, and "relativity" and "electrons" undreamed of! Illumination by candles appears very feeble to-day in comparison with modern methods, yet it seems to me that people enjoyed better sight than prevails to-day. It was a rarity to see anyone under fifty wearing glasses, the use of which is now so universal. Both my parents painted miniatures, essentially eye-trying work, yet they neither of them used glasses until they were turned fifty.

With the advent of Free Trade in 1846 many far-reaching changes came about affecting the habits of the people. The gradual movement towards equality was only one of the phases of the great impulse which swept over Europe after the French Revolution, and in process of time filtered through to England.

The writings of such men as F. D. Maurice, Carlyle, and Kingsley introduced new ideas respecting the brotherhood of man, the nobility of labour, the importance of the individual, and the betterment of the working classes.

Maurice, who was considered too extreme in his views and very unorthodox, incurred the sharp censure of certain of his fellow-men, but Tennyson admired him for his courage, and wrote the following lines in a poem addressed to him:

> Should eighty-thousand college councils
>   Thunder "Anathema," friend, at you;
> Should all our churchmen foam in spite
> At you, so careful of the right,
> Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome
> (Take it, and come) to the Isle of Wight.

Maurice was godfather to Tennyson's son.

Other factors that wrought changes were the free libraries, the wide circulation of books, and above all, the increasing number of newspapers. As education advanced many crystallised class prejudices began to melt, and liberty of thought and action developed generally.

Facilities for travelling abroad widened the vision of the middle classes, who, hitherto, were unable to take advantages of this source of opportunities for culture. People seldom went abroad, and the wealthy and upper classes seemed to prefer their lives to be spent in the stately homes of England or their town houses during the season. Nowadays, in many a country village the Squire's "place" is shut up the greater part of the year, or "let" to strangers, whilst the owner travels all round the world. And this accounts for the stagnation in village life, without a "head" to lead things and spend money on the village, as in former days.

Flat and restaurant life were unknown; there were very few theatres or other forms of entertainment and outside distraction. Business was conducted in a leisurely fashion; far better materials for food and dress were sold, and people were much more conventional and sedate.

In my early days schools were places that children regarded with dread. Charles Dickens, in giving the public an insight into their miseries, through a series of eloquent pen-pictures, did much to reform them. From "Dr. Blimber's Select Academy for Young Gentlemen," where learning was carried to excess and boys were turned into elderly men, to the squalor and cruelty of Squeers's "School" for "unwanted" children, Dickens forced the public to see with his compassionate eyes, and he undoubtedly moulded public opinion more than any man of his time. How different is the outlook on education to-day! How vast the improvement, with lessons made attractive to children by masters who are specialists in their subjects, and above all, who study the psychology of the child.

Charles Dickens also helped to foster the spirit of rejoicing at Christmas by his *Christmas Carol* and other books, though the "Christmas Tree" and "Santa Claus" must be attributed to the Prince Consort, who set the fashion of the Christmas Tree by having one for the Royal Nursery, and the German custom very quickly became popular. On Christmas Eve a little tree gaily decorated with flags and toys could be seen in every cottage window. Part of the Christmas festivities used to be the convivial bowl of punch, which the master of the house brewed himself in a ceremonious fashion and served it out with a silver punch ladle. With the Temperance Cause, a striking feature of the Victorian Era, punch became relegated into oblivion, and punch ladles are now placed on "silver tables" as curiosities of the past. Some people collect them for the beauty of their design and workmanship.

With the disappearance of the punch at Christmastide may be noted the decay of the charming country inns about which Dickens loved to write. The development of the railways and the abolition of the stage coaches are probably largely responsible, but their decline is to be regretted. A friend who motored through England for some weeks immediately prior to the War told me that it was impossible at any of the villages at which she stopped to get even a simple lunch. There was nothing to be had but bad beer and wine, a few prehistoric biscuits, or the remains of an undelectable cold joint. No provision being made for travellers, they had always to find an hotel in the nearest town.

I have watched the evolution of dress ever since those early days when I can recollect calling my mother to the window to look at two ladies dressed in the latest fashion. "Turbans" made of some light material were worn indoors by elderly ladies. When I used to go to see my great-aunt, the sister of Anne Ward who married George Morland, I knew she would be arrayed in a turban of pale-blue crêpe decorated with silver stars and half-moons, or a pink one covered with gold spangles. It is odd how fashions repeat themselves. The turban has come into fashion again, but is now worn as a hat instead of indoors.

The crinoline did not come in till some years later. When I was in Paris I bought one and wore it in London at a ball.

" I hear they are bringing in steel petticoats in France," said one of my partners, " but I can't believe such a thing possible."

" Perhaps you will be still more surprised to hear I am wearing one at the present moment," I replied. The crinoline, which became universally fashionable soon afterwards, gave a spring and a style to dress which I liked, and I was sorry when it went out of fashion.

My father, when going to a dinner party, always had his hair curled all over his head; he wore a figured velvet waistcoat, an embroidered shirt with a small frill, and pink lining underneath. His shoes were very smart pumps with the silk socks made with the pumps and pulled on together — the pattern embroidered in gold or blue. I thought he looked lovely in the daytime during the fashion for wearing what was very like the white waistcoat " slips " of the present day, but they were made of blue silk, an imitation of the blue ribbon of the Garter.

Men wore nightcaps very like the caps worn by brewers—with a tassel dangling down one side. Pictures of the period show this quaint headdress.

Amongst the well-known characters of my early days whom I have left till the last, though by no means forgotten, were the brothers James and Horace Smith, joint authors of *Rejected Addresses*, whose intellectual power and wit attracted a very large circle of famous people round them. Horace Smith's only son died early; his three daughters, Eliza (or Tizey as she was called), Rosalind, and Laura, inherited their father's gifts in full measure. He married a second wife in 1818, a Miss Ford, one of three beautiful sisters from Devonshire. The other two were respectively married to Charles Ward (my father-in-law), and Mr. Sowden. My husband was consequently a nephew of the second Mrs. Horace Smith.

The Smith family were always changing their place of residence; they were at 3 Knightsbridge Terrace, but after the first Mrs. Smith died Horace Smith took a house in Elysium Road, Fulham. The house they lived in is still standing, but the beautiful garden, where men of letters used to assemble, is no more.

Tizey, born in 1811, used to recall seeing the poet Keats sitting under an ilex tree when she was young; her father took her into the garden, and explained that he was a poet. She described him as badly dressed, and extremely delicate in appearance. He had come from Hampstead, where he lived, to spend a day in the country with his friend, and he died shortly after. When Tizey was ten she was placed at a school in Paris, in 1821; her parents, who took her there, arranged to visit Percy Bysshe Shelley in France, but the project was abandoned through illness. Later they lived at Versailles for four years, where Tizey met the cream of the fashionable society of the time of Louis XVIII. They then moved to Mount Edgcumbe Cottage, Tunbridge Wells, where Horace wrote *Brambletye House*, which Edward afterwards illustrated.

In 1826 they had wandered to 10 Hanover Crescent, Brighton, and in 1840 another move took place to 12 Cavendish Place, which became decidedly famous for the distinguished company that constantly flowed there. At their Sunday afternoon receptions, amongst other visitors would be found Rogers, Sydney Smith, Charles Kean, Charles Mathews, Buckle the historian, Dickens, Thackeray, Harrison Ainsworth, Copley Fielding, Dr. Lardner, the Duchess of St. Albans, and very many others. Horace Smith used to take a house in London for the season at 10 Cumberland Street, Regent's Park. Laura married, and Tizey and Rosey, who were extremely popular, frequently stayed with Miss Burdett Coutts, at Holly Lodge, Highgate. Both sisters were greatly admired in different ways; they were totally unlike in looks; Rosey was unquestionably beautiful, and the belle of the assemblies at Brighton for three years, but Tizey spoilt her looks at an early age by falling and breaking the bridge of her nose. She was plain, but so full of wit and vivacity as to enchain her listeners, though some of her sallies were not always kind. On hearing that Lady Molesworth, who held a salon, was ill, Tizey remarked that Lady Waldegrave would probably say: "Her family regard her illness as just a question of Time, but I think it is more likely to be a question of Eternity." The Ladies Waldegrave and Molesworth were rivals! The fashion of punning was carried to a great pitch by the Smith family, and Horace, who was very proud of Tizey, once said: "My daughter is so clever at making puns, I believe she would make a pun even," and he looked round, "even upon that lamp," which was the nearest object on the table. "No, father," was her quick reply, "that would be a lampoon!" It is said that Horace Smith's habit of punning actually continued to the last. As he lay dying someone asked if he could take a small piece of ice—and he whispered: "Only Parad-ice!"

Yet another place Horace Smith lived at was Craven Street, off the Strand, where he found several members of the legal profession were located. He wrote a witty verse about them which drew a better reply:

In Craven Street, Strand, ten Attorneys find place
And ten dark coal barges are moored at its base.
Fly, Honesty, fly! Seek some safer retreat—
For there's *craft* in the river and *craft* in the street!

Sir George Ross, the judge, responded:

Why should Honesty fly to some safer retreat?
  From attorneys and barges? 'od rot 'em!
For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street
  And the barges are *just* at the bottom!

When Horace Smith's health began to cause anxiety he visited Cheltenham, Bath, and Harrogate in search of a cure for his gout, but finally returned to Tunbridge Wells, where he died in 1849.

Tizey and Rosey settled at 21 Sillwood Place, Brighton, where they continued to hold a salon, at which representatives of the arts, literature, and science gathered, besides all the leaders of fashion. Tizey was a deep reader, an authority on literature of the best kind—Pope was her favourite author. Both sisters received several offers of marriage, and Rosey, who was rather a flirt, became engaged to Canon Duckworth, but it was broken off after two years. When she was quite an old lady an eligible suitor appeared, but Tizey indignantly prevented her sister from accepting him.

After Rosey's death in 1893, Tizey lived on alone and survived her sister by ten years. Declining health never weakened her mental powers, and her friends found her conversation wonderful to the last. When she passed on, in 1903, an important link in a chain of three generations was broken. Her grandfather, Robert Smith, saw Louis XV, and remembered Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, and Madame Du Barry, and was present at the scenes of the French Revolution. He knew Dr. Johnson, David Garrick, and the coterie of distinguished men of the eighteenth century. Rosey and Tizey belonged to the generation ahead of mine, Tizey being twenty years my senior. I have a valuable tea-service I use on state occasions, presented to me as a wedding-gift by the Smith family. A portrait Edward painted for them was left to me by Tizey.

CHAPTER XXXI

A NIGHT IN THE POLICE-STATION

I HAVE always made a special point of observing all the festivals of the year. Christmas is a season of intense pleasure to me, and I love to celebrate it in the good old-fashioned way. But the greatest day in the year is the First of June, my birthday, when I hold high carnival. One of the happiest of these days that I can remember was my eighty-sixth birthday, which fell on a Saturday, in 1918. Quite early I began to open the shoals of letters and parcels I received from all quarters of the world, whilst telegrams of congratulation continued to flow in.

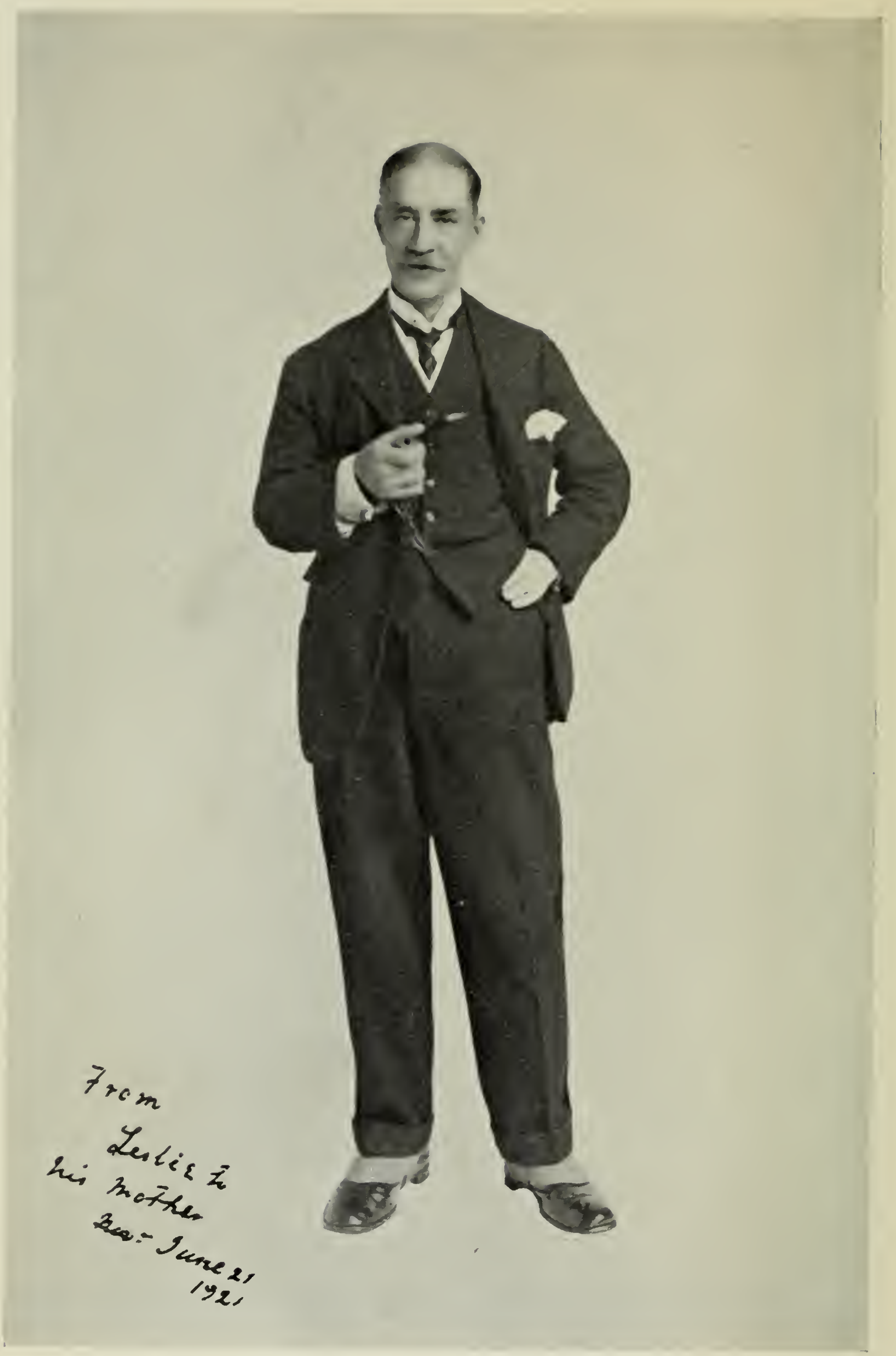
An early visitor was H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who brought me a huge mauve hydrangea plant, in a golden basket, tied with gay ribbons, and the years rolled back as she sat talking and laughing over her childhood's Art studies under my care. Later on, my friends arrived for the party I gave, and still they came, till late in the evening, so that my studio in Gerald Road was packed with people, till it would hold no more.

Katherine Duchess of Westminster was amongst my guests, with Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., Lady Fildes, Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., and Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., and Mr. Henry Woods, R.A., who have both since passed on, Miss Durning Lawrence, Mrs. Fiddes Watt, and Miss Jean Middlemass, the author, another old friend whose loss I regret. Mr. Ouless, R.A., Mrs.

Kendal, Mr. Geoffrey Wilkinson, the actor, and Miss Blair Oliphant, my valued friend, were also present. Some of my guests contributed music and recitations, and a very agreeable surprise was in store for me. I was presented with a cheque subscribed by my friends to purchase a memento of my eighty-sixth birthday. I bought a diamond pendant. Everyone appeared to enjoy the party, but no one more than I did. A specially dear friend of mine is Lady Cecilia Rose, daughter of the late Earl Cathcart, and sister of the present Earl. She is clever and highly accomplished, and one of my greatest pleasures is to converse with her, whilst her kindness of heart endears her to all.

Sir Luke Fildes is one of my oldest and best of friends, and I can't remember the time when he was not famous. But I can recall his wonderful "picture of the year," "The Doctor," and the crowds that gathered round it at the Royal Academy, attracted not only by the technical skill displayed in his mastery over the problem of "double lighting," but in the inner, and deeper, and finer qualities, the tension of soul, suspense, and tragedy he had depicted. It is, however, rather superfluous to speak of his Art, for everyone knows and loves it, as I do. Sir Luke and Lady Fildes (who is a sister of the late Mr. Henry Woods, R.A.) have a home in Melbury Road, which is a revelation of beauty and delight. His portraits of his handsome sons in the Grenadier Guards appeared on the Royal Academy walls when they were serving at the Front. Another son is a doctor in the Royal Navy.

One of the pleasant "milestones" of memory was my son Leslie's wedding, which took place at St. Michael's, Chester Square, in 1899. His bride was Miss Judith Mary Topham Watney, the daughter of Major Watney, and a niece of Sir Edward Marshall


From
Leslie to
his mother
Bea: June 21
1921

THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OF SIR LESLIE WARD.

Hall, K.C. Canon Fleming officiated, with the Rev. John Labouchere, and Harry Newton was his "best man." The Beefsteak Club presented him with a canteen of silver.

On November 21, 1921, an historic dinner was given in Leslie's honour at the Savoy, when a brilliant assembly of men of Art and Letters met, and Lord Birkenhead, the Lord Chancellor, presided. On that occasion Leslie was presented with a very beautiful casket. Leslie had been in declining health for a long time, and when he rose to return thanks to the "toast" the sight of those kindly friends round him, and all the gift meant in goodwill, quite unnerved him; he broke down, and all he could say was, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart." It is curious that the same thing happened more than twenty years before at the Beefsteak Club, when John Tenniel, of *Punch* fame, was similarly fêted. When he rose to return thanks to the toast, he faltered and all words failed him.

My son's death in May, 1922, came as a shock to me, though he had been very ill for some years. I attended his funeral and memorial services, the former held at Kensal Green Cemetery, the latter at St. Martin-in-the-Fields Church. I was deeply touched at the sight in the church of intimate friends of his, who came up one by one and offered their sympathy; some silently kissed my hand. No one ever had more devoted friends than Leslie.

His only daughter, Sylvia, was married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields Church in November, 1922, to Captain Evan Thomas. She made a charming and graceful bride, and her mother, Lady Ward, was a striking picture in black and gold. Amongst Sylvia's wedding presents was the canteen of silver her father left her "to be given" on her wedding day.

My dear little daughter-in-law, widow of my son Wriothesley, lives in San Pedro, California. I only wish I were well enough to go to see her.

The greatest scourge that ever afflicted the world was surely the War of 1914. It brought forth many surprising changes in character. The great majority of people rose to heights of patriotism and self-sacrifice, the gold in their natures being only purified by fire. Others were rendered dumb and helpless, and overcome by the shock. Several people I knew never survived it, especially those who were advanced in years.

During the long years of waiting and hoping that the War would end, I found it difficult to recall the time before the calamity, and, with others, felt we had never half appreciated those days of peace and happiness. I feel justly proud of my grandson, Major Chappell, who was mentioned in despatches for conspicuous bravery. I am thankful indeed that he returned home safely.

The working classes were wonderfully patient and law-abiding during this great season of tribulation, though they took matters into their own hands on several occasions, in their just indignation at finding Germans still carrying on their businesses in London. They wrecked several shops, and thus compelled them to go.

The air raids never gave me the slightest feeling of alarm, and if it had not been for the loss of life and injuries they caused to some of my unfortunate friends and others, I should have enjoyed them. One friend of mine was only just in time to turn out the gas, which saved an explosion, but the house was dreadfully battered by bombs and shrapnel.

I shall always feel grateful to the air raids for furnishing me with two new experiences, an " Eviction" and a "Night in the Police-Station." As I was sitting in my studio one evening, with a thrilling book I was absorbed in, I gradually became conscious of a loud noise taking place outside. It seemed to proceed from my garden. I had sent my maid out with a message, and my daughters were away on a visit. I was therefore quite alone. I wondered if it could be a burglar breaking into the building. Being deaf made me uncertain where the sounds came from, so with a lighted candle in hand I first examined the premises. Then I opened the garden door, and a burst of gun shots made me pause. It sounded very near. I went to the hall door, and as I peered into the garden the door slammed. I was shut out. The night was pitchy black, and I quickly decided that the best haven for an evicted woman was the police-station. I determined to start at once.

There were two life-sized statues by Behnes the sculptor (who was my godfather), one on each side of the garden path leading to the street. Groping, stumbling, I found myself at length behind one of them, which I concluded was the right-hand one, named "Eve." This was an important clue to my position. But just as I was congratulating myself, I suddenly put my hand on a brick wall, which I did not recognise, then my hand collided with a corner of it. Groping again I came back to the statue; I felt an arm and foot. Alas! it was the other statue named "Purity." How she ever got there completely puzzled me. I was altogether out of my bearings.

Meanwhile the noise increased, it became terrific, and I felt I must really find our little road I knew so well by daylight which leads to the police-station. After many efforts, many falls, many failures, and much laughter at my own stupidity, I was rewarded by coming to our garden gate, leading to the street.

When I faced it, although it was only seven o'clock, it was like a dead city. There was nothing moving but me, not even one of the many cats that abound in the neighbourhood. On arriving at the station a policeman took my arm, and another took me by the waist, and I was hoisted with great despatch to a room upstairs, where others had already "found sanctuary," and I joined a merry party of delightful people.

When I was comfortably seated in the police-station room I looked round, and saw many of my neighbours, among them a mother and daughter wearing dinner dresses. Whilst we were listening to the weird music of bombs and shrapnel, a constable came in carrying a lovely little golden slipper, and said, "Does this belong to any lady present?" The pretty daughter shyly showed her silk-stockinged foot, and claimed it as hers. She had lost it in the rush for safety.

One woman that I talked to told me she knew who I was. She had a magazine at home with my "life" in it, and by the illustrations would have recognised me.

Another night I was disturbed by the sound of bombs, but said nothing, being in my comfortable warm nest and very sleepy. I did not want to be disturbed, but it was not to be. My daughter in the next room called out to me, and I innocently said "Is that a bomb?" She said, "Yes, and you must get up directly." Remonstrances were of no avail. I was dressed in a multitude of garments, the night being very cold. I had recently had a fall and hurt my knee, so my progress was slow; but I was hurried along into my good friend Mr. Fiddes Watt's kitchen, where Mrs. Fiddes Watt gave us some of the best Scotch broth ever made, which helped to keep us warm, and in their cheery and kind company the hours passed very pleasantly.

Mr. Fiddes Watt was my next-door neighbour at that time, for I was living all through the War in my studio, having given up my house in Gerald Road. It was always a great pleasure to visit his studio and see his wonderfully fine portraits. He has painted many celebrities of the day, and excelled in his subtle delineation of truth and character. Mrs. Fiddes Watt is a great home builder, very practical, kind, and clever.

I see with deep regret that my old friend the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould has passed away at the ripe age of eighty-nine, at his old ancestral home, Lew-Trenchard, in North Devonshire. He was the last of a long line of squires, and the estate he inherited had belonged to his family for centuries. After becoming a clergyman he made a tour through Iceland, and lived on the Continent for a year, then became curate at Horbury, where he met his bride, who was the daughter of a mill hand. Before he married her she went to York to receive a suitable education; then Baring-Gould published the banns of his marriage in Horbury Church, and the vicar of the parish married them. He wrote the hymns "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "Now the day is over," and "Through the night of doubt and sorrow," and he published over a hundred books. He used to drive about in a quaint victoria, with an old coachman who had been with him forty years. His mind was a rich storehouse of knowledge, and his wit and versatility made him a most charming companion. He was very happy in his married life, Mrs. Baring-Gould being a woman who thoroughly understood the temperament of her gifted husband. He was very ill for some time before he died, but his sense of humour never failed him. It is said that when the choir came to sing to him "Come to Bethlehem," he burst out laughing, and the doctor said this incident had prolonged his life.

Another delightful story about him was when an old parishioner told him her pig was going to die, and would he offer up a prayer that it might live. Baring-Gould went to the pigsty, and to please the old dame made the following oracular speech: "O pig, if thou die, thou diest; and O pig, if thou live, thou livest." He understood the intense superstition of the Devon peasant mind. The pig recovered, greatly to the woman's joy. When Baring-Gould was lying seriously ill the same old dame presented herself at his door, and somehow forced her way into his presence. Thereupon she chanted out the cure: "O parson, if thou die, thou diest; and O parson, if thou live, thou livest!" The comic scene so tickled his sense of fun that he followed the pig's example by recovering!

The last large picture I exhibited at the Academy was "Rival Beauties." The subject was a girl in old-world attire carrying a beautiful little spaniel in her arms, as she walks through a garden.

During the War I made a copy of Gainsborough's "Mrs. Siddons" at the National Gallery, and Landseer's "Pets," which were commissioned by the Permanent Art Gallery, Johannesburg.

A surprise visit, and incidentally a great pleasure, came to me recently one Sunday, when the maid announced that the Earl and Countess of Athlone were in my drawing-room. They had come to wish me goodbye before sailing for South Africa. We had a bright and amusing talk over old days and present ones; the Princess seemed to me lovelier than ever, and I noticed Lord Athlone's close resemblance to his father (the Duke of Teck), whom I knew well.

My "Memories" are drawing to a close, the candle burns low, the pen will soon be laid aside. To use an artist's metaphor, " Life " resembles a mosaic made up of many pieces differing in sizes, shapes, and colours, yet all fit in exactly according to the Great Artist's design. The grey interwoven with the gold, and the sombre shades with the bright ones, give value and balance to the whole scheme of colour.

" Success " is only a relative term to the artist, for his vision grows larger the further he advances, leaving him ever the same distance from the goal he is striving to reach. But " it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive," and so greatly have I enjoyed the " Journey of Life," that I would willingly put the clock back ninety years and live it all over again.

MY LETTER BAG

From the Duke of Wellington to James Ward, R.A. :

"*August* 8, 1819.

"The Duke of Wellington has only this evening received Mr. Ward's note. It was impossible for him to call upon Mr. Ward before he left town; but he will do so upon his return. But he begs that Mr. Ward will not remain in town; as the Duke is not certain that he will be able to give him a sitting when he will arrive in London."

"LONDON.
"*September* 6, 1826.

"SIR,

"The bearer of this Note is the person to whom you are to deliver the picture of myself belonging to Mr. Arbuthnot. It must positively be delivered to him to-morrow, Thursday, at seven o'clock, and I beg you will show him the case in which it is to be packed in order that he may be certain of sending it off as desired.

"Your most obedient servant,
"WELLINGTON."

Two letters addressed to Mrs. E. M. Ward by Charles Fechter, the actor :

(*Undated.*)

"BIEN CHÈRE MADAME,

"Vous avez bien raison de croire que mes instants sont comptés; je n'ai réellement pas le tems de respirer, et je dois cependant m'occuper sans relâche du grand rôle d'Othello.

"Je me vois donc forcé de refuser toutes invitations (non acceptées déjà) et, malgré le grand honneur que

me fait votre célèbre amie, je suis forcé de repousser le plaisir qu'il me promettait.

"Quant à notre *petit* dîner *entre-nous*, prenez le *off-night* qui vous conviendra le mieux dans la semaine prochaine.

"Je vous renvoie les remerciements que vous m'adressez : s'il est vrai que je vous ai rendu service, c'est certainement moi qui suis l'obligé.

"Avec une bonne poignée de main à Mr. Ward, recevez, chère madame, l'assurance de ma respectueuse affection.

"CH. FECHTER."

"Vous riez at my broken anglais, chère lady ? Aussi will I écrire to you in the most mêlée manière vous can dream of.

"Here is the box pour les children ! But : Je ne vous permets aucun nice young man to take care of vous ! !

"Vous n'aurez simplement qu'à déchirer the piece of paper behind, et vous aurez your ticket and mes meilleures amitiés.

"Yours for toujours,
"CH. FECHTER."

INDEX

Agricole, Cavaliere, 42
Ainsworth, Harrison, 56
Albani, Madame, 214
Albany, Duchess of, 187, 188, 198, 293
— Duke of, 123, 187, 188
— Princess, Alice of, 198, 199, 200
Alexander, George, 99, 100
Allan, Heron, 216
Allen, Stafford, 296
Argyll, Princess Louise of, 197
Armstrong, 281
Arthur, Prince, 81
Ashburton, Louisa, Lady, 168, 294
Asquith, Mrs., 236
Athlone, Countess of, 232, 302, 315, 322
— Earl of, 232, 322

Bampfylde, Hon. Mrs., 273
Bandini, Miss Dolores, 203
Baring-Gould, Rev. S., 118, 321
Barker, Christopher, 157
— W., Rev., 148
Barnes, J. H., 230
Barry, Du, Madame, 314
Barry, R.A., 139
Bartolozzi, 131
Bathe, Sir Henry de, 163
Bathurst, Countess, 293
Beaconsfield, Lord, 201, 202
Beatrice, 180
— Princess, 233, 248
Becher, Lady Wrixon-, 97
Beckford, Mr., 137
Bedford, Duke of, 137
— Herbert, 216
Behnes the sculptor, 281
Bell, Robert, 235
Bellew, Rev. J., 114, 116
Benson Family, 163, 216
Bentinck, Lady Henry, 293
Bentley, George, 157
— Richard, 77, 155, 158
Bernard, W., 134
Bevan, Archdeacon, 245
— Mrs., 245
Billington, John, 230
Birkenhead, Lord Chancellor, 317
Blanc, Louis, 287
Blessington, Countess of, 4, 10–16
— Earl of, 12
Bloomsbury Vicar, 113, 114
Boston, Lady, 234
Bowles, Gibson, 219
Bracegirdle, Mrs., 202
Braddon, Miss, 176
Braham, 42
Bramston, Sarah, 157
Brandram, Sam, 99, 100
Brassey, Lord, 123
Brougham, Lord, 12
Brown, Ford Madox, 54
— John, 189
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 103
— Robert, 103, 164
Bryan, 135
Buey, Dr., 154
Burgess, Lady Caroline, 234
Burns, Robert, 179
Byng, Edward, 231
Byron, Lord, 12, 30

Caldecott, Randolph, 31
Calderon, Philip, R.A., 292
Calvin, John, 238
Cambridge, Duke of, 31
Campbell, 12
Camperdown, Earl of, 293
Carlisle, 6th Earl of, 61
Carlyle, Mrs., 49
— Thomas, 12, 307
Carroll, Lewis, 56, 110
Castlemaine, Lady, 46
Castlereagh, Lord, 143, 144
Cawse, 42
— Miss, 42
Cecil, Arthur, 218
Chalon, Alfred, R.A., 8–11, 96
— John, 8, 9
— Mrs., 306
Chambers, Robert, 214–6
Chantrey, Sir Francis, 98
Chappell, Major, 318
— Mr., 202
— Mrs., 202
Charles I, King, 272
Charlotte, Princess, 79
Chatterton, 268
Chaucer, 157

Chesterfield, Lord, 46
Christie, 31
Churchill, Lady Randolph, 200
— Winston, 200
Clifford, Lord, 43
Coffin, Mrs., 75, 76
Coleridge, 12
Collins, Charles, R.A., 39, 52, 291
— Mrs. William, 52, 124
— Wilkie, 5, 38–40, 52, 195, 235
— William, R.A., 52
Comb, Mr., 291
Compton, Mrs., 235
Connaught, Duchess of, 197
— Duke of, 197
Consort, Prince, 65, 68–70, 79, 80, 215, 260, 309
Cooke, Fothergill, 157
Corday, Charlotte, 48
Cotes, 131
Courvoisier, 18
Cousins, Samuel, 29
Coutts, Burdett, Baroness, 312
Coventry, Lady, 13
Cowper, Lord, 147
— William, 255
Craigie, Mrs., 163
Craik, Mrs., 107
Crewe, Lord, 166–8
Crippen, Dr., 271
Crowe, Mrs., 163
Cruikshank, George, 85
Cunningham, Peter, 235

Dadd, Mr., 44
— Richard, 44, 45
Danreuther, 265
Darwin, Charles, 216
Davenant, Sir Henry, 190
David, 279
Davidson, Miss, 167
— Mrs., 167
— Randall, Archbishop, 167
Dawkins, Mrs., 243
Derby, Lady, 254
Devonshire, Duke of, 66
Dickens, Charles, 6, 12, 15, 39, 49, 85–88, 235, 246, 255, 263, 308, 309
— Henry Fielding, K.C., 88, 217
— Kate, 39, 86
— Mrs., 86–91, 96, 97
Dicksee, Frank, R.A., 197, 231, 279, 315
Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, 289
Dixie, Sir A. Beaumont, 189
— Lady Florence, 189
Dixon, Hepworth, 160, 162–3
— Mrs., 282
Doran, Dr., 77, 78, 94, 95, 287
— Alban, 94, 288
D'Orsay, Count, 13
Douro, Lady, 26
Dover, Lady, 61
Duckworth, Canon, 313
Ducrow, 29
Dudley, Lady, 191
Dufferin, Lady, 18
Du Maurier, 282

Eastlake, Sir Charles, P.R.A., 279
Edgeworth, Maria, 12
Edinburgh, Duchess of, 197
— Duke of, 197
Edkins, Mrs., 268
Edward, King, 199
— Prince, 17
Edwards, Adeline, 231
Egg, Augustus, R.A., 235
Eglinton, Lord, 18
Elizabeth, Queen, 79
Elliman, James, 158
Elliot, Edward, 28
— Henry, 28
— Misses, 19, 28
Ellis, Stewart, 248
Emery, Frank, 230
Empress Eugénie, 88, 89
Evans, Miss, last of "Dames at Eton, 74
— Miss, sister of Provost of Eton, 74
— of Boveney Court, 74
— Proctor of Eton, 74
— Sam, 74

Fechter, Charles, 99, 164
Fielding, 249
— Copley, 312
Fife, Rev., 151, 152
Fildes, Lady, 315, 316
— Sir Luke, R.A., 197, 315, 316
FitzGerald, Lord Otho, 193, 194
Fleetwood, Sir Hesketh, 140
Fleming, Canon James, 116, 117, 124, 307
— Mrs. James, 117
Forster, John, 235
Forsyth, Sir Douglas, 157
Foster, Birket, 283
Fox, Mary, 121, 295
Franklin, John, 18, 56
Frazer, Miss Kitty, 273
Freake, Lady, 99
Frith, Fanny, 28, 248, 250
— Walter, 248
— William, R.A., 6, 45, 52, 92–4, 128, 195, 197
Fry, Katharine, 297
— Elizabeth, 121–3, 296, 297

Gainsborough, 131
Gambert, Mr., 129
— Mrs., 129, 282
Garle Brothers, 135
Garrick, David, 31, 202, 249
Garrick, Miss Eva, 202
Gaskell, Mr., 269
George, Bill, 254
— W. L., 236
George III, King, 79, 137, 142
Gibson, Mrs. Milner, 105
Gilbert, W. S., 285
Gladstone, William, 289, 290
Glover, Mrs., 94, 95
Glyn, Miss, 94, 95
Goetz, Charles, 216
Goldsmith, Oliver, 45
Goodall, R.A., 281
Gordon-Lennox, Lord George, 244
— Cosmo, 229
— Lady Alexander, 228, 229
Gosford, Earl of, 16
Gounod, Charles, 213, 217
Grain, Corney, 218–21
— Richard, K.C., 221
Grant, Sir Francis, P.R.A., 279, 303
Gray, 75
Grimble, Mrs., 202
Grisi, 212
Grossmith, George, 218
Grosvenor, Lady Helen, 200
Grote, 107, 157
— Mrs., 107
Guiccioli, Countess, 12
Gwynne, Nell, 47
Gye, Mrs., 214

Hall, Marshall, K.C., 316
— Mrs., 12, 15, 101, 102
— S. C., 4, 101, 102, 104, 105, 107, 272, 304
Hallam, 127
Hallé, 164, 214, 265
Halsbury, Countess of, 293
— Earl of, 293
Hare, Sholto V., 268
Harewood, Lord, 157
Harmsworth, Cecil, 250
Harrall, 48
Harrison, Mr., 265
Hart, R.A., 281
Haydon, Benjamin, 14
Henry, Mr., 188
Herschel, 152, 157
Hertford, Marquis of, 11, 120
Hervey, Miss, 225
Hetley, 243
Higgins, Matthew, 92
Hogarth, 14, 248–50
Hogarth, Kate, 249
— Miss, 87, 283, 284
Holland, Lady, 13
— Fanny, 218
Home, Daniel, 101, 102, 105
Hoppner, 136
Horne, R. H., 235
Horsley, John, R.A., 197
Hosmore, Miss, 169
Houghton, Lady, 167
Hulse, Lady, 185
Hunt, Holman, 54, 163, 291
— Leigh, 216

Imperial, Prince, 88, 193, 194
Ingelow, Jean, 5
Irving, Edward, 239
— Sir Henry, 201, 287
— Washington, 49

Jackson, John, R.A., 2
— Mrs., 26
James, Major, 55
— Mrs., 55
Jameson, Mrs., 174, 175
Jenkins, Captain, 12
Jerrold, Douglas, 159, 160, 163, 235, 266
Joachim, 164
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, 31, 45, 46, 250, 251
Jones, R.A., 27, 28, 59
Jonson, Ben, 50

Kauffmann, Angelica, 57, 131
Kean, Charles, 312
— Edmund, 94
— Mrs., 111
Keats, 311
Kemble, Mr., 175
— Mrs., 175
Kendal, Mr., 93
— Mrs., 93
Knight, Charles, 235
Kroll, Alexandrina, 103
— Count, 103

Lablache, 92
Labouchere, Rev. J., 317
Lamb, Charles, 31
Landor, Walter Savage, 12
Landseer, Charles, 8
— Edwin, R.A., 5–7, 11, 93, 280
— John, A.R.A., 7
— Tom, 7
Langtry, Lillie, 191
Langworth, Miss, 273
Lardner, Dr., 312
Lawrence, Sir Edwin Durning, M.P., 120

Lawrence, Sir Thomas, P.R.A., 11, 42, 60, 279
Leclercq, Carlotta, 99
Lee, Thomas Stirling, 261
Leech, John, 162, 163
Lehmann, Frederick, 165, 216
— Liza, 216
— Rudolph, 214, 216
Leighton, Lord, P.R.A., 59, 60, 93, 194
Lemon, Mark, R.A., 235
— Mr., 23, 24, 32
Leopold, Prince, 5, 81
Leslie, C. R., R.A., 6
Levy, Mr., 162, 163, 213
Levy-Lawson, Sir Edward, 163, 201
Lewis, Eric, 230
— Mr., 111, 112
— Mrs., 111, 112
Lind, Jenny, 106
Long, Edward, R.A., 93, 202
Loti, Pierre, 253
Loudan, 54, 163
— Mrs., 54, 163
Louis XV, King, 314
— XVI, King, 314
Louise, Princess, 197
Lowther, Lord, 135
Luard, 54, 163, 291, 292
— General, 292
— Mrs., 292
Lucas, Seymour, R.A., 315
Lynn, Linton, Mrs., 56
Lyster, Mrs. Rice, 202
Lytton, Lord Bulwer, 44, 101, 102, 143, 144, 147, 154, 235, 275
— Lady, 9
— Neville, 236

Macaulay, Lord, 10, 49
McCarthy, Justin, 5
MacEwen, Captain, 55
Mackenzie, Hon. Mrs. Stuart, 170
Maclise, Daniel, R.A., 85, 93
Macredy, Catherine, 98
— William, 42, 96–8
Mahon, Lord, 47
Manners, Lady Diana, 231
Manning, Cardinal, 118, 119
— Mrs., 271
Manns, Sir August, 212
Mario, 212
Martin, Theodore, 5
Maurice, F. D., 307
Maxwell, W. B., 176
Mayhew, Henry, 160
Mee, Arthur, 290
Melbourne, Lord, 12
Mendel, Mr., 178–9
Mendelssohn, Felix, 217
Middlemass, Jean, 315
Middleton, Captain Bay, 193
Millais, Mr., 55
— Mrs., 55
— Sir John, P.R.A., 54, 55, 60, 93, 248, 279, 291
— William, 55
Milton, John, 156
Mitford, Miss, 12, 156
Molesworth, Lady, 311
Montpensier, Duc de, 158
Moore, Mrs., 4
— Thomas, 2–4, 12
Morgan, Lady, 12
Morland, George, 2, 132, 133
— Anne, 132, 310
Morris, Mr., 250
Moscheles, Mr., 217
— Mrs., 217
Moser, Mary, 59
Mulready, W., R.A., 283, 284, 285
Murphy, Anna Brownell, 174
Musgrave, Miss Georgiana, 140
Muskerry, Lord, 273
Mussolini, 259

Napoleon III, Emperor, 70
— Louis, Prince, 12, 88, 89
Neilson, Julia, 230
Neruda, Norman, 214
Newnes, Lady, 231
Newton, Harry, 317
Northwick, Lord, 46
Norton, Mrs., 18

O'Connell, 175
O'Hagan, Lady, 293
Oliphant, Miss Blair, 316
— Mrs., 293
O'Neill, Miss, 96, 97
Orpen, Sir William, 286
Ouseley, Rev. Sir F., 151–5

Paganini, 148
Paget, Lord C., 299–301
Pain, Barry, 216
Palmerston, Lord, 290
Parker, Sir Gilbert, 236
Parris, E. L., 11
Parry, John, 218
— Sergeant, 94
Patti, Madame, 164, 213, 214
Paulton, Harry, 232
Paxton, Sir Joseph, 212
Pegram, F., R.A., 281
Peile, Mrs., 25
Pemberton, Miss Leigh, 231
Pender, Sir John and Lady, 148, 279
Pepys, 46
Perry, Lady, 264, 265

Phelps, 95, 96
Phillimore, Katherine, 200, 225, 226, 228
— Sir Robert, 200
Phillips, John, R.A., 45
Pickersgill, John, R.A., 283
Piggott, F., 140
— Mr. (Art Critic), 39
Pilgrim, Mr., 264
— Mrs., 264
Pontifex, Lady, 231
Porter, Jane, 12
Potter, Paul, 140
Power, Edmund, 11
— Major, 15
Poynter, Sir Edward, P.R.A., 60
Priestley, Sir W., M.D., 216
Proctor, Mrs., 49

Rachel, Madame, 94
Rathbone, Sir Philip, 261
Reade, Charles, 164
Redgrave, R.A., 64
Reed, German, 218
— Misses, 218
— Mrs., 218
— Taff, 218
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 131, 255
Richmond, Sir George, R.A., 118, 122
Ridge, Pett, 236
Ritchie, Lady, 86
Rivière, Briton, R.A., 197
Roberts, David, R.A., 236
Robertson, Madge, 293
— Tom, 293
Roche, Antonin, 217
— Marie, 217
— Mrs., 217
Rogers, Samuel, 12, 49, 50
Rose, Lady Cecilia, 316
— Sir G., 313
Ross, Sir William, 76
Rossetti, 54, 163
Rowe, Mrs. Jopling, 231
Roy, 25
Royal, Princess, 70
Ruskin, John, 107, 108, 279
— Mrs., 55
Russell, the singer, 36, 37
— Lord William, 17, 18
— Lord Wriothesley, 81
Rutland, Duchess of, 231
Rutzen, Miss de, 232

Sala, George A., 157, 298–302
Sandeman, Mrs., 200
Sanderson, Mary, 121
Sant, James, R.A., 110, 214, 282, 298
Sass, Henry, 51
Scott, Sir Walter, 215
Seafield, Countess of, 177
Seymour, Lady, 18
Shee, Sir Martin, P.R.A., 279
Shelley, 311
Sherborne, Lady, 146
Sherrington, Madame, 214
Shipway, Colonel, 249
Sichel, Walter, 287
Siddons, Sarah, 98
Sinclair, Sir James, 137
Smiles, Samuel, 5
Smith, Albert, 116
— Horace, 311
— James, 311
— J. R., 131, 132, 136
— Laura, 311
— Robert, 314
— Rosey, 311
— Tizey, 311
Smiths, Publishers, 262–3
Solomon, K., R.A., 231
Somerset, Lady Henry, 231
Somerville, Lord, 137
Sothern, 216
Sparrow, Brigadier-General, 16
— Lady Olivia, 16
Spraites, 208
Stanhope, Countess, 203, 289
— Earl, 203, 289
— Hon. Henry, 287
Stephens, F. G., 54
Sterne, 288
Stone, Frank, A.R.A., 35, 280
— Marcus, R.A., 195, 280, 281
Storey, R.A., 279
Stowe, Mrs. Beecher, 175, 176
Stradbroke, Countess, 159
Swinburne, Algernon, 284
— Miss, 284
Sykes, Sir Christopher, 123

Tempest, Marie, 229
Teniswood, Katherine, 233
Tenniel, John, 235
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, 5, 12, 149, 307
Terry, Ellen, 109, 201
— Flossie, 109
— Fred, 109, 230
— Kate, 109, 110–12
— Marion, 109
— Mr., 110
— Mrs., 110
Teynham, Lady, 274
— Lord, 274
Thackeray W., 12, 86, 91,
Thomas, Evan, 317
— Mrs., 317
Thompson, Elizabeth, 230

Thornhill, Sir James, 250
Thurston, Mrs., 233
Thwaites, Mrs., 8
Tooke, Rev. Hammond, 76, 173
— Mrs., 76
Topham, F., R.A., 283
Townley, 249
Tree, Lady, 99, 230
— Sir Herbert Beerbohm, 14, 99, 230
Turner, William, R.A., 108

Vestris, Madame, 94, 96
Vernon, Lord, 46
— Mr., 136
Victoria, Queen, 62–5, 68–72, 78–84, 175, 233, 234
Virtue, James, 204
— Mrs., 204

Wainewright, 15
Waldegrave, Lady, 312
Walker, Fred, 282
Wallace, Lady, 120
— Sir Richard, 120
Waller, Lewis, 231
Ward, Alice, 52, 202
— Beatrice, 203, 232
— Charles, junior, 38
— Edward Matthew, 32–46, 47, 48, 194–6, 248, 263
— Emma, 41, 134, 136, 142
— Enid, 203, 232, 265, 273, 277
— Eva, 202, 241
— Flora, 202, 283
— George Raphael, 2, 23, 24, 26, 27, 29, 30, 32, 34–8, 49, 196, 239, 241
— James, R.A., 2, 9, 22, 23, 26, 27, 29, 35, 131, 134, 136, 142, 241, 262
— James, 20, 21, 24
— Lady, 293
— Leslie, Sir (Spy), 52, 193, 202, 218–21, 277, 290, 293
— Mrs. C., 38, 39, 230
— Mrs. Charles, Edward's mother, 33, 36
Ward, Mrs. G. R., 24, 28, 29, 33, 34, 36–8, 49
— Seth, Bishop, 41
— Stanhope, 241
— Sylvia, 293
— William, A.R.A., 2, 131
— Wriothesley, 202
Watney, Judith Mary Topham, 316
— Major Topham, 316
Watt, Fiddes, 315, 320–1
— Miss, 260
— Mrs., 320, 321
Webster, Ben, 95, 163
— Miss Henriette, 163
— R.A., 163
Weld, Cardinal, 42
Wellington, Duke, 12, 14, 26, 27, 138, 323
West, Rebecca, 236
West, Sir Benjamin, P.R.A., 131, 134, 139
Westminster, Katherine, Duchess of, 293, 315
Wetherby, Henrietta, 41
Whistler, James, 286
Wilberforce, Bishop Samuel, 76, 175
Williams, Montagu, Q.C., 95
— Penry, 281
Willis, Nathaniel, 4
Wilson, D., 268
Winans, Walter, 253
"Winnie," 172–4
Wiseman, Dr., 42
Wood, Mr. Henry, 183
— Mrs. Henry, 184
Woods, Henry, R.A., 315
Wordsworth, William, 246
Wortley, Mrs. Stuart, 55
Wyatt, sculptor, 27

Yates, Edmund, 157, 159, 163

Zimmermann, 217
Zucchero, 43

Printed in Great Britain by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ld.,
London and Aylesbury.

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

H&SS
A
826

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW
D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 10 08 10 03 017 4